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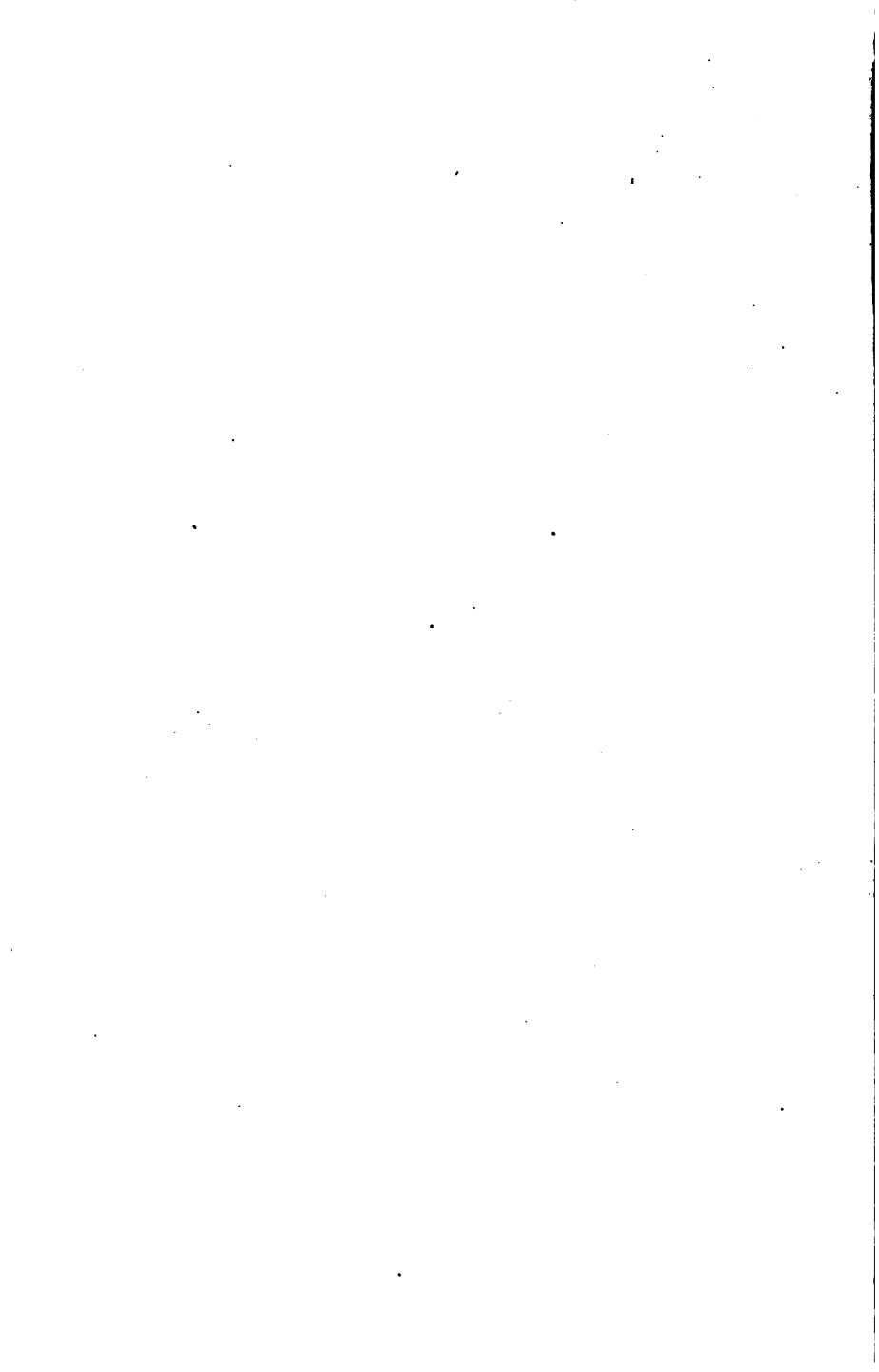
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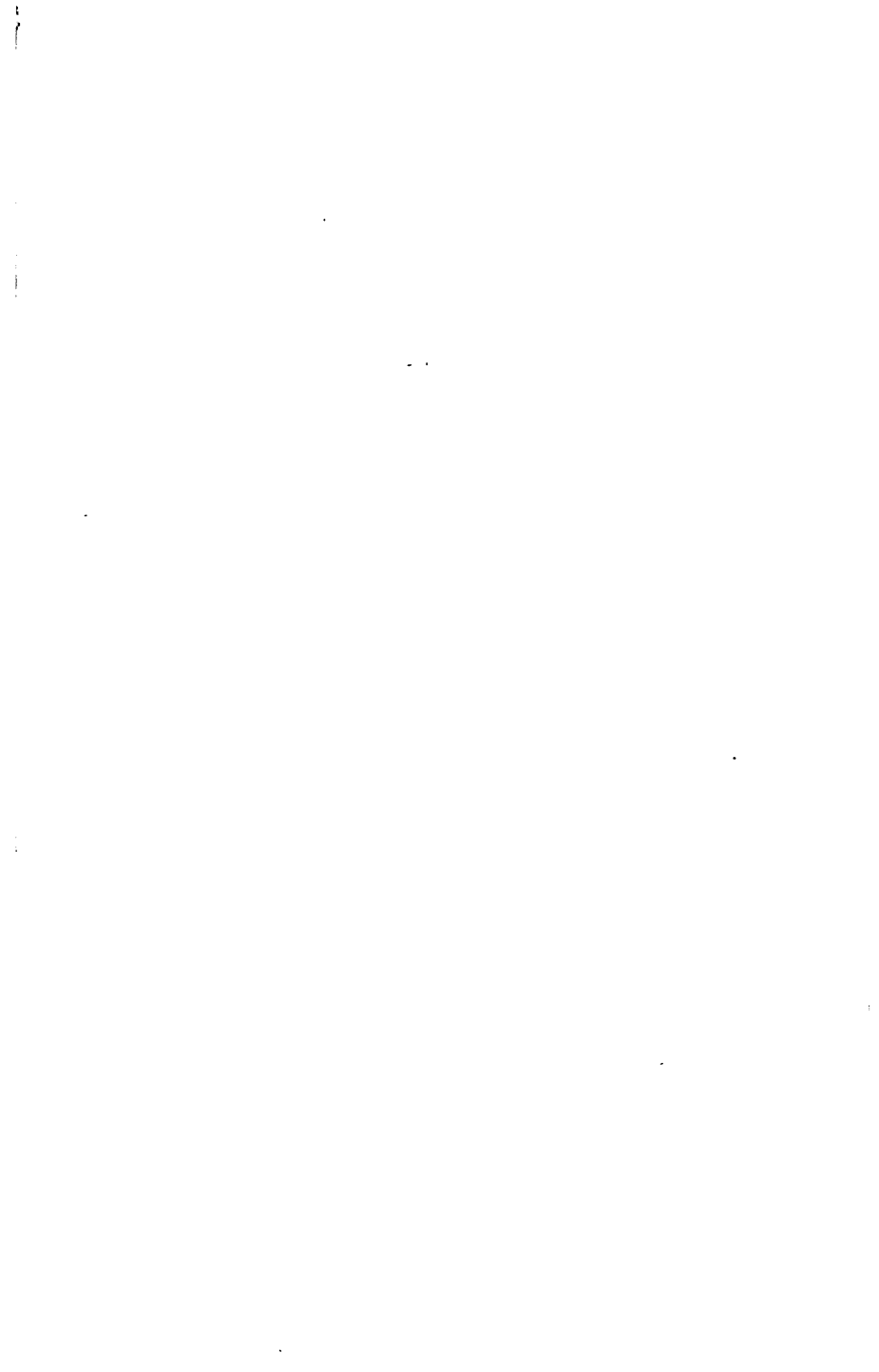
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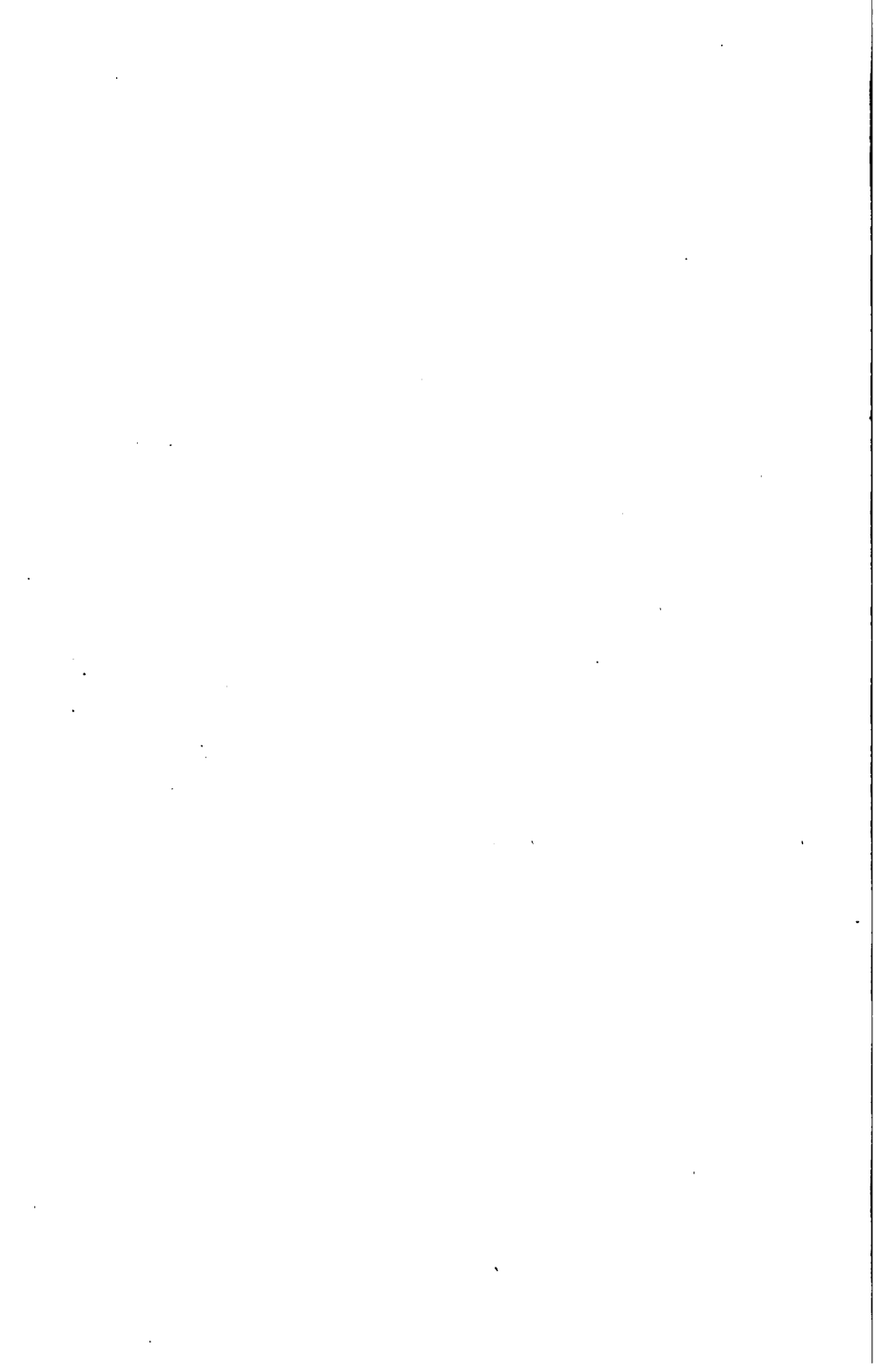
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© *September 1874*
from a journal

RAMBLES AFTER SPORT;

OR,

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

AMERICAS AND AT HOME.

BY

"OLIVER NORTH," *pen name*
H. H. H.

me
LONDON:

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

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P R E F A C E.

I MAKE no apology for reprinting the purely sporting articles in this volume; they have been tolerably well received by the readers of the *Field*, and if the re-perusal of them in a collected form affords them only a portion of the pleasure the performance of the adventures therein described has given me, my object will be fully attained.

Of that portion which touches on travel in South America I wish to say a few words. I had at first wished to extend the articles I wrote to the *Field* (from which the chapters in this book are condensed) to such a length as should give my readers a pretty fair idea of the capabilities and resources of Chile and Peru. But in commencing my task I found that my three or four years' residence in those countries had been quite insufficient for the purpose. I have, therefore, preferred at present to give merely a sketch of the principal

towns, such as Valparaiso, Santiago, Lima, Panama, &c. I hope to shortly make another visit to Ecuador, Peru, and Chile, in my humble opinion the most interesting field now open to the traveller. The results of my stay in these countries will form the subject of another book.

“OLIVER NORTH.”

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RAMBLES AFTER SPORT.

A WEEK'S DUCK SHOOTING AT POOLE.

“ONNEBED SIE the buds ar plenti and the frust gud pleese kum i as got the punt an Bill as got the bote awl redy i eggspeg you, to-mor mawnin yours dan.”

The above is an exact facsimile of a letter I received one December afternoon. When interpreted it simply meant that honest Old Dan, the well-known Poole gunner of ten long years ago (*ehou fugaces!* he's dead and gone now) had been true to his promise, and had sent me word that there were lots of birds in the bay, and the frost was likely to hold; that his son Bill had got the fishing smack all “fixed up,” and that he expected me to-morrow morning. As I knew that Dan's *morning* meant about three or four o'clock in the *night*, I immediately ordered round the trap, in which I deposited three of the largest horse rugs I could find in the stable, much to the disgust of the groom, who declared, “all on them 'ere 'osses wud be as dead as mackrils when I cum back of the influenzee.” Better the 'osses than myself I thought. I next made friends with the cook—I always am friends with that important personage if I possibly

can be—and in a few minutes we had managed to get into a good-sized hamper a Dutch cheese, half a ham, a small bottle of anchovies, (N.B. Brother campaigners, never forget *that*) three cap-boxes of salt, pepper, and cloves, and a gingerbeer bottle filled with a judiciously mixed compound of the best olive oil, Worcester sauce, and malt vinegar. On each flank was stowed a flat oblong stone jug of “mountain dew” that I am prepared to take my solemn davy had never paid the tax—bad cess to it! Like the renowned “Colonel,” I don’t believe in making oneself uncomfortable needlessly, and I certainly believe that “how to cater” is at all events the second qualification for a sportsman. I once made a trip to Norway without any preparation whatever in the way of eatables, and I had the “roughest old time” possible. Since then I have eaten shark, parrot, monkey, mule, and a variety of other “foreign bills of fare,” but (thank Crosse and Blackwell and the Colonel) always “condimented.” (N.B. Here I beg leave to say to the young sportsman, and, for the matter of that, to the old one too, get Hawker’s book on shooting, and study it by the midnight oil—it’s worth the money.) I remember once, in Honduras, making a peculiarly relishing meal off macaw, anchovies, grated yam, and Worcester sauce; I know two railway-engine drivers declared it was the “highest kind of grub” they had had for a long time. But to return to my Poole journey; after a ten-mile drive along the level turnpike road, I found myself and effects deposited at the door of the——Inn, kept by the best of hostesses, who, if she is alive now, ought to have made her fortune and retired. Alas! I suppose she’s dead, like all the rest of them—all good people die off, somehow.

My next care was to find Dan. I experienced but little difficulty in doing this, as there apparently was only one Dan in the place. I came upon that individual in his own house, just as he was taking his last cup of tea with "summut in it," preparatory to going out punting for the night. As, perhaps, not everyone of my readers has had the opportunity of seeing a Poole gunner attired for work, I will endeavour to give a slight sketch of Dan "as he appeared in ball costume." In the first place, he was a man of at least fifty years of age, short and stout; his face was the colour of underdone boiled beef, and crossed and recrossed like a railway map; he had grizzled hair, and an eye like a panther; Dan frequently assured me he could see birds about as well in the night as in the day. But his dress! If any of the "swell" sporting tailors or their customers could have seen it, they would have fainted! On his head he mounted a red woollen night-cap, and over that a thick fur Cossack-looking affair, with flaps for the ears, and secured under his chin by a piece of string. Next his body (I had the pleasure of seeing Dan make his toilet) he drew on a thick blue fisherman's guernsey; over that he donned a kind of sack with no arms, made of a sort of rough, shaggy material a quarter of an inch thick; and over this a short wadded frock reaching to his hips, and which must have weighed at least ten pounds; the sleeves of this latter garment fitted close to his arms, and were not wadded further than the armpits. How many drawers, flannels, &c., he had under his trousers of thick flushing I can't say, but I know that after he had put on a pretty sizable pair of boots, he drew on over them some thick-woven woollen stockings reaching to his thighs, and over them again a pair of tarpaulin-legged brogues. His "old 'oman" attended on Dan at

his toilette as deftly as any lady's maid on her mistress in Belgravia, although she stood about 5ft. 10in. high, and weighed, I should say, a trifle under twenty-one stone. I have almost forgotten to say that his hands were encased in a pair of wadded canvas muffatees, with only a thumb piece, and with a slit in front of the fore-finger of the right hand when he required it to pull the trigger; and that he had ready for wet weather an oiled canvas coat reaching from his neck to his heels. Altogether, he presented the appearance of, more than anything I can call to mind, an Esquimaux in his *most* wintry dress.

Alas, poor Dan! what a shot he was! I used sometimes to think he must be a species of "developed" sea-bird himself. I most certainly know that if, after looking up at the sky and sniffing at something in the air, he oracularly declared "Ne'er a flight to-day," you might just as well go to bed at your hotel like a civilised Christian for all the birds you would get.

I found Dan's two lads, as he called them, fine, manly, sturdy fellows, of twenty-one and eighteen, with whom before the week was over I formed quite a friendship; they were on their own hook, having recently purchased a smack of about 20 tons burden, in which they went fishing, or it was hired out by the week or so, as in my case; I am afraid to name the moderate sum they charged me—much less than is expected by a "swell" gamekeeper for a warm corner on battue day. They provided their own food, but, as brother sportsmen, we all shared alike the contents of the hamper. May I never eat with a worse pair!

Aware by experience, as I said before, of what a gunner's morning is, I determined to sleep in the coffee

room, one of the lads, Bill, engaging to wake me by knocking at the window, so as not to disturb the rest of the house; then, ordering the leg of mutton to be placed on the table, and putting a shovelful of coal on the fire, I drew up the sofa, lit a pipe of golden-leaf, and with my spaniel Fan, the beauty, curled up at my feet, and Tim, her most jealous of husbands, warming his nose on the fender, I was soon in dreamland.

At some frightful hour of the night Master Bill came hammering away at the shutters outside; on letting that worthy in, his nose or eyes, or both, instinctively discovered the leg of mutton on the table. "The best thing, sir, afore going out of a morning is to get yer bellyful," he said, eyeing the joint meanwhile with a most truculent look. "Well, then, Bill, you had better fill yours." I can assure my readers he needed no further invitation, but, merely observing that he "didn't mind if he did take a snack," forthwith, while I was dressing, stowed away a good three pounds of meat, leaving uncommonly little else but the bone and the dish. Such a "snack" I certainly have never seen taken since.

We had to call on his brother on our way to the boat. On arriving at his house, Bill knocked away for ten minutes; no answer. After a deal more hammering and some little swearing, Ted appeared, looking very sleepy. We found the boat all ready, with two good trusses of hay aft, and one for'ard, and after stowing away the contents of a hamper in a locker, and making fast the punt astern, we up sail and away.

And now that we are fairly started, a word or two about our mode of proceedings, armament, &c. For my part I had a double-barrelled 10-bore shoulder gun,

and a long 9 single, to which latter Master Bill immediately took a violent fancy, and he appropriated it forthwith. I also hired from an ironmonger in the town a short heavy shoulder-gun, about 5-bore I should say, a sort of young cannon, which, carried, more or less, a good handful of Bristol B.'s. The ironmonger said it was "a powerful" weapon, and certainly if kicking means power, it *was* a very powerful piece. Even Bill was a trifle scared at it. Besides these we had a light 14 for "cripples." Our plan was simply as follows: To sail up to birds on the wind in harbour, and outside when possible; when there was no wind, to go to the creeks or "latches" as they are called, in the punt after small "trips" of birds or single ones even. To keep an eye on old Dan in his punt, and have some fun with his "cripples;" and I determined if possible to persuade that worthy by eloquence or coin, or both, to take me out one night gunning in a regular gunning punt. I reckoned that this bill of fare, with an hour or two of "fighting" morning and evening, would satisfy a gourmand.

The morning was bitterly cold—a clear black frost; Bill busied himself in spreading out the trusses of straw at the bottom of the "quarter-deck," and I placed one conveniently at the bows; by Ted's advice also, I wrapped two strawbands round my legs, very much to my comfort. Ted took the helm, while Bill was my factotum for ammunition, loading guns, &c.; and as we gently dropped down Poole Harbour on the ebb that morning, with just a "wee drappie" to our success, there were not three merrier lads in the three kingdoms. Poor Ted looked rather sleepy still; but he took another "drappie," and soon brightened up again. Ah me, the

days of our youth! *labuntur anni!* Make the most of them!

We had hardly gone 250 yards and got the guns loaded, when right ahead of us, through the mist, we saw a large flock of coots, apparently pretty tame. "Now, sir, for'ard you go with the big 'un," and accordingly I went for'ard with the "musquetoon," loaded with a fine dose of Bristol pills. Down we sailed among them, and when about thirty yards off, I delivered the piece over the bows, and fired into the "black of 'em." I forget the exact effect that shot had on the coots, but I have a most vivid recollection of the effect on me; I found myself, gun, and it appeared to me about half the rigging too, lying in the bottom of the boat, with my right shoulder nearly dislocated.

"Good gracious, Bill! don't load that infernal thing like that again. How much did you put in?"

"Only a handful and a half, sir; them coots takes a deal of killing."

I couldn't find out exactly how much powder he had put in—probably a handful and a half also; however, I looked after the loading of the instrument myself afterwards.

After a little amusement with the cripples we went on, having secured seven or eight birds.

From our first shot we augured well as regards the tameness and come-atableness of the duck, as coots are proverbially shy.

"Well now, sir, I think we had better go straight to the sandbanks for a late flight before we commence sailing down."

On arriving there we found all the best places occupied, and the best of the flight over; however, I knocked over

a mallard with the single and a green cartridge—almost the very last bird that flew over; we got aboard again, and went “sailing down.” I think this sport beats anything I know of for excitement; as much depends on the helmsman as on the gunner—in fact, a great deal more, and I must say I believe I had the best lad at this game in all Poole. We beat the harbour for some time, picking up a brace of teal and some more coots, and then stood out to sea with a lovely six-knot breeze on our beam.

“I think we’ll get a shot soon, sir; if we don’t, ’twill be a cruel shame.” Indeed, it was a day out of a hundred for sailing down—the birds tame, and just enough ripple on the water to hide all but their heads.

“I’ll lay a crown the old man had a shot last night,” continues Bill; “I heard him fire twice.” (A *shot* in Poole means the number of birds killed, and not the act of firing.)

After sailing about some time, Bill, who had the eye of a hawk for birds, spied a big company of widgeon dead to windward about a mile off. I confess I looked for five minutes after, and could see nothing.

“Now, sir, I think we are going to have one or two of them; load all the guns, and you go for’ard with Bill. Keep close under the bows, and don’t move till I tell you.”

We tacked about, and stood straight down for the flock, keeping them rather on our weather bow; in my right hand I had the “infant,” and all ready by my side the 10 double, with a couple of cartridges, while Master Bill, who was crouched down at my side, and was as excited as I was, had appropriated the long single, loaded with a double charge of powder and a green cartridge

I rather fancy he slipped in an ounce or two of "Bristols" just to fill up any chinks.

Straight down we went, Ted looking as calm as a sentry, just squinting over the weather bow at the birds, as if *he* was not noticing them in the least. Confound it, he must be near 'em now! What, nearer still!

"Now, Sir, when I luffs her up, you must jump and let 'em have it strong;" and sure enough a moment after down went the helm, and up she came shaking. "Now, Sir, their heads are up; look out!" Up I started, and right under our bows, about forty yards off, were, I should say, two or three hundred widgeon!

Bang! went the "piece of ordnance," making a lane through them like a charge of grapeshot; as they flew up they received the contents of the double; and after that, Bill, who had been aiming away all the while like an artilleryman, let fly the single, and knocked over a couple and a cripple at seventy yards off.

And now into the punt for the cripples, the best fun of all; and away we go, firing at them, knocking them over with sculls—poor Fan and Tim at their wit's end what to make of it! By Jove, this is glorious! Why, that one shot is worth all I pay for the whole week.

On getting back to the smack and counting our spoils, we found we had bagged eighteen widgeon, a couple of redheads, and a pair of spoonbills—very handsome birds. These two latter I immediately sent off to Hart at Christchurch, and they serve to this day to remind me of my old Poole days.

In this running-down sport everything depends on the helmsman, as you yourself are concealed beneath the bows. If he brings you straight up to your birds,

so that you can fire clean ahead without stopping above a second to look about you, he's up to his work. I have been with men who bring you up anyhow—or rather nohow; birds on the lee, on the weather, ahead and abeam; and when you are looking about you the birds have some twenty yards start, besides putting you in a flurry. Catch Ted doing any such “botching” as that! I used to know merely by the way he handled the helm almost the exact spot where the birds were, and could have jumped up and fired almost blindfold.

We cruised about a bit longer, and got another crack at a knob of redheads, out of which we bagged four and a golden-eye. (I may here mention that among the Poole gunners a large number of duck is called a “band” or “company,” a smaller number a “bunch,” and five or six or so a “knob.”) The sea getting rather too rough both for firing straight and the comfort of my stomach, we put back to harbour; and, after some little manœuvring, Ted brought me up to a solitary brace of teal, just at the entrance of a small “latch” or creek. They got up at about thirty yards, and I dropped the pair of them right and left, much to the delight of Bill, who put me down there and then as being “considerably on the shoot.”

“Well, now, I’m thinking we had better anchor off that mudbank, and see what that locker contains; afterwards we can go for the evening ‘flight,’ and try and pick up a coot or two on our way.”

Messrs. Bill and Ted were by no means backward in investigating the arcana of the said locker, and in about one half-hour the ham was reduced to nothing much else than knuckle and bone—mostly bone. What an appetite a fellow gets down there! Why, I declare, it’s worth

the money to see what one *can* eat. And that whisky! Ted declared emphatically—took his dying davy, in fact, whatever that may mean—that it would be a “downright cruel shame for to go and put water in that grog,” and that Ireland couldn’t be such a bad place after all, if they made such stuff as that over there.

Curling ourselves up under the straw and horse rugs, we lit our pipes, and felt like three boa-constrictors who had swallowed a camel or two apiece. Bill, I can affirm, like the fat boy in “Pickwick,” “swelled wisely out afore my very eyes.” Not the least part of our enjoyment, moreover, was the sight of a small knob of seven teal dropping gently down with the tide right abeam, evidently on their way to their feeding ground up the latch.

“Bless’d if I don’t think them teal ’ll come within shot of the big gun,” said Ted, with his nose just over the gunwale; “give ’em a try, sir.”

It certainly seemed “hard lines” on the birds as they evidently thought the boat was empty, and anchored for the evening. I rested the “Armstrong” over the rail, and as they passed fifty yards off in straggling order, Ted suddenly showed himself. They threw up their heads and crowded together in a bunch. “Now’s your time, sir,” and away went the cargo of mould shot into ’em, killing three outright, and crippling two, one of whom immediately made for the mud, and the other commenced diving. Overboard went Fan after this latter gentleman, while I got into the punt, and, slipping on a pair of mud pattens, went “skooting” after the other; but before I had gone five yards, head over heels I went. “Never mind, sir; up yer are, and come along!” shouted Bill, sliding ahead like a lamplighter. Down I

went again like a man, sloshing and kicking about, my gun-barrels, nose, mouth, and eyes full of Poole mud.

Don't laugh. Have *you* ever been on mud-pattens? If not, don't go. A "hog on ice" is popularly supposed to be an independent cuss, because if he can't stand—why, he can lie down; but I'm blessed if he could on mud.

After a long chase Bill shot the teal, and he considerably helped me to the punt—in fact, he carried me there. Fan meanwhile was having quite a "high old time of it" with the one in the water. It dived down one way and came up another, till the bitch was perfectly bewildered; as the water was bitterly cold, I knocked the bird on the head with my scull.

And now it was make haste for the evening flight, as we had some way to go to the sand-banks. So leaving Ted to take charge of the smack back to anchorage, I set off in the punt with Bill, taking the long single with half a dozen cartridges, and the heavy double, not forgetting another weapon (which of course no sportsman goes without)—a pocket pistol, loaded, not with leaden pills, but Irish dew; not but that bowls over many a pretty lad sometimes. It is not *quite* so powerful as that peculiar drink in California called a "forty-rodger," so named from the fact of no man being able to walk forty rods after partaking of it without tumbling in the gutter.

On arriving at the sand-banks, we were lucky enough to find two good stands unoccupied, the only other person near us being "Old Simon," a well-known Poole gunner of fifty years' standing. He had a single-barrelled gun, I should say without exaggeration six feet long; it

was a rough-looking affair, bound round the grip with whipcord, and entirely guiltless of browning; but a mallard that flew within seventy yards of that instrument stood as small a chance as a barn-door owl would at the hands of a Hurlingham "dovebutcher."

"Well, Simon, what's it to be?"

"May as well go home, sir; weather too clear, and no wind; they'll sky like anything to night."

Posting ourselves behind two bushes, we waited patiently. Presently a trip of wigeon went whistling over our heads a hundred yards up; then came a bunch of ducks, rushing by like a whirlwind far out of shot. As I am staring vacantly up over head, "Look out, sir, on your right!" says Bill, at the same time presenting his double. I look and see nothing, and nine-tenths of my readers would have seen nothing also. Bang! go a couple of wire cartridges somewhere close to my left ear, and a splendid mallard comes down all of a heap forty yards off.

"Why didn't you fire, sir?"

"Fire! why, I saw nothing."

"Why, eight or nine ducks flew close over you." In fact, Master William had "wiped my eye" pretty clean.

The birds kept coming in, but all high. The best time for flight shooting is when the wind is high and against the birds; then they fly low and keep well together, and if you have a good stand you can keep yourself, dog, and man employed for an hour. (N.B.—Unless he is a good one, leave Ponto chained up at home.) I once killed seventeen fowl at this spot with a single-barrelled gun in one evening, the birds flying so close sometimes as almost to graze the ridge where I was posted.

We got no more shots that night, and, emptying the

pocket pistol (not forgetting old Simon), we went home. If ever I slept in my life, I did that night.

For the next four or five days the weather continued splendid—clear black frosts and starlight nights; the beginner may think it just the reverse. In thick, hazy weather, especially if there is no wind—in fact, weather that most amateurs would consider perfection for approaching birds—do as all the gunners do, and go to bed. Of course, the gunners will tell you otherwise, and in such weather you can get any number to go out with you for a sovereign a night, but you may have the satisfaction of catching a good “rousing” attack of ague, and hearing the birds getting up all around you—two hundred yards off. You can’t grumble; if you do, all the man says is, “Well, sir, I’ve brought you up to hundreds of birds; but they’re tur’ble wild, they be, to-night.” But catch *him* going out such nights! Only try to hire a good, well-known gunner on a clear, frosty, starlight night, with an “ebb flow” at about three in the morning, and a four-knot breeze on, and see what he’ll say. The chances are that, if you are a stranger, he would not take you on any terms whatever.

The weather being so favourable, I verily believe that every biped in Poole who could beg, borrow, or steal a gun went “flighting” every evening; the fowl in consequence got so uncommonly wary that it was not worth while going after them. Happening to be in the shop of a well-known ironmonger (and fowler), one evening, he advised me to go and look at two or three large ponds, about a couple of miles off. Accordingly, I despatched Bill (who by this time followed me about literally like a large Newfoundland dog) to report on the state of affairs. That individual returned with the news that he had no

doubt the largest of the ponds was frequented at night by considerable numbers of birds, as on the leeward side he had found quite a small pile of feathers. I was not surprised at this, as fowl, at all events some of them, if much disturbed at "flight" time, or, in other words, much shot at, will fly to a large pond in preference to the mud.

Next evening, at dusk, we repaired thither, and on arriving we found the pond frozen over, as, indeed, we expected. This was annoying; but we broke the ice up in the middle for the space of ten or twelve feet, and hauled the fragments on the banks; we then cut down some brushwood or furze, and built up a sort of breast-work, took a pull at the "Irishman" (of which Master Bill had grown surprisingly fond), and quietly waited. Goodness, how cold it was! It was really dreadful, and we dared not move a peg, as the fowl were whistling over head, evidently as wild as possible. For half an hour it was cavendish and dew, till all of a sudden whi-s-h! came a bunch of four wigeon on to the ice. Out shrills the clear note of the old cock, and a minute after they are in the open water. How tempting they looked! I could have bagged the lot with one barrel. Wait a bit, however; here they come like a whirlwind!—at least thirty, with perhaps a duck or two among them. They circle round overhead; "wh-i-sp!" goes the old cock again below; a flutter, and down go the lot to join him. "Jingo! thirty-five on 'em, if there's one," whispers Bill, fingering his trigger, and eyeing them as a Greek bandit would a treasure train. "Now, when I say *ready*, give a whistle." "All right, sir." Up go their heads—they crowd together, and are just going—bang! bang! bang! go the three barrels into the brown of 'em, sending fowl,

feather, and ice flying about like a small deluge. We got six wigeon and two ducks by our volley, besides two cripples, which we allowed to go off for the present, as we knew we could afterwards find them, and we expected to get another shot at the birds. After waiting half an hour longer, a bunch of redheads settled down, and no wigeon appearing, received their "allowance" like the others, leaving five of their number behind them. We now were so thoroughly chilled through that we could scarcely feel anything; we therefore strung up our thirteen birds, and turned our steps homeward. A warm bath, a juicy cut from the under side of a saddle, and a glass of A 1 port afterwards, put me in the finest possible humour with the world. I did not get a single goose; we saw plenty, but they were so wary that it was impossible to get near them, and Dan himself only shot fifteen all the season.

The real object of my visit I had not accomplished yet, which was to get Dan to take me out for a night's punt-shooting with his stanchion gun. I knew I should have a job to manage it; so I said nothing about it to him for the first four or five days, merely hinting to the lads that I would give a trifle to go; but as Dan was out all night and we were out all day, father and sons did not see too much of each other's society. On the sixth evening, however, about five o'clock, I armed myself with a flat bottle of the very finest old M.D., a wood pipe with a metal stopper, and a plug of the best Virginia golden leaf, with which credentials I hoped to succeed in working the oracle. On arriving at his house I found that worthy just arisen from his slumbers, and taking a cup of tea with a dash of brandy in it. The walls and tables were literally covered with birds: Dan had evidently got a heavy shot

last night. Amongst them were a beautiful pair of shel-drakes. "I thought you might like to 'ave 'em to stuff, and so I kep 'em apart," said Mrs. Dan. On the whole, things looked healthy. I would buy the shel-drakes for half-a-crown more than she asked—pop in, as it were, the baccy and flat bottle as trump cards, and win the odd trick. I was relieved from all further anxiety on the subject by Dan shutting one of his eyes and observing, in a mysterious and oracular tone (at the same time taking a trifle less than half the contents of the flat bottle) that "he knowed what I was arter; yes, yes, they all wants to go, bless yer." (Here was the time for producing trump No. 2, the baccy). "Thank'e, zur, I likes a good bit of baccy;" (here came the pipe—the odd trick) "Well now, that's what I calls a pipe, I do; well, well, we'll see what we can do, we'll see." This latter sentence was uttered with a patronising air impossible to describe. Punctually at nine I made my appearance at the pier, and I had not long to wait before Dan hove in sight. I had dressed for the occasion as well as I could; that is, I had put on all the coats, all the trousers, and all the boots that I could find; over all I pulled an old gunning-smock of Dan's, and "mounted" a catskin cap with ear flaps, belonging to Ted.

A Poole punt is too well known to need describing here; I need only say that the gun carried a pound of shot. It was a beautiful night for our work—bright, clear, starlight, with a slight breeze blowing in from the harbour right in our faces. Had we picked it, we could not have chosen a better. Dan sniffed up the air, and said "He'd be bound he'd give me a shot to-night, or he'd know why!" After an hour's sculling we pulled up under the shade of a mud-bank up a latch. It was

now about half-tide-rising, and we consequently had some three hours to wait for the ebb-flow—the best time to make a good shot. When birds are scarce and wild in mild weather, the best way is to keep going up the latches, and firing at small bunches as often as you have a chance; but in weather like we were out in, the birds are so hungry and tame that it is not worth while to risk the almost certainty of getting a heavy shot later on for the sake of some half-dozen birds. The only drawback is, that some “popper” may chance to be creeping about up a latch after a duck or two, and fire just as you are setting up to your flock of wigeon, and you have the satisfaction of seeing them get up like an army and fly off to the sea. However, on this occasion we were lucky; we heard no guns, and Dan knew that old Simon was off Branksea, looking after an immense flock of geese that had been seen there. It gave one a queer feeling to look far away over the mud banks, stretched out like some huge antediluvian monsters, and think if one should get lost on their hideous, slimy banks. I was soon aroused from any mawkish feelings of this kind by Dan knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and telling me to “douse” mine. “They’re whistling away over there—a purty good company I allow they be.” I listened; but, beyond the wailing of an owl off Branksea, I heard nothing. Dan loaded his gun with about ten ounces of the smallest duckshot. “We’ll get close enough to ’em, I’ll warrant ’e, without using mould.” We now gently pulled out of the latch, and, on getting into the open, I at last heard a sort of confused noise, like the sound of distant rain: it was the noise made by innumerable wigeon floating up with the advancing tide, whistling and “charming” after their

feed. We halt again whilst Dan reconnoitres, which consists in his putting his head first on one side and then on the other, and looking all round as I have seen a fox do when hunted in a thick covert. Meanwhile, the noise comes nearer and nearer, but is still an immense way off. "Well, I'm blessed if I don't think there's every burd in Poole 'Arbour in thick company; blessed if I don't though; now look out and be careful, and if you don't make a lane in 'em taint my fault."

I went forward, and lay down behind the gun, with my heart jumping into my mouth, and on we went; it seemed hours and hours. I thought we should never arrive, and I was getting cramped by lying in one position so long. By this time we had got so close that we could hear the motion of their bills as they fed. As yet I had not seen a feather, till Dan touched my foot, which was the signal for me to look out, and see my birds before sighting for a shot; I gently raised my head an inch or two, but only saw in front, of me what appeared to be a long low mud bank, about 150 yards off; it seemed odd, too, as the tide had nearly covered the bank we were alongside of. I crouch down and look round at Dan, as if to say "What's up? where are they?" He understands, for he scarcely whispers "Them's the burds." I look again, and sure enough what I had thought was mud was in reality a solid mass of fowl! We were now within 100 yards, and I could see the outside birds paddling about, just lifted off their legs. I trembled so with excitement, that I could scarcely shake off my right mitten, ready for the shot. Another twenty yards nearer—another twenty still—Dan touches my foot, I squint along the tube, aiming at the nearest birds.

As I lay hold of the trigger, a small wavelet comes to meet us ; just before it reaches us I give a shrill whistle—there is a dead silence instantaneously ; the ripple at the same instant just lifts up the prow of the punt, and away goes the ten ounces of shot into the mass of fowl, literally making a lane clean through them ! “ Well done, young’un ; blessed if I could have done it much better mysel’.” As for me, I stood up in the punt to the imminent hazard of its occupants, and huzzaed until Dan thought I was gone stark staring mad, and I believe would have knocked me down with an oar in another minute. The cripples afforded us another hour’s sport ; there being lots of water by this time, they dived in all directions, and you have to sit uncommonly still in a punt. When we had collected all our spoil, we counted out twenty-nine wigeon, three spoonbills, and three mallard ; and I have no doubt we left half a dozen lively cripples for the “ poppers ” on the morrow. As fowl were then selling at three shillings a couple, this shot was worth at least fifty shillings to Dan. We now emptied the flat bottle, lit up, and ran back with the breeze to the pier in no time.

I have endeavoured to give, as far as I am able, some idea of what duck shooting is like as practised at Poole. Of all kinds of shooting which I am aware of, shooting from a punt is the most difficult. An amateur may go in the very pick of the weather, and, though he is a first-rate shot, he will not touch a fowl with a punt gun. This kind of shooting is generally looked down on as unsportsmanlike and mere butchery, but I can assure my readers that, like grouse driving, it is only condemned by persons entirely ignorant of the matter. Few *gentlemen* know anything about it, they being almost invariably

under the orders of a professional *chaperon*. It is very difficult to get a good one; the reason is obvious; a man who can make perhaps three or four pounds in a shot or two is not likely to be bothered about a "gemman," who perhaps gives him half a sovereign. Even when you *do* get a good man, he will not tell you any of their secrets on any consideration, for fear you might set up a punt for yourself; and they will rarely "work you up" to a good company of birds, as they are afraid you will make a mess of it, and only frighten the fowl. They naturally prefer to keep that company for themselves, after they have got rid of you.

It is very difficult, as I have said, to shoot well with a punt gun; a beginner will almost invariably shoot over everything. The best elevation for the gun, for general weathers, is about 9in. over the snout of the punt; you then are not likely to shoot into the crest of a wave. If your company is a large one, say four or five hundred birds, the best distance to fire at them is about sixty yards, or even more; the gun then must be pointed slightly over the nearest birds, by which means the whole flock will be raked. The wilder the birds the farther you have to shoot at them, and, therefore, the larger the shot you must load your gun with; when tame the smallest duck shot does the most execution. Of course the object of sighting the gun slightly over the first birds is also to allow for the rising of the birds at the flash. As regards "cross" shots with a punt gun, I say nothing more than that it requires a finished artist even to attempt it.

As regards the time for shooting fowl, the best are the "ground ebb" and the "ebb-flow." Of these the "ebb flow" is the very best. In this case the right way to

go to work is not to disturb the birds too soon, but to keep at a moderate distance off, and wait till the tide gradually rises to within a quarter of a mile of them. As the water closes on them, the fowl will crowd closer and closer together, till eventually there are hundreds in a company. As this is their last chance for a feed—particularly if the weather is frosty—they are more unsuspecting than at any other time. All this time you must be “setting up” to them; but as the mud begins to disappear you may “work up.” Of course I need hardly say you must keep your punt “end on,” preserve the greatest silence, and lie at the bottom of the punt. By skilfully attending to these instructions, you may frequently get within fifty yards of an immense flock of wigeon—so close, in fact, that you are obliged to whistle to make them put their heads up. Dan has told me that he has frequently manœuvred round a company at close quarters to get a “rake,” so unsuspecting have they been. With average luck, a pound gun ought to kill on these occasions from thirty to sixty fowl. When at this game, look out for straggling shooters; besides being a great nuisance, and liable to totally spoil a harbour in a week, they are sometimes rather dangerous. Dan was once lying off a large company of wigeon on the edge of a bank, rising with the ebb flow; he had previously seen a man in a small boat, but lost sight of him. As he was quietly watching the fowl, he saw the boat again gradually approach, and what was his amazement to receive the contents of a long single at about fifty yards’ range! The man luckily made a bad shot, only a pellet or two striking, but not penetrating, Dan’s swansdown coat. He had mistaken him for a small bunch of wigeon! Of course the birds

flew off, and Dan lost a good shot, besides nearly losing his life.

At "ground ebb" you must wait at high tide near a bank which the fowl are known to haunt; as the tide recedes, the shallower the water the whiter it appears, and consequently the more distinct the birds which pitch. You, on the other hand, are less distinct from being in the deep water. By this method you are also enabled to float down gradually to your flock, when, by lying down in the punt, you will be mistaken by them for a log a wood. In nine nights out of ten a quite white or stone-colour dress is the best. I need hardly mention that at "ground ebb" shooting care must be taken, after the shot, that both persons do not leave the punt together, or even one without mud-pattens. Many people have been lost in Poole harbour by wandering away in the eager pursuit of cripples, and either being frozen to death or sinking in the mud. At this time never go too far up a latch, unless you know your way well; if you don't, and you get among the labyrinth of Poole latches at night, you may make your mind up for "a night on the flats" when you might have been comfortably in your blankets.

Very good sport may be had by taking a canoe, or any small light-draught boat, and a heavy single shoulder gun, and latching at nights; it may be called the rabbit shooting of fowling. When out at this sport, of course if you see a gunner approaching, or setting up to your flock, you will give him the first shot, reserving your fire for the cripples or as they pass you on the wing—if they do. After a gunner has made a shot, the big company frequently gets split up into small bunches, and when much disturbed make for the

latches; if you have the wind at your back, and a ground ebb, you may gently drop down the creeks, and perhaps have the fortune to have four or five fair shots. Of all weathers, thick hazy nights are the worst. A bright starlight night, with a black frost hard enough to freeze the nose off your face, is the best of all times, and if there is just enough wind to ruffle the water, so much the better. Should, however, there have been a long-continued severe frost, the first thaw that comes affords the cream of the whole. From long-continued hunger the birds become so ravenous that at ebb flow they may be often approached in daylight. The best time to shoot fowl with a punt gun is about four o'clock in the morning, after they have fed. In approaching them, if you hear them feeding, with their bills all going, you may proceed; but if they are quite quiet and motionless, they are on the watch. I need hardly mention that it is always best to manœuvre your punt so that, before working up for your shot, you shall have a hill or black water to approach from.

Supposing you find yourself hungry, some miles from an inn, and only a coot in your boat, go to work as follows, and you shall have a dish Soyer might envy. The recipe was given me by François, a Californian hunter; he used it for curlew. Skin your coot, cut off his head, and take out his inside; make an incision on each side of his breast, and in each put half a lemon peel, pushing an iron skewer through the incisions and breast bone, to keep all in its place. Inside put an onion, whole; sew the bird up, and put him in a pot suspended over a fire by two forked sticks; add a teaspoonful of salt, and boil for an hour. If you see a

cottage near, beg a couple of potatoes and put them in ; and if you have a drop of sherry at the bottom of your flask, just before you eat him take out the onion and pour in the sherry ; you may now eat your bird, and all I ask you to do is to say grace after it, and if you enjoy it, to drink the health of

OLIVER NORTH.

THAT SHELDRAKE.

SOMEHOW or other, I almost think I like those "odd days" at the end of the shooting season better than the regular "slaughters;" there is a freedom and ease about them that one does not get in battues or grouse driving; one is not eternally thinking of the weight of one's bag, or fearing lest some one should "wipe your eye." To thoroughly enjoy these odd days, they must be unpremeditated; like the meeting of two old friends, "when least" expected, enjoyed the most." When My Lord Broadacres sends his compliments to me, and requests the pleasure of my attendance at his battue to-morrow, the first thing of course is to say to my man, "Thompson, put my dress clothes in my bag," and I instinctively wonder whether my shooting suit of last year is decent enough to appear in. After all said and done, that battue shooting is not so bad a recreation. Some one in the *Field* the other day said that those men who talk about "give me a day of walking up partridges before all your battues," &c., almost invariably manœuvre for a "hot" corner, and go in for a little indiscriminate slaughter. By the powers they do; I remember being at a rook-shooting party once; one of the guns at breakfast told me, quite confidentially, "Well, you know, this is all very well *in its way*, you understand, but for my part, it lacks the element of sport, sir—quite lacks it." I of course shot with a rifle, as nearly all the others did, as it was not a large rookery; but merciful heavens!

our "sportsman" had a weapon—11-bore—"kills 'em clean you know." That man drank dry sherry and fired away like a mitrailleuse, till hardly a rook remained.

As for the much-abused grouse driving, I have never, bad luck to it! had a turn at that, and I am afraid I never shall. I dare say, however, if I were offered a mantelet some fine day, I should turn "artilleryman" with the rest of them. As for the *sport* of the thing, that depends entirely, I imagine, on the taste of the individual; it really is very difficult to define sport. If a man finds extreme pleasure in killing birds flying at a great pace in large quantities, probably the more he kills the better sport he thinks it. Others, again, would consider three couple of woodcock a far better day's sport than any amount of snipe or duck; yet I imagine these two latter are about as hard to kill as the former. Before Colonel Hawker's time, duck-shooting was condemned, as he says, "as an occupation only fit for rustics." I certainly consider it *facile princeps* the finest of all sport, except deer-stalking. A celebrated sportsman makes out that buffalo hunting is the finest sport in the universe. There you are again; I really consider it one of the tamest. You ride up to the herd on a pony trained to the work, single out a straggler, run alongside and fire into him with a heavy pistol, and then run alongside another, and so on, till your horse gives out. There is just the excitement of a good gallop, and no danger in it at all. A stockman on a cattle station in Australia or Chile has twice the excitement and danger, and is far better mounted into the bargain. I would guarantee, at a week's notice, to give a far better buffalo hunt with two or three wicked Highland bulls on a good large moor than is possible on the "boundless peraries."

Well, one morning I was strolling through the stable, when who should come up and ask me to go out for a walk but my spaniel Tim. Now I am not going to ask my readers to believe that Tim really spoke in words; he does not *quite* do that yet, though I have hopes of him. No; he merely rubbed his nose against my leg, uttered a short bark, and then sat down and looked at me. He said as plain as words could, "Come out for a ramble, and I'll see if I can find that sheldrake for you." Just then Fan came sidling up, and went through the same performance. "Well, I may as well see if I can't get that sheldrake to-day as any other," I soliloquise; so I call out, "Thompson, bring me my gun and fifteen or twenty cartridges, and my thick boots, I'll put them on here on the steps; fill my flask with sherry, and tell your mistress I shan't be at home for lunch." I start down the drive with the two dogs barking and smelling at the box by the roadside; now "bunny" jumps up and scampers away unharmed, pursued by Fan, and now a flock of starlings fly hurriedly up on an elm tree, and look down with curious sidelong eye on Tim as he barks at them from below—rabbit, starlings, Fan, and Tim evidently looking on the whole thing as an excellent piece of romp. I feel inclined to romp too, and take a four-foot style in my path "flying," gun and all. It was indeed one of those glorious mornings when one feels generous to everybody, and wishes that everyone could be out shooting as well. I had a letter from that confounded cousin Jack last night asking for 50*l.* (a mere temporary loan, old fellow, you know), and the way I anathematised him was dreadful; yet somehow this morning I think, Well, after all, Jack is not a bad sort of fellow, and really I shouldn't be surprised if it

only wanted the sheldrake safe in my coat pocket to settle the business.

The under-keeper one evening had told me that a "coorious bird" had been seen for some days past in company with a trip of duck that frequented the river; "a sort of a painted duck he be, zur." I knew it was ten to one it was a sheldrake, or shoveller, as I had frequently shot them in company with other fowl at Poole. I had been after the bird two or three times, but somehow I had always missed him. I didn't care much about the other ducks; in fact, I rather object to shooting wildfowl on one's own ground. I have a sort of idea that they are ornamental; it must be only an idea, as I hardly ever see them by daytime, but somehow it sounds well in an advertisement—"Mansion for sale, &c.; lake well stocked with wildfowl;" it has quite a ducal smack about it. No, I only wanted Master Sheldrake, it must be confessed, to ornament with his wings the hat of the future partner of my joys and woes. I had talked a good deal about that sheldrake after dinner. "Of course, my dear, nothing easier. I'll get it you to-morrow; the wing is lovely, and will exactly suit that sealskin turban." Many to-morrows passed, and no sheldrake; and only yesterday my beloved had mounted, as if in defiance, a great red flaming breast of some exotic bird or other, and "hoped it suited the sealskin turban." Now chaff I never can stand, and when it comes from the love—but mind, *she* may possibly read this.

And so I walked briskly forward, mentally resolving that I *will* have that confounded bird somehow. However, it is no good going after the ducks now, as they are all out at sea for the day and I must wait for the

evening flight; so I just take a turn up by Bowman's mere to see if I can get a snipe or two. I find the pond frozen over, and the flags rustling mournfully in the sougling wind; it's too cold and still, the birds lie too close, and I am just turning away, when Fan wheels quickly to the right, and commences to crawl cautiously towards the mere again with outstretched nose, and up they spring under her very feet all in a lump. I cut one down handsomely at the rise, and another goes away with a—yes, there he falls in the middle of that stubble. On my way to pick him up a rabbit springs from a tussock and goes hopping merrily over the gorse, till an ounce of No. 6 puts an end to his capers. And so I go on, at times dawdling along a hedge, for the mere pleasure of seeing the dogs beat it, and now and then bowling over a rabbit; and at times just taking a look in at a spinney to see if there is not an old cock pheasant who just wants to learn how much shot he *can* carry away. By the bye, a pheasant is popularly supposed to present a mark like a flaming catherine wheel or a haystack; but to cut down handsomely, not slovenly, an old rocketing cock requires an "artist," or, all events, something more than a "duffer."

As I am passing by Durbin the ditcher's cottage, Mrs. D. greets me with a cheery "Well, be that you, zur? well now, do'e sit down a minute, Maister Oliver, there's a good soul." The fire looks cheery, and my pockets feel rather heavy somehow with a couple of pheasants and a brace of snipe. "Well, Mrs. Durbin, I don't mind if I *do* have a pipe, and tell Durbin I've left two couple of rabbits hanging up on that fence next Bowman's mere; send a couple up to the house and keep the other yourself. How are the children?"

Husband going to strike?" "Thank you kindly, zur, the children be pretty well; and as for striking, I tells Durbin, I do, if he wants to strike, I'll do it for 'un with a mop handle;" and I am quite sure she could and would. Years ago she was the belle of the village and master of Durbin's heart; she is still master of her husband, both morally and physically, and as for the belle part of the business—well, she's forty, and not by any means to be "sneezed at." In truth, Durbin would be a fool to strike; he's one of our best men, and rather a favoured one. My mother says that my father and I favour him because of his wife, but that's all stuff, of course. Yes, I think, as I take out my pipe and settle myself down by the ingle, waiting till the good woman just heats up a basin of some sort of stew, which she insists on my taking—yes, I've seen many an unfortunate "gentleman emigrant" abroad who would be infinitely better off if he were in Durbin's shoes. The cottage has four rooms, besides an outhouse; the room I am sitting in is a marvel of cleanness; the floor neatly sanded against D.'s return, the table and dresser as white as a hound's tooth, and it's array of plates and tins bright enough to shave in almost. Two sturdy boys eye me suspiciously from the corner, one of whom seems endeavouring to screw the heel of his foot into his left ear, and the other stares at me solemnly over a huge piece of bread and butter. I am really almost commencing to moralise, when up comes the basin of stew steaming hot. Durbin gets 17s. 6d. a week, and an odd rabbit or two now and then; his wife keeps him away from the public, and takes him to church on Sundays, and they both look on the people "up at the house" as their friends, and not their taskmasters. Little more than a rifle shot

from where I am sitting is the mansion of the Hon. Mr.—well, we will call him Smith, so that everyone may know whom I mean. This gentleman can draw cheques for thousands; he does not live with his wife; a “difficulty” occurred somehow. This gentleman finds he can’t get along on 10,000*l.* a year, his expenses are so enormous; true, he doesn’t live much at his country seat, but town runs away with a heap of money, and as for Mlle. Helene, of the King’s Theatre, really she *does* go ahead tremendously. “Those brutes of farmers must pay up,” writes the Hon. S.; “I *must* have some money by the quarter; you *must* get it out of some one.” Of course the “someone” is poor Hodge. The bailiff squeezes the tenant farmers, and they in their turn squeeze the labourer. The above is no exaggeration. I lived in Dorsetshire many years, near some of the richest landed proprietors in the country; the condition of some of the labourers was (and is) appalling, and a disgrace to a man, let alone a gentleman. (*Vide* daily papers *passim*.)

As I am reflecting in a highly philosophical frame of mind on these important affairs, I hear a voice outside, “Be Maister Oliver inside?—oh, I seed, zur, thick ’ere duck this marning, and I allow he’ll be round again to evening,” says Joyce the under-keeper. “Very well; just take those birds up to the house and we’ll go and have a look after him.” I finish my pipe, and the two dogs are having just forty winks before the fire, when Joyce returns and off we go. “Any news, Joyce?” “No, zur, nothing perticler, except as how I seed that danged young poacher, Joe Simmons, prowling about as I came along.” “Ah, we shall have to ground-ash that young man if we catch him.” “He be a tur’ble hard cove to catch, zur.”

We now approach the river, and walk slowly down its banks, while a slight fog begins to rise from the meadows; at last we arrive at the favourite fighting place, near the bend of the river; a bed of reeds occupies half the breadth of the stream, while a huge elm, under which we sit down, nearly overshadows the other half. We leash the dogs, and I fix a piece of white paper on the sight of my gun, and we then have nothing to do but smoke and wait. What curious noises one hears during the evening! One moment it is the rushing sound of many wings, as a bunch of wigeon goes hurtling through the air; at another, the wailing note of that solitary fisherman, the heron, comes mournfully floating from the mere, or the shrill cackle of the watchful goose, as he feeds in yonder meadow, startles the ear of eve. Presently five duck come flying straight for us; they give one wheel, and down they go into the rushes. Joyce clutches my arm, "Them's them, zur; that painted chap always flights a little behind the rest." "All right now; you look after the ducks and I'll take care of the sheldrake." There is no time to lose, as the light is fading; Joyce takes Tim fifty yards up the stream, and sends him across to drive the ducks out towards us; now he's across—disappears in the rushes—a moment's silence, and whirr!—out they come, the "painted customer" behind. In my hurry and anxiety I miss him with my right; round he wheels. I anathematise the gun and bring my left, with a green cartridge in, up to my shoulder, when bang goes a gun, and "*procumbit humi sheldrake!*" "Well, dang my buttons if that 'aint that cussed Joe Simmons!" cries Joyce; and sure enough that worthy, who had been lying in ambush himself, made his appearance on the opposite

side of the river, bird in hand. "You scoundrel you, I'll prosecute you." "No really, Capting, you can't mean it now; devilish sorry to have 'wiped' yer, but—good evening, Capting, good evening," and the rascal executed an impromptu double-shuffle on the bank, and walked off with his prize. The shooting on the other side did not belong to us, and what could we do?

I went home; to add to my disgust, who should be on the door-step but the before-mentioned young lady, who had just stepped over from the Vicarage. "Oh, Oliver, how late you are! dinner's quite spoiled; but the boy told us you had gone after the what-d'ye-call-it duck, and I am sure you have got it this time, haven't you?" "Oh, confound the duck, I wish"—no I won't repeat what I said, but it must have been something awful, as when I came down to dinner I found my mother and "t'other party" in tears. I forbear to tell how I "went on;" how I declared that the soup was cold, the pheasant too high, and the mutton overdone; how I astonished Thompson by calling him an ass because he hadn't warmed the claret enough. "Yes, to call me a hass, *me* as 'as been in the family now twenty-two year, he aktilly called me a hass," he told Joyce in the kitchen afterwards. I sulked all the evening, escorted a certain young person back to a certain house, and said hardly a word to that young person all the way. I went to bed, and finally slept over it. In the morning a bright idea—a happy thought, or rather, I should say, a suggestion of the Deceiver himself, occurred to me—*Why not buy the sheldrake?* I hurry on my things; "Tell Joyce I want him;" and in five minutes I confide my plan to him. "I must have that bird somehow, Joyce." He says nothing, but stares and smiles; I rather think he

"knows something." However, he promises secrecy. In half an hour more I am at Simmon's cottage. "Simmons, you shot a rather curious duck last night; I want to buy him." "Ho hor! are you the gem'man as was there last night? so you be," says the scamp. "Yes, it is a pretty thing, aint it? I don't like to part with it, 'cos I was going to cut off the wings for my young 'ooman's 'at." Confound his impudence! "Well, here's a sovereign and five shillings to shut your mouth." "Done along with you, sir; that's what I call 'andsome, I does; let me wrap it up in paper for yer." I hurry back, bolt down my breakfast, rush over to the vicarage, and exhibit my prize. Everything is made up, the seal-skin turban is adorned and looks lovely, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." I shall be married soon; I may truly say I shall conceal nothing from my wife, but I have never told her the truth of that sheldrake yet, and *never shall.*

QUAIL SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE quail is very abundant throughout California ; and, the species being one which is found, if not exclusively, at least principally in this State, it is generally called the *Californian* quail. It is a very handsome, plump, beautifully-shaped bird, about three-fourths the size of a partridge, very strong on the wing, and swift. The male birds has two crest-like feathers on his head. For shooting them you want a light gun, as they are exceedingly quick the moment they are flushed, though their flight is even and straight, and the best dog for the sport is a good retriever. The general character of the country being brush up to the knee, the greatest difficulty is in recovering birds, and getting to them. The immense quantities render the finding them an easy matter, with a dog that will hunt close and retrieve well. Next to deer shooting, which an old sportsman calls the "poetry of shooting," I think quail shooting in California the most delightful sport in existence. Of course there is not the excitement of the "grooved barrel," laying low the noble stag or ferocious grizzly, where upon eye and nerve depend perhaps one's life. But the loveliness of this favoured land, the surpassing excellence of its balmy air, its exhilarating and delicious climate, its mountains just steep enough to show all the exquisite variety of hill and dale, the abundance of the game, and the sense of unconstrained freedom, all combine to render quail shooting in California a most delightful sport.

It was in September, 186—, I first had the pleasure of quailing. I was at San Francisco, and had made frequent excursions to Savcelito, San Rafael, and other neighbouring places, with varied success, and I soon made the acquaintance of a professional hunter for the market. He was about to make the San José Valley his head-quarters for the winter, and his glowing account of the quantities of game there made me determine to accompany him for a month. He provided dogs, &c., and I readily agreed to give him all I shot. Our tent was soon packed up; our blankets, some tobacco, coffee, flour, sugar, one or two tin "billies" rolled up inside, completed our outfit. We placed the lot in an express wagon, with a spare mustang led behind, and, with a boy to mind the things when we were away shooting, off we went towards San José. After going about thirty-five miles down the valley, we halted at a small shanty, or *hotel* as the Yanks call it, for the night. By-the-bye, every tumble-down shebeen with a keg of chain-lightning whiskey in it is an "hotel" in America. While smoking our pipes in the evening a man who heard what we were after told us he was ranching, or farming, about ten miles off the main road through the valley. As he was somewhere in the direction we intended to shoot, we closed with his offer to let us have a berth in his house to spread our blankets on; by this means we should be saved the trouble of pitching our tent and the fear of having our belongings stolen, while at the same time we could easily get to fresh ground as often as we liked on horseback.

Next morning we all three started on the express wagon, having sent back the boy. About noon we arrived at our friend's ranch—a wood house or hut, and

an acre or two of cleared land, in which he grew a few potatoes and other vegetables. A hog, a fowl or two, with an occasional turkey, prowled promiscuously about. The cattle which these ranch-men possess, few and many, roam about on the hills, and are distinguished by the different brands of the owners; a heavy penalty being inflicted on those caught effacing them or appropriating cattle of other brands. His hut was pretty comfortable, so we stowed away our provisions and flour, spread our blankets, and took a look round at things in general. The view was certainly enchanting. The hut lay in a small valley beside a stream perennial. On either side were the grand old hills rising tier above tier, keeping silent watch, undefiled by man. No sound broke the silence, save the lowing of the kine, or the swoop of the turkey buzzard as he swept down on his prey, or, more cheerful sound to me, the piping of the quail. I felt that, with my rifle, gun, and rod, I could for ever live in this lovely spot. About a quarter of a mile from the house I flushed several beves of quail, so, calling off the dogs, after I had seen what I might expect, I returned to my friends, whom I found enjoying their pipes, and discussing whiskey "straight;" although the brook ran close by, I did not see that either of them troubled it much. After supper we made our arrangements; every four days we, or rather my companion was to send in the game to San Francisco; and as we could reach, on our horses, some very fair deer hunting some few miles off, we made up our minds to a good month. My companion was eternally calculating how many dollars he was going to make during the fall; the idea of my shooting for months together simply for the sake of the sport and the lovely scenery, was a perfect mystery to

him. The rise and fall of the market was as much an object to him as the *rise and fall* of the birds. On my endeavouring to explain, he said, "Wa-al, I guess quails makes considerable good hash, and I reckon the more you shoot the more dollars I'll make;" with which sage remark he rolled himself up in his blanket, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Next morning very early my companion awakened me. A plunge in the fresh running stream; a flannel shirt, cord breeches, knee boots, and wideawake hat completed our toilette; and gun in hand we sallied forth to deal destruction among the unsuspecting quail. We directed our steps along a cattle trail, bordered on either side by scrub, with occasional clear spaces, and we could hear the birds hailing the early morn in the patches of brush as we went along. We were nearing a small brook, with a hedge on the near side, beyond which was a clear open space about the eighth of an acre. Our Yankee ranchman was leading the way, as he was going to show us "a holler where he guessed the fe-owls were as thick as peas in a pod." All of a sudden he stopped and crouched down, at the same time holding up his hand to enjoin silence; we crouched too. "Hold the dogs," he whispered. He then crawled like a cat till he reached the hedge, peered through it for an instant, and slowly pitched forward his musketoon, a double, about 7-bore, built, he informed me, at "Bosting," which cost goodness knows how many dollars, and could kill at something over 300 yards. I cocked both my barrels, and was almost putting in a bullet for the express benefit of the expected deer, in case my friend missed his shot. Bang went his blunderbuss, and up got—a lovely bevy of quail! His quick eye had de-

tected the unsuspecting darlings feeding in the open, and he had quietly potted them. As they flew round I let the beauties have both barrels, and twain of them were laid low, and my hunting friend also secured one. On returning to our Yankee we found him loading his cannon, and chuckling to himself: "Dang me if I didn't serve them blarmed quail that trick fifty times last fall; and I guess I've ketched them the very first day I've had a chance at 'em." I mildly asked him whether he considered that sport. "Wal, I calkilate I've got seven fowls to your two, and that's the way to look at it."

After this little exhibition of potting, our friend guessed he would make tracks back, having directed us to the aforesaid "holler." When he had gone we separated, my calculating friend taking the low ground, and I the slopes of the hills. These slopes were mostly covered with wild oats, and I never saw anything like the abundance of the birds; they literally swarmed, so many getting up at once on all sides, that they really puzzled me for the first half-hour. In four hours' time I bagged thirty brace, and lost and missed half as many. I shot also a good many ground squirrel. By the by, these latter are exquisite eating; stew them in port or claret, and they are "some pumpkins." Returning I bagged several more, until at last my ammunition gave out, but my game bag showed forty brace as my day's work. My friend had also got about thirty brace. This may seem a pretty good day's work to some; but to one who has seen the incredible quantities of quail in California it will appear nothing remarkable.

We stayed in this valley about a fortnight, during which our bags averaged fifty brace a day, and as quail

were then selling in the San Francisco market at a dollar and a quarter or five shillings a dozen, Jim had a pretty "good thing." He told me he considered a fair day's work about five dollars, and he had made nine. After I got to know him a little more, he told me he had been a gamekeeper in England, but had left his country, whether at his own or its expense he did not say. However, he was a capital shot, and had a fund of stories about his adventures all over America, which he was no way shy of telling over a pipe after our day's work. Our Yankee host likewise always had some extraordinary tales, among which one in particular about a bear did duty almost every night; in fact you had only to mention bears, when he would commence about *his* "bar." This animal's size and teeth increased at every repetition of the story. Whenever he commenced, I used to quietly roll myself up in my blanket, and when he got to where the "bar" was going to tear his face or his head off, I invariably dropped off to sleep. Deer were by no means plentiful in this neighbourhood; I only got three during the fortnight I was in the valley, and those only by riding ten miles to the red-woods. I found them exceedingly shy and wary. However, at Santa Cruz, our next camping ground, Jim assured me we shall get plenty.

After a fortnight's enjoyable sport in this beautiful valley, we took leave of our Yankee with reluctance—for he had made us very comfortable, and seemed glad of our company—packed up our traps, and went on to Santa Cruz. The town is very pretty, and some little trade in hides, lime, and powder goes on, the country round here is very fertile, and the scenery enchanting. There is an abundance of game of almost every descrip-

tion within a few miles, and the San Lorenzo, and indeed all the streams, abound with trout. The climate is considered the finest in California, which is saying a good deal, and the country is getting rapidly settled in as the beauties of the place are appreciated. If there is one spot where such a Rambler as myself could settle for a few years, it would be the lovely Santa Cruz. The temperature is remarkably even, the nights always being deliciously cool; even in the height of summer the heat is never oppressive, the sea breeze tempering it delightfully. The character of the country is here more suited for large game than the San José valley, and during our stay in this part of the country, which lasted about three weeks, we killed fourteen deer. The hunters generally use a shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, but I always used a Westley Richards carbine, the practice and handiness of which rather astonished Jim occasionally, as I frequently brought down deer at from 200 to 300 yards. At short ranges the heavy Yankee rifles are good, but over 250 I used to beat them with my carbine, "till they did not know themselves." Bears are nearly extinct here now, but within about 60 miles inland there are still a great number. One evening when we were encamped about ten miles from Santa Cruz, a farmer came in and told us that he had had five cows killed in a fortnight by bears, and wished we could come with him on his return from Santa Cruz (whither he was going for provisions) to his ranch, about twenty miles off. As it would not have paid my friend to go too far from his markets—Santa Cruz and San José—we were compelled to decline the invitation. Jim, however, consoled me by telling me he could put me in the way of getting

much better bear-shooting than any I could get so near at hand, and promised to give me letters to two young friends of his some way down on the road to Los Angeles, in Lower California. After three weeks' capital sport about Santa Cruz, I bade adieu to friend Jim with great regret, as he was really a most jolly companion, though he *was* a trifle rough. I suspect he was rather sorry to part with me too, as I contributed in no small degree to his "calculations."

Thus ended my trip in this charming valley, and never did I enjoy anything more in my life. It is the delightful feeling of grand unrestraint that is so pleasant; the knowledge that you can go anywhere for hundreds of miles without let or hindrance of any sort, the quantity of game, and deliciousness of the climate of this enchanting country, that make a man who has roved through California such a lover of it. To the geologist it presents the most interesting as well as profitable field for research; the ornithologist would revel here; to the lover of nature the geysers, the numerous lakes and valleys, the variety of mountain scenery—above all, that most exquisitely grand combination of waterfall and vale, the Yosemite valley, with its noble trees, which have stood since the world's primeval days—present a picture such as he will find in no other part of the globe of equal extent. Its virgin and unequalled soil render it the most inviting place of emigration by far of any I have seen at present; its wheat at Liverpool fetches a higher price than the best English, and thousands of acres of land are waiting for occupants. The skilled artisan will get better wages here than in any other part of the world that I am acquainted with; and with its perfect climate—were it in easy and cheap communication with our shores—it

would soon teem with population. When I think of the difference between the condition of our poor emigrants in Canada and the happy lot of Californians, it seems sad to think that after all it is only a matter of £15 passage-money between the two countries.

BEAR HUNTING IN MEXICO.

AN invitation was given me by the two young Mexican stockowners mentioned in the last chapter, who were at San Francisco selling cattle, to go down and visit them at their ranch in Lower California, or, as it is generally called, Upper Mexico. As they were two fine young manly fellows, full of life and spirits, and as they promised me fine fun with the antelopes and bears, and any other sport that they could show me, I of course willingly accepted their proposal.

It did not take me very long to pack up a few—a very few—necessaries, including my W. R. carbine and gun, and after a journey of a few days we arrived safely at the ranch. I cannot say much for the beauty of the country through which we passed; it may be expressed in a line as plain and sand, sand and plain. Despite what one sees in encyclopædias and books about the glorious scenery and country of Mexico, Peru, and Chile, I will yet venture to say that *on the coast* there are no more desolate places on the earth than these countries, or, I may add, more glorious ones in the interior, out of the beaten track.

My young friends' house was of somewhat more pretensions than the generality, but there was the same astonishing mixture of cheap furniture and extravagant waste, of accommodation such as a groom in England would turn his nose up at, and useless ornaments of immense value. They, and indeed many of the neigh-

bouring rancherons, thought nothing of giving a *baile* or fandango where the wine alone would cost them 150*l.*, or of gambling away 1000*l.* at a single sitting.

The entire country for miles round may be described as one vast plain, with some low hills in the distance covered with *chaparal* or scrub bush. Over these plains roamed in unrestricted freedom countless herds of oxen and bands of antelope, while in the *chaparal* occasionally a bear was found, but not often. The grizzly bear is a scarce customer anywhere now; but formerly, when I was first in California, many of them could be obtained within easy distance of San Francisco, especially near Santa Cruz, about which I shall have something to say in a future chapter. These bears are captured in Lower California in an entirely novel manner, as will be described; and when caught, the great delight of the *vaqueros* is to bait the bear with a bull, or a bull with him, as the case may be. The antelopes are sometimes hunted by endeavouring to encircle them and lasso them—a plan which rarely succeeds—or by walking slowly alongside of a loose horse, and when their curiosity is sufficiently aroused, potting them with a long-range rifle. No horse can come near them in fair running; and I never heard of a dog doing so, though I should say a stout greyhound or half-bred deerhound could do so with some trouble.

After two days spent entirely in introductions, spreeing, and fandangos, at which Don Miguel and Don Alfonso, my two friends, seemed bent upon spending all their money, I at length prevailed upon them to think a little about “le sport,” in my meaning of the word; and so, after one final terrific “bender” as a wind-up, we all turned in about 5 a.m., having given

orders that we were not to be called till the evening, when the horses were to be ready for us. Accordingly, in the cool of the day we made a move for the hills, accompanied by half a dozen vaqueros, armed only with their lassos, and a cart with a stout net in it, the use of which I was presently to discover. After several hours' riding we came to a herdsman's hut at the foot of the hills, where we all alighted, and made ourselves comfortable as best we might for the night; and, what with the ride and the previous "little game" we had kept up, we all were sound asleep in five minutes, although our beds were the bare floor and our ponchos.

We were awakened very early in the morning by one of the vaqueros, and after a bucket of cold water over my head I felt as right as the mail. My companions dispensed with this operation, and as for the vaqueros, they all put me down then and there as *clean*, stark, staring mad; except work, there is nothing a Mexican detests more than water. However, they made ample amends for their shortcomings in this respect by the positively awful quantity of meat they ate. By meat I mean beef, and nothing *but* beef. Some of these men go for months without tasting a piece of bread or a vegetable.

Don Miguel and Don Alfonso were mounted on two splendid active little Mexican steeds, which gave them every opportunity of showing off their unequalled horsemanship. The demi-pique saddles were composed of richly-stamped Cordovan leather, with the lasso horn in front ornamented with silver plates; the stirrups were of the extreme Mexican type, quite two feet long, nearly sweeping the ground; and they had on *botas*, or long boots, with spurs of solid silver at least

six inches in length; wherever a silver boss could be put, there was one. They certainly were two pretty fellows. I think a Chile *huaso*, well mounted, is a better horseman, and his horse better trained; but of course it is a matter of taste. The horses that the vaqueros bestrode were small, wiry animals, that looked as if they would give out every minute; but, as events proved, they could run fast enough when required. As for myself, I was on a good horse for running, as in case of necessity, as I told my friends, I wanted to keep clear of the whole business, not understanding the affair at all.

We all made a move for the hills, where, I forgot to mention, the herdsman had placed a dead bullock as a bait some three or four days before; so we were confident of getting a bear, and perhaps the bear, as not unusually happens, might get one of us. On our way, at my request, the vaqueros amused themselves, and me too, by lassoing a couple of bulls; I must say that they surpassed anything I ever saw in Chile, where they are supposed to do it best. I should say they made an effective throw—that is, when a fair chance was offered—quite four times out of six.

On nearing the ravine we found unmistakable signs of bear, and a halt was ordered. A vaquero was sent on to report as to the carcase of the bullock, and came back in half an hour with the news that it was gone, so we knew that we had master bear now as right and tight as possible. The waggon was hauled to a corner of a field, and four large brownish cur dogs, of a most forbidding appearance, were taken out of it; they were of no particular breed, and precisely like the dogs one sees under carts at fairs. We all now formed a circle, I in the

middle, with a vaquero especially detailed to look after me, and approached the chaparal-covered hills. I now saw the danger of the sport; the ground was exceedingly rough, and the chaparal over the horse's knees; any little mistake on your horse's part, and "there you are"—*not*. When we were a little way in, two of the dogs were loosed, and immediately began beating about the bush; and after five minutes a most terrific series of yelps and growls denoted that his majesty was at home to visitors. It was "look out, and keep your eyes skinned" now with a vengeance. Bruin, however, seemed disinclined to bolt, and another dog was loosed; at last a vaquero got as near to him as his horse would allow, and fired a *trabuco*, or Spanish blunderbuss, loaded with buckshot, into his stern. This had the desired effect, and after a deal of rushing about, howling of the dogs, and shouts from the vaqueros, we were gratified by a sight of an enormous male grizzly—so large, that I really thought it was an elephant.

We managed to get him into the open, and now the sport commenced in earnest. Of course I need hardly mention that the dogs had never once held on to the bear, but had only snapped and let go again; in fact, their chief use is to distract the attention of the animal from the hunters. Two vaqueros now advanced, and one, galloping around the animal, threw his lasso, but missed him, lassoing one of the dogs instead. The other one, however, was more fortunate, as his lasso got hold of one of the bear's legs, who was immediately tumbled over. It was an unfortunate shot, however, as the bear got hold of one of the dogs as he rolled over, and in an instant tore him open like a sandwich, and, the lasso getting twisted round his neck somehow, he snapped it

like whipcord. Don Miguel now tried his hand, and at the second try he made a beautiful cast over his head, and away he spurred his horse, dragging the bear some little distance. No sooner had the animal regained his legs than he was immediately jerked down again, and nearly throttled; and, after the second tumble, a vaquero approached quite close, and got his lasso over his head. Both horsemen now spurred away at their horses, jerking and dragging the bear, who was perfectly furious in his struggles to regain his legs. A third vaquero now approached, and easily lassoed him round the neck, and they all three formed a triangle round him, the horses all bearing with their full force against the tightened cord. The bear gave a furious struggle now and then; but there he was—"a gone 'coon," and in a short time ceased his struggles.

The dogs were now called off, and the net was brought from the waggon; a vaquero dismounted and threw this over the bear, the ends were secured, and another one thrown over that, and we had him safe; the whole affair lasted about two hours. What we did with him will be seen further on. We had not done, however, as the female bear was almost sure to be about somewhere; and so it proved, for, after an hour's hot and tiresome hunting, we came up with her in a small ravine, in an uncommonly awkward place to get at. Nothing would induce her to bolt—showing remarkable sense on her part, I thought—till I was asked to fire a shot at her with my carbine. I could have killed her perhaps, but I did not want to, as I particularly wished to see the way in which they killed them, especially as the old vaquero who was detailed off to me had, so Don Miguel informed me, killed several.

However, I aimed at the middle of the body, and made a splendid shot as I afterwards found, as I struck her just grazing the belly; another inch, and I should have missed her. At this she uttered a short growl, and, laying her ears close to her head, came bang at us. It was *sauve qui peut* now for all of us: but a vaquero wheeled round, and, getting behind her, let her have 3oz. of buckshot from the trabuco, which made her run like a racehorse, keeping us all going at a good gallop. At length, with the dogs, &c., we got her out into a plain, and, after a similar performance to the last, secured her by four lassos.

And now came a most exciting scene. The old vaquero, who had stuck by my side all through, dismounted, and drawing his *machete*, or long knife, approached the bear. He had no other weapon but this, and his poncho round his arm. At his approach the four lassos, which were in the form of a square, were tightened to their utmost, nearly choking the animal, and causing it to sit up on its haunches. At this moment the vaquero, without the slightest hesitation, like a flash of lightning ran his knife up to the hilt in the heart of the bear, who instantly dropped dead. The whole thing was done in a moment, and the performer merely took off his hat to the assembled company, and said "Señores!" with the air of a conqueror. "Well done, by jingo!" I involuntarily exclaimed, pitching a doubloon to the old gentleman, who instantly pocketed it. "Si, señor, siete son" (there are seven of them), he said, as he cut another small nick in the handle of his knife, in addition to six others. It was a fine female, but not nearly so large as the male. Leaving this one for the benefit of the vultures, we all made tracks back

for the wagon, where we took our dinner, and after a cigar we returned to the ranch, bringing Master Bruin with us. I almost forgot to mention that we had cut off the paws of the dead one, as they are very good eating; the rest of "Bar" is not worth its salt.

Mrs. Glasse, of immortal memory, said, "first catch your hare;" well, anyhow we had done *that*, and now the thing was what to do with him. My doubts on this were soon settled, for the vaqueros, while we were at supper, came in and told us to have a look at him. On going out we found that they had got the net and lassos off him, and there he was as right as ever, only in a small *corral*. He certainly looked a splendid beast, as he walked round gnashing his teeth and trying the palisades. There was no fear of his getting out, though it was rather uncomfortable to speculate on the chances of war in case he did. However, I slipped a couple of bullets into my gun, and a fresh cartridge into my carbine, in case anything should turn up. My friends despatched a small army of peons with the news to the neighbouring rancheros, and in the evening they came trooping in; by midnight I should say, about fifty had assembled, and a very pretty sight they made, with their mettlesome steeds and splendid caparisons.

What a night that was! I never saw anything like the amount of gold that was scattered about; bets of 100 dols. were common, and stakes of 1000 dols. or 200l. were several times lost and won in the course of the evening. Knives were frequently drawn; but happily no bloodshed took place. I had in my breeches pocket a pair of Derringer $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pistols, with which I had made up my mind to shoot anyone instantly who tried his

hand on me. Indeed, a young Mexican, taking me for a Yankee, asked me when we "were going to annex Mexico." "I don't know when," I replied. "I'll tell you when," he said; when there are no more men, and no more of *these* left," suddenly drawing out his knife. He wanted to frighten me, I suppose, but I merely put my hand mechanically in my breeches pocket, at which he put up his weapon. Don Miguel, however, who had seen him, without the slightest ceremony took up my carbine and instantly knocked him down with it from behind, and I verily believe would have shot him for a pin's head. "Why, you d—d scamp! draw a knife on my guest? Why the devil didn't you pot him? Why, he'd cut your throat for a rial." These sentiments seemed to be echoed by the whole party, and gave me rather a queer idea of manners and customs in Lower California. On coming to, he was told to take himself off, which he did, swearing vengeance.

In the morning the vaqueros lassoed three or four of the wickedest bulls on the ranch, and brought them in, and about mid-day we all turned out to see the fun. Bruin had quite recovered from the effects of his yesterday's manœuvres; he appeared as spry as a four-year old colt, and considerably more so when five or six dogs were let loose at him. After some half-hour of this work, and when the animal was supposed to be sufficiently excited, a bull was introduced into the inclosure, and, after a look round, caught sight of his natural enemy. Whether the bull was afraid or what, it ended in the bear chasing him round the inclosure, amid shouts from the rancheros and vaqueros. After this had been going on for some time, the bull was lassoed and dragged out, and, with a parting "tickling" from a

knife, was allowed to escape. Bruin was now in a highly inflammable state, and on the introduction of a second bull made slap at him without any more ado; the bull did not decline the contest, but, lowering his head, received the charge on his horns. The bear, however, though severely gored, craned himself over the bull's head, and with one terrific blow of its paw behind the ear tore the flesh completely away from the whole side of the head, laying the animal on the ground in an instant. At this the shouts were redoubled, and "Brave bear!" "Good bear!" resounded from all sides.

After this they dragged out a very small, thin, wicked bull, with horns as sharp as needles, and he turned the tables on the bear in a most unexpected manner. Directly he was inside, he caught sight of the bear on the opposite side, and without the least hesitation rushed straight for him, pinning him completely to the side of the corral. He withdrew his horns, and galloped round the inclosure, shaking his head and tail like a maniac, amid a perfect pandemonium of "Bravo, Toro!" "Toro, Toro!" and again rushed to the attack, pinning the bear again, never giving him the slightest chance. By this second attack the bear evidently was seriously hurt, as he lay down, bleeding profusely from the shoulder, and as the object was not to kill him, but to keep him for another *fiesta* the bull was lassoed and dragged out. A quantity of water was thrown over the bear, but after lingering three or four days he died; the bull's horns had gone clean through his lungs.

In these contests the bear nearly always gets the best of it, unless he meets a determined young active bull like the last one. A bear is a very difficult animal to kill; even a rifle ball through the heart fails sometimes to kill him

dead, and his hide is almost impenetrable, being excessively tough, loose, and shaggy.

Our sport having been thus unexpectedly put an end to, we all adjourned to the open country, and spent the afternoon in witnessing horseracing and feats of horsemanship. I do not think much of the former; the principal object appeared to be to win *anyhow*, every advantage that the jockeys took of each other being considered the principal attraction of the sport. Some of their feats were worth seeing. To drop a sombrero on the ground, wheel round, and pick it up again when going by at full gallop, was a common performance; while many of the *vaqueros* performed the more difficult one of picking up pieces of silver which were thrown to them by the *rancheros*. The evening was spent in the usual riotous manner, the more so as every *senorita* for miles round had been hunted up for the *fandango* which Don Miguel and his brother gave. Several fights took place, and one man was mortally stabbed from behind—an occurrence which appeared to be quite a matter of course, and the *senorita* who “belonged” to the man who tickled the ribs of the other seemed rather proud of her admirer’s performance. One or two Americans were present, and they told me that there was more talk than anything else in their braggadocio, and that, unless they had a decided advantage over you, they very seldom did anything more than talk. One of them, who wore the “lone star” of Texas embroidered on the lappet of his coat, informed me that he “guessed that he could clear out half the shanty, and that Judge Tyler over there” (pointing to a lank individual playing poker with remarkable success) “was good for the balance.”

The Mexican girls are certainly pretty, but they are painfully wax-dolly; there is nothing in them, and their education is frightfully neglected, to say the least of it. They are capital hands at getting themselves up, and are very kind and all that; but what on earth could one do with a girl who spends half the day in combing her hair and the other half smoking cigarettes?

The sport above described frequently takes place in Lower California, and sometimes the performance is varied by matching a puma or Californian lion, as it is called; from what I could hear the puma always gets the worst of it. Cock-fighting is quite a national sport, especially among the lower classes; and, curiously enough, the Padres generally manage to get hold of a good "bit of stuff."

As far as the antelopes were concerned, I did not do much with them—in fact nothing. I had several sitting shots, but never bowled one over; and, as for racing them down, it was quite out of the question. It seems queer to English ears, but it really was a dangerous thing to go on foot any distance from the house, because of the cattle. I had strolled out one evening to try to pick up an antelope, and wandered a good distance away—perhaps three miles. I crossed a large inclosed field, and several cattle intently regarded me from a distance; two or three advanced slowly, with ears cocked and heads in the air. I really was thinking of anything but them at the time—in fact, I was reading "Tom Jones" as I was strolling along. When I was nearly through the field half a dozen came rushing down, with tails out, and tearing away at the air with their horns. I was fully alive to the case then, and got off luckily without having to fire. On returning, my friends could hardly

believe me when I said I had crossed the inclosure on foot, and they added that they were certain no vaquero would do it for fifty dollars. I, of course, tried to make all the capital I could out of the fact; but they settled the matter for me by calling me a "mad Englishman."

I had another scrape, and nearly got severely hurt, if not killed, by a wild sow in California, whom I unexpectedly roused while quail shooting; but of that hereafter. I left my friends with regret, as far as they were concerned; but the country was detestable, and, on reflection, I *don't* think I should care to live in Uppe Mexico.

BEAR SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE first bear I ever shot, or indeed saw, was near Santa Cruz, in the Coast Range Mountains. I happened (I am speaking of some years ago) to be stopping at Santa Cruz, for the sake of the quail and deer shooting in the vicinity, and capital sport I had with both. I had been there about two months, and was beginning to wish I had something else to try my hand on, when one evening a farmer rode in on his mustang from his ranch, some miles off, to buy flour, coffee, &c., in the village—I beg pardon, city. In America it is not very difficult to get into conversation, especially if you are a new comer; so in the course of the evening we got talking together, drinking together, and smoking together, till we were as thick as thieves. Of course, in five minutes he knew why I was at Santa Cruz, how old I was, where I came from—in fact, all my personal history—by the very simple method of asking me outright. Nothing bothers a Yankee more than to refuse to answer his questions.

“So you air one of them blarmed Britishers that run about a-shooting animals for the fun of the thing and darn the expense; but, sir, I tell *you*, we’ve got an animal in this yere country that hates a Britisher wus nor pisin, and that’s a grizzly bar.”

“Just the very animal I want to see; but I don’t know where to find any.”

“Want to see ’em, does you! Lor bless you! come along with me for a for-night, and I guess I’ll show

'em you pretty quick, Want to see 'em! My eye! May be they'll want to see *you*."

This idea of the bars wanting to see me seemed so exquisitely droll to him, that he continued chuckling to himself for about five minutes, when, seeing I looked rather annoyed, he said, "Waal, streanger, you've no cause to get riled; only, blarm me, I *must* rile a Britisher, for I tell you there are precious few men about here that's seen a grizzly once that wants to see him again. I remember two chaps as came down to stay with me once, and wanted to shoot a grizzly; waal, sir, they had not been out half an hour before I reckon they had a couple of grizzlies a-hunting *them*; and you can bet your boots they *did* hunt 'em. My! how them chaps did run and climb! The bars they sot down at the root of the tree for a whole solid week, and them chaps had to keep themselves alive by eating their boots, and when they gave out they had to wire in on *bark*. So you can see, streanger, our bars are no sardines. However, I am making tracks to the ranch to-morrow, and if you like you can come and see for yourself. I guess I must find a few fixings to-night, so I reckon we'll liquor up, and I'll go and get them."

So we did "liquor-up," and the old beggar went off to get his fixings. I could hear him laughing all the way down the street, "Want to see a grizzly, does he? Ho! ho!" I bought a 50lb. sack of flour, some coffee, sugar, and one case of Old Bourbon whisky, with a few plugs of tobacco for the old man, rolled up my blankets, had my mustang caught overnight, and got everything in readiness for an early start. In the course of the evening it got noised about that the "Britisher was gwoing to shute Zack's bars" (Zack was the name

of the farmer), and by eight o'clock I should think every loafer and "bummer" for five miles round had assembled in the bar room of the hotel. Old Zack, who by this time was two or three sheets in the wind, sat by my side, and to every one that came in he would introduce me—"Elihu Budd, sir: the stranger from the other side of the Pond (*Anglicè*, Atlantic) who is a-gwoin to shute my bars. Let's liquor up;" and Mr. Elihu Budd simply observing "*Let's*," we accordingly did; and so on with about a dozen. They came in troops of threes and sixes, and stood staring at me as if I were some remarkable curiosity catalogued in a museum.

Then says one of them, "How are you calkilating to fix 'em, stranger? Pizin?" "No, sir," answered Zack for me, "I don't allow any pizin with my critturs." "Maybe he reckons to trap 'em?" "Not much, sirree; I won't have no traps," quoth Zack; "fair and square shutting."

A long silence, during which they all kept picking their teeth with their penknives, and staring at me as though they expected me to undergo some curious transformation before their eyes.

Then says another, "Zack's bars are 'tarnal spiteful I guess; spitefulest here about." Chorus, "You bet," in sepulchral tones. Two others engaged in a lively conversation as to whether bears "eat humans," or could climb; others volunteered advice as to the best way of "fixing the varmint;" and all did their best to cheer me on by recounting sundry pleasant little anecdotes illustrative of the grizzly's ferocity, till I began to wish Zack, the bars, and the company all at Jericho.

There was one coon-faced limp-looking Yank in par-

ticular, whom they addressed indiscriminately as "Judge," or "Doc." He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, the legs of his trousers half way up his boots, and his arms thrust about two feet down them. He was the most frantic chewer I ever saw; he rolled the tobacco over in his mouth, and positively chewed it like a cud. Down each side of his mouth ran two rivulets of 'baccy juice, some of which occasionally distilled on to his trousers or boots. He stood gazing at me with a melancholy, half-idiotic air, like an old superannuated owl. At last the oracle spoke: "One thing, I guess, the Britisher has in his favour."

"What's that, Doc?"

"If Zack's bars *should* chaw him, he won't want a coffin."

Chorus of Yanks, loafers, &c.: "That's so, you bet."

At last I managed to slip off to bed, and dreamt I was pursued by a huge grizzly. I turned to flee, when I ran into the arms of old Zack, who very carefully was handing me to the bear, when I cried out and woke, and found that venerable gentleman shaking me by the shoulder. Ten minutes for toilet, and in five more we were polishing off ham and eggs; finished, paid our bill, got on our horses—pack horse in the middle—and started off on as glorious a Californian morning as ever was seen.

Just as I was turning a bend in the road, I heard "Say!" (the universal mode of address in America.) I looked back, and who should I see but my limp friend, the Doc. I had half a mind to go on; however I waited for him to come up. He looked just the same—a trifle dirtier, and the rivulets a trifle larger per-

haps; but then he had slept in his clothes, and chewed all night.

"Well!"

"Only this; you air a stranger here, you air. Now," said he, "in case them bars *does* chaw yer, why, I'm——

"Oh! hang you and your bars too!" cried I, and rode on at a sharp trot. After I had gone about one hundred yards, I glanced back. There he was, looking the picture of astonishment, and chawing more deliberately and harder than ever.

"Well," I thought, "at all events I have got rid of all the *talk* about these infernal bears. I'll pretty soon see what the beasts themselves are made of." I soon found I was rather mistaken.

After about half an hour, Zack, in front: "Say!"

"Well."

"Ever shot a bar?"

"Can't say I have."

"Um! that's bad."

Long silence; no inclination on my part to resume the subject.

After a bit, "Say!" "Well?" "Ever *seed* a bar?" Here was a poser! Never do to say I'd never *seen* one. "Oh, yes, lots!" Zack turned sharp round on his horse, looked at me with his swivel eye: "Where?" Confound him! this was getting serious. "Oh, all about." Zack *said* nothing, but I knew, by the way he looked at me, he thought I was an impostor. "Ben's a 'tarnal critter," he went on. "Who's Ben?" "Ben? He's one of the bars." "Oh, indeed!" "Yes, you can bet he is; Ben's killed four men" (pleasant that, anyhow). "Sal's t'other; she's only killed three—as yet." A long silence; no inclination again on my part to resume subject. "Say."

"What?" (very savage). "I've a bet on Sal kills as many as Ben; like to have twenty dollars on too?"

How much longer he might have gone on I don't know, but just at that moment we came in sight of a shanty on the side of a mountain. "There's the ranch." "Thank heaven for that," said I: I had not done yet, though. On seeing us one of the farm hands approached: "Here's a Britisher come to shoot Ben and Sally; think he'll fix em?" "Oh! gwoin' to shute Ben *and* Sal, is he? oh!" and he walked round and examined me as if I were some infernal machine, designed expressly to "fix the bars." "You bet he is," said Zack; "say! fancy old Ben fixed by a Britisher!" There was something so wonderfully droll in Ben being in this predicament, that they simultaneously went into fits of laughter.

I began to get my steam up too a little bit now; so I said, "I tell you what it is; I'll bet you fifty dollars I kill one of those bears in three days. "Hold hard, stranger," said Zack, sobered in a moment by the mention of dollars; "you'll bet me fifty dollars you'll fix Ben in three days? Dang me, I don't believe the Britisher is born that can do it. Look'ee here now—give Ben a fair show, fair and square, and I'll bet yer." "All right! done along with you," said I. The hundred dollars were deposited with the farm hand, and this little circumstance served to divert Zack's attention from the bars for a time. All dinner time it was, "Mind, now, a fair show—no playing off on Ben; (*sotto voce*) I don't think the Britisher's born who can fix Ben—four men he's killed; yes, I guess that hundred dollars is as good as mine."

In the evening, about five, a man came in to tell us that a steer had been killed by bears, about one mile off,

and half eaten. About eight o'clock I walked with one of the men to the place; it was a clearing of about an acre and a half in extent, surrounded on all sides by dense, dark pine forests, and looked as likely a place for a deed of bloodshed as any I ever saw. The dog we had brought with us ran straight to the remains of the steer. Bears always feed very early in the morning; however, as we were not armed, we did not stay longer than was necessary for me to take a few observations and lay my plan of operations for the morning. I marked two or three trees the easiest to climb in case of any scrimmage, and fixed upon one about twenty yards from the carcase of the steer, as that from which I would fire at the bear. I spent the evening cleaning my Pritchett double 12, and sewed up in thin chamois leather six bullets, with a little tin in them, and soaked them in melted tallow. A glass of grog—"old Bourbon"—a few more stories about Ben from friend Zack, and I was in dreamland.

Next morning I woke about three, got softly up, put on my clothes, took my Pritchett, unchained the dog, and thought to get away without waking that nuisance Zack. I hadn't got thirty yards when, "Hullo! say! fair show for old Ben; no playing off on him! fair and square shutting, stranger; mind yer." I rushed off, and for a quarter of a mile I could hear him shuffling after me, with "fair show for old Ben, mind yer."

My plan was to get up the tree I had fixed on, wait for the bear to come, and then let him have a couple of bullets from above in his spine, which I felt sure would give a good account of him. Of course I calculated on being there beforehand. On getting within about a hundred and fifty yards of the clearing I tied up

the dog with my handkerchief to a tree; and lucky it was I did so. I then poured a half thimbleful of fine diamond-grain powder into the barrels of my Pritchett, and four drachms of Hall's coarse-grained strongest rifle powder on top, rammed down a couple of my sewed-up bullets, put on two central-fire Eley caps—and felt considerably more at ease. I walked quietly up to the spot where the steer had been killed the day before, and to my surprise the carcass had disappeared. Everything was as still as death. What the deuce had become of it? Could I have mistaken the angle? Well, anyhow, I could cross over and try the other corner.

Instead of going round by the trees, as I should have done, I crossed over the open clearing. I had got to within twenty-five yards of the opposite corner—leaving about a hundred yards of the open behind me—when I heard a sound, something between a groan and a growl. I turned towards it, and within thirty yards on my right was a huge bear, alternately fumbling with the carcass of the steer and staring at me! To say I “was dumb with astonishment” is to say simply nothing. I was perfectly petrified. I did *not* “raise my rifle slowly, take a steady aim between his two eyes, and fire, rolling him over, sir, dead as a mackerel;” but I wanted to go right down into my boots, and *did* go down behind a piece of scrub furze, which seemed, I know, uncommonly small. I was so taken aback at thus, as it were, meeting death face to face in a duel, away from everybody, that I could not keep my eyes off the bear. He didn't seem to care much whether I was there or not; he would play with the carcass one minute—he had evidently pretty well gorged on the previous day—and then look in my direction and growl. If I attempted to retreat, the

chances were he would come at me, and he would be sure to reach me before I could climb a tree. There was no help for it; I must take a shot at him, and then run for it. I raised my rifle three times, and three times it came down again. Suddenly I pitched it forward desperately, held my breath, and pulled the trigger instantly. I heard the bullet go smack into something, and then I ran—yes, ignominiously ran! Safe up a tree I looked for the bear; why, confound it, there he was yet! Anyhow, I can give him another bullet from here;—wait a bit, he does not seem to move; he's dead, by jingo! Perhaps the rascal is only playing coon though.

I wait another ten minutes, and he does not move; he must be dead. I slip down the tree, and creep to where the dog is yelling and howling at the sound of the rifle; I loose him; he bays once or twice at a respectful distance from the enemy, then suddenly rushes in, seizes him by the back of the neck, and worries him. No doubt *now* he's dead; the mighty monarch of the woods would brook no such insult as that; and, after giving one wild unearthly yell of triumph, I proceeded to examine my prize. 'To my astonishment, I found my bullet had gone clean through both shoulders, breaking the spine in its course, with rather an upward tendency, and I could not have made a better shot if I had aimed for a week. I found the bullet embedded in the bark of a large fir tree, and it was marvellous the force that bullet must have had; yet with four and half drachms of powder, I never felt any unpleasant recoil from the gun.

I wish I could have weighed this gentleman, as he must have been as heavy as a good-sized ox. One I saw in a cage at Woodward's, San Francisco, weighed, I was told,

nearly two thousand pounds. I cut off one of his paws, and walked back to the ranch.

I imagine I can hear Captain Blazeaway of the Onety-oneth, who "bags his tiger, sir, every day," exclaim, "A pretty fellow this to go shooting bears! funks at the critical moment! Bad form; should come to India, see our sportsmen." All very well, my dear sir, with your forty beaters, two or three spare rifles, and an animal that occasionally wants half a dozen rockets to make him bolt. But let me place you face to face with a grizzly; no escape for one of you but by the death of the other—for a grizzly courts the combat, never refuses it,—and if you can get through the scrape without a quickening of the heart and a certain sensation commonly and vulgarly known as a "blue funk," you can do more than I could.

On my way back I met Zack, enjoying his matutinal pipe. "Back already, hey? Guessed you would soon have had enough of old Ben; thought better of it, hey?" "Old Ben has had enough of me, I expect," said I; "here's one of his paws, and some of his hair anyhow." "Old Ben's har! why, dang it, I don't believe it was Ben. Had he one ear longer than t'other, and one of his right hind claws missing?" "How the deuce should I know?" "Can't be Ben; 'tain't natural. Say (to the farm hand) Britisher's fixed old Ben." Farm hand: "Has he! guess you've got to pungle fifty dollars." Zack: "Guess I have; there's Sal left though; she may fix him; she's 'tarnal." "Farm hand: "Yes! Ben's 'tarnaler though; I guess he can fix Sal." Zack: "Say! (to me) I've a bet on about Sal; I'll give you twenty-five dollars not to fix her." "I wouldn't take a thousand." Zack: "'Um; reckon I feel kinder sick; Sal's tarnal tho'."

About a month after, I "fixed" Sal also. I got up a tree, and watched from twelve o'clock till morning for four days; at last she came, and I fired both barrels of my rifle almost simultaneously into her back. We found her dead two miles off, next day, by the help of the dog, both balls having gone clean through her.

On a later occasion I nearly got into a scrape by attacking a bear foolishly. I was hunting in the Sierra Nevada, and was told that three bears had been seen constantly on a particular hillside for the last two weeks. I went and viewed, and saw them every day for a week; but the place where they were was so exposed and barren of cover that I was afraid to attack them. One evening there was only one of them there. I considered a long time, and at length made up my mind I would have a try at him. I crawled to within eighty yards of him, rested my rifle on a piece of rock, and pulled dead on his shoulder. I heard the bullet strike, and saw the bear drop, but he was up again in a moment, and uttering a sharp whimper, came bang at me, or rather at the smoke. I did not move, but covered him with the second barrel, and shot him in the breast, at about sixty-five yards off. He uttered a growl, and seemed to come nearly as fast as ever. I ran to the belt of forest near which I had taken the precaution to conceal myself, and uncommonly little time I had to spare too. In my hurry I missed the tree I had previously marked as the easiest to climb. I dropped my rifle, and ran for a branch that hung low down almost to the ground, and, thanks to my gymnastics at McLaren's at Oxford, I was up in no time. The bear came and shook the branch, and the tree, too, for the matter of that, and growled most

hideously ; but the two bullets he had got in him were evidently making him feel like knocking under, and in about a quarter of an hour he walked off, considerably slower than he came. Oh for my rifle now ! However, I knew he could not go very far by the quantity of blood he left behind him. We tracked him by dogs next day for over a mile to his den, and at his coming out, very feebly, to attack the dogs, I shot him through the skull with the first barrel of my rifle.

There are very few, if any, of the professional hunters who will attack a bear, such is his ferocity and agility. A good many of my readers, no doubt, have read stories and seen pictures of hunters, and Indians especially, "waiting for the bear to rise on his hind legs, and then plunging a knife into his bosom." Tell that to the marines ! Why I have seen a bear rush into a herd of cattle, rise up and knock a bullock down almost before you could wink. When I add that he can go as fast as a horse can canter, and that his cunning is marvellous, you can imagine you have got "to keep your eye well peeled." To hunt him successfully you want a cool head, great nerve, and, above all, 'cuteness in stalking him. The best weapon is a double-barrel gun, with a couple of hardened bullets ; it shoots harder, quicker, and truer, I think, for eighty yards than a rifle, and you can nearly always get as close as you like to a grizzly—often a good deal closer.

I found it would be quite impossible for me to go back to Santa Cruz without that infernal nuisance Zack. "Why the boys would as soon miss a dorg-fight as let yer go without interviewing yer, arter fixing up them bars ; my ! the idee !" I suppose the news had gone before me, as there was as varied a collection of scaliwags

as Santa Cruz could produce. Zack was in fine form. "He's fixed em. Yessir, a Britisher has fixed Ben and Sal. Liquor up, boys, afore we goes into the hash." The Doc. was there of course. He gazed in a cow-like manner on me, expectorated three times in a deliberate manner, put himself outside a cocktail, and left me to pay for it. I kept on paying for cocktails; I believe I cocktailed every cuss in the town. Then came the dinner. Zack took the head of the table, I being on his left; we eat and cocktailed till things began to look rather "mixed" somehow. The Doc. was very bad, and expectorated thrice on my coat, and called on Zack for a speech. I give that speech as a literary curiosity, as far as I can remember it. "Gentlemen," said he, "yer know the occasion of this festive gathering. A great man is amongst us. He has come all the way from his island but played-out home to hunt our great American wild beasts. Boys, incredible as it may appear, he is going to leave our institutions, the land of the free and airy sons of the West, to seek again that pusillanimus sile,—the sile of the traitor. Yessir, you air returning to the land of tyranny and the slave! you have drunk our cocktails, you have seen our gals; you have played our poker, you have fixed our bars; and when they ask you who we air, tell em we air a high-faluting, catawampous, locomotive race, tell em we kalkilate to whip our weight in cats, tell 'em that we live with the 'possum and the 'coon!"

After this beautiful peroration, the judge raised a glass of mint-julep to his lips, and, gazing round on the assembled company, exclaimed, "Drink to the stranger, cusses," at the same time draining his glass, an example followed by all the cusses with surprising

celerity, and all at my expense. What reply I made I am afraid to say, but if one might judge by the frequent exclamations of "You bet," "Bully for you," and the like, it must have been highly satisfactory to my audience, especially the concluding sentence, in which I paid a compliment to the American eagle, and begged (?) them to join me in drinking the health of that venerable bird.

The events that occurred after this are not very clearly fixed in my memory. I have an indistinct recollection of adjourning to a skittle alley and bowling over the setter-up instead of the pins; of subsequently playing poker with a gentleman with a long black coat, and a very dirty face, who had an extraordinary facility of holding four aces or three kings every hand; of dancing a quickstep with old Zack, of more cocktails, smashing of glasses, a free fight, ten thousand stars,—and nothing more; but I have a most vivid recollection, even to this day, of waking up next morning under the billiard table, where it appears I had been deposited by the gentleman who last knocked me down, with a splitting headache, a most disagreeable sensation in my left eye, and a feeling all over my body as if I had been put through a patent mangle of extra power. Some kind friend, with a great regard for my personal comfort, had taken off my boots and hat—and taken them away with him. Zack was comparatively uninjured, not having been "gouged," to his intense gratification and surprise. "Jest to think that we should have our optics all right when Ebenezer Toland was around the shanty. Yessir, he nearly allers gets his pair of eyes in a free fight, and allers goes for a stranger; and to look at him, yer would think he was as mean a cuss as ever yer seed. You air lucky, sir." The fates had not been propitious

to the Doc. In the language of the P.R., he had the shutters up in both windows, his smeller was very considerably deflected from its original position, and his tater-trap was so swollen as seriously to interfere with his chewing. I will only add that I had the pleasure of paying for the whole entertainment, which cost sixty-five dollars. I didn't go to Santa Cruz any more.

MY FIRST ELK.

THERE used to be always hanging about the English bar in Sacramento-street, San Francisco, an extraordinary-looking individual, who I daresay will be easily recognised by the following description. He was a tall thin man, with long black greasy ringlets hanging down his back, and an excessively dirty face; he was always clad in an old suit of fringed buckskin, and wore mocassins, on the strength of which he dubbed himself "Hunter Bill," though I must confess he was usually known among his immediate circle as "Gassy Bill" or "Bummer Billy." When I first arrived fresh from England, full of Mayne Reid and the lamented Fenimore, this remarkable-looking fellow appeared the embodiment of all the scalp hunters of the former, and the nature's children of the latter novelist. But in him I was deceived; despite all his wonderful tales about "bars," elk, bighorn, and almost every animal from elephants to ground squirrels, I found out that the only bear he had ever interviewed was the one at Woodward's Gardens, and all the rest in the same proportion. I positively hired this man for a whole fortnight once. We, or rather I, got as far as San José I think, on our way south; but here the gaseous William struck a new claim in the shape of a saloon keeper he knew, and I left him under the influence of chain lightning whisky and old rye. After that I was much more careful; but "professional hunters" have had many a

bright new dollar from me, and very little I've had in return from them. No, I killed my first elk (Wapiti deer, *Cervus canadensis*), and many a one after that, in company with the best fellow in the world—viz., myself; and here let me observe that, unless you know your chums, you are best alone.

In the year 186— there was some little excitement in 'Frisco over some new placer claims near Humboldt county. The whole affair turned out a "sell" for the time; but subsequently, I believe, some large pay dirt was taken out on the quiet. However, I went up, to be among the first if anything was to be got for the picking up. Was there ever anything invented so delicious as a good paying *placer* claim? None of your quartz mining, with a staff of workpeople to keep in order, &c. There's your claim, and there's your "rocker," and in the evening you clean up, and there's your 20*l.* worth of bright gold dust safe in your breeches' pocket; aye, and sometimes your 100*l.* worth. But those good old days seem gone by for ever. Well, if I got no gold from Humboldt, I got an amazing deal of sport there. I suspect I was one of the first there, as any evening I could kill a deer, just as fifteen years ago was the case in Vancouver's Island. It was pretty sport, too, as the twilight came on, to sit by the drinking places and watch the deer come tripping down unsuspectingly, skipping like young sheep. They are not at all unlike large goats, and are capital eating after being hung a day or two. Besides deer, there were black bears, some few "heard of" grizzlies, and hundreds of smaller game in the shape of birds. But what I wanted was an elk—the monarch of the glen. Of course, everyone had seen lots all about, but no one could establish his claim to

having actually killed one. But Yankee miners kill everything under the effect of several gin cocktails, and not unfrequently end up by killing each other. So one fine morning I saddled my old plug, and once more plunged into the woods with only a boy, who, from an unconquerable aversion to hard work in any shape except walking, and from his extreme taciturnity and fondness for the woods, might have been the youthful "silent hunter" of a novel. We went up the river, as I intended to do a little prospecting on my own account, and with this object in view had a good stock of grub for a fortnight.

"Rolling stones gather no moss." It may be so, but, like all similar proverbs, this may suit any meaning. I do know, however, that when, surrounded by home comforts, &c., I look back on those happy woodland days, with no lawyers, no doctors, no tea fights, muffin worries, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, I often long for the rifle and blankets again.

For the first few days we saw scarcely any game, only a few deer; so I camped and prospected for a couple of days for *placers*, and also tried some leads with my blowpipe. I got plenty of colour, but not enough to form a company for the next spring, and the rock was not above ten dollars, if I remember rightly. And there, kind reader, and especially *young* reader, if you have a longing to try your luck out west, let me strongly advise you to acquire all the knowledge of metals and the assaying of them that you can, especially with the blowpipe. The benefit is incalculable, as if you are on your own hook, you can always combine business with pleasure, and if you are looking for a job, I can safely affirm that all and any can get profitable and immediate employment,

at high salaries, as assayers or practical mining engineers. "Mining engineer" sounds a big title, and a real good one is a *rara avis*; but sufficient can be learnt in one year in a Cornish mine, with close attention, to enable anyone to command his £400 a year at least in any part of America.

Well, I have almost forgotten my friends the elk. We struck camp, and went two days due west to the Cascades; we saw no Indians, at least bad ones, and had the satisfaction of combing out our hair every morning. Still no elk, and I began to think it was a bad job, when one evening we struck sign in abundance. I camped immediately, and next morning, having slung up our meat, and *cached* our things as well as possible, I bestrode Bucephalus and rode off, with the boy behind me, holding on by my waist. I had my W. R. carbine, and the boy was made happy with my Smith and Wesson's revolver. After a while I hobbled my plug, and putting on my moccasins began to look about me. To look at an elk you would think it would be impossible for such an awkward animal to escape notice if within a half-mile, but the fact is that an elk may be within a yard or two of you—yes, and a whole band of them too—and you'll not detect a hair or the flicker of an ear. The way a dozen or more of them will charge through a moderately thick forest is perfectly surprising; it seems, as I heard an old hunter at Astoria say once, that "they must take off their horns, and put 'em in their coat-tail pockets." We stalked all day without seeing a sign of an elk, till about four o'clock I spied with my binocular the herd we were in search of down below us in an open valley. I could make out about ten in sight, and, as luck never comes singly, only about two hundred

yards from where we were lying an enormous black bear was busy rooting up among the bushes and feeding on berries, getting into condition for his winter's sleep. However, I let Master Bruin go this time, as my attention was fully taken up by the elk. The lord of the herd was calmly stalking about, occasionally taking a look round to see if any danger threatened his harem. The question was how to get the wind of them, as elk are the wariest of the wary; besides it would soon be dark, and we were at least two miles in a direct line from the camp. After a council of war, I determined to go round about a mile, close by a sort of defile, and post myself for a shot, and send the boy to drive them towards me. I dismissed that worthy with a parting injunction that I would hash him up for supper if he messed the affair at all, and got to my post all right.

After waiting for an interminable time, as it appeared to me, the leader suddenly threw up his head and looked in the direction I knew the boy ought to be in, and in a second or two the whole band were heads up, sterns down, full tilt down the valley, straight as a line for my stand. On they came like a Balaklava charge in miniature, and, resting my carbine on a fork of a bush, I potted the leader dead in his tracks at forty yards. On they came still, and as they passed at twenty-five yards distance I disabled another, and a moment after came a crashing of boughs and underbush as they disappeared through the woods. The whole thing was over in about ten minutes or less. My first shot had raked the stag fore and aft, the bullet entering the point of the shoulder, and coming out just forward of his hip joint. A second shot through the head settled

the other, who was kicking about on the grass. I am not much of a judge of the weight of an animal, but I should say that the stag could not have weighed less than 500lb. The horns were as thick as my wrist at the base, and splendidly tined. We set to work and cut off the loin ribs of the doe, and wrapping the meat up in hide, we reluctantly left the splendid head and antlers of the stag behind us. After a deal of trouble we found our steed, who had strayed half a mile or so, and got back to camp dead tired out. Imagine our disgust to find our *cache* had been completely gutted, and the contents strewn about in every direction. Our flour was about half gone, and all the sugar; the coffee, mustard, salt, blankets, and every mortal thing else was either smashed to bits or "demoralised;" in fact, the whole place was wrecked. However, there was no help for it; we picked up the pieces and lit our fire, and made ourselves as miserable as possible under the circumstances. Luckily it did *not* rain, as of course it ought to have done to make the thing complete, and we fortunately found our tin billy, though severely dented, still coffee-worthy. A good cup of coffee, with a strong dash of old rye in it in lieu of sugar, is a wonderful enlivener; and we actually laughed as we curled ourselves up in our blankets, and planned a nice little evening reception for our uninvited guest, Mr. Bruin, who, of course, had given us this festive little surprise supper. "Bet yer boots we'll make it lively for the cuss to-morrer," quoth the boy—about the only remark he made all the day, and I admired him for it.

I can't say I passed a night of unalloyed peace, as I was continually waking up with a start, dreaming that Bruin had hold of me. As for the boy, he slept

as sound as a top. What was *Ursus* to him, or he to *Ursus*?

Next morning we had a good meal off venison stakes, made our bread, hung up everything we had on boughs of trees, and went off again, leaving behind us as sweet a little reminder for any intruder, two legged or four, that might feel inclined to pry into our arrangements. I took my double-barrelled gun, and loaded it carefully with half a handful of buckshot and bullet. I then scooped out a narrow sloping trench about 3ft. long. I rove a string from the top strap-ring underneath the barrels, and carried it down to the one on the butt, passed it through and up again to the triggers. On the end of the string, close to the muzzle of the barrels, we tied a large piece of deer meat smeared over with sugar. The weapon was then laid (uncocked) in the trench, and lightly covered over with brambles, &c., leaving the piece of meat as naturally as possible on the surface of the ground. Nothing remained now but to cock the gun, and there you were. The only objection to such an arrangement is that you are extremely likely to kill yourself during the "fixing" of it. The great advantage of it is that it is bound to kill *something*.

We saw no elk all that day, as the whole band had doubtless gone to the Cascades almost by this time, and so we cast about to look after the "little round gentleman in black" whom I had seen yesterday. We found him with my binocular, which the boy couldn't make out at all, within a few yards of where we had left him yesterday. I stalked within forty yards of him, and shot him clean through the body; he gave a squeak, and set off straight for the valley where I had shot the elk the day previous, and it was surprising the pace at

which he *rolled* along like a cricket ball in front of me. I could not gain on him a yard, and so I lay down and took a deliberate aim at his stern, and hit him again. He didn't stop, however, but went a good deal slower, and as he went up the opposite slope he could not get to the top, but rolled down again to within fifty yards of where I was. He sat up on his haunches, rolling his head from side to side, and lolling his tongue out of his mouth; I approached to within fifteen yards, and put him out of his misery by a shot through the heart. He was in beautiful condition, with a coat like silk, and as fat as butter. We broke him up and took off his skin, and while the boy was operating on him I laid down on the slope and enjoyed "Roderick Random" and honeydew till the sun climbed over the opposite trees.

The valley below us must have been a sort of happy land for game (I suppose there is a city and fourteen rum-mills there now), for a small band of deer came out of a clump of trees about a mile off, and frisked and gambolled about like kids. I watched them for more than an hour, as they browsed and scampered about. They gradually fed up to within 500 yards of where I was sitting, and I thought I would try my carbine, so fired at a lot of three, who looked about the size of a regulation target, and saw the dust fly up in a cloud at a hundred yards the other side of them. To my surprise they never bolted an inch, but kept looking all round them, and stamping their feet in a ludicrous manner. I fired again, and again I went over. This time they seemed to think something was up, as they all came together in a body, and gravely held a confab, I expect. I aimed just in front of the whole lot and fired again, this time evidently with effect, as the whole band in-

stantly turned tail and flew off like the wind, leaving one of their number struggling and kicking on the ground. It was a fat doe, and the bullet must have ricocheted, as it had entered her belly and apparently broken the spine. As I had shot quite enough for that day, I left off and explored a bit.

What wonderful valleys there are in America, only waiting for population to develope them! There was a good-sized stream near by, but I could not get the colour of gold at all, though I am sure the surrounding hills contain large quantities of copper, though whether in paying quantities or not is another question. The boy caught the "2-40 nag," as he called him, and after picking out the tit-bits of the bear, and wrapping them up in the skin, we travelled campwards. On arriving we found, as we expected, that our trap had proved successful, as a fine, large, fat black bear was lying stone dead with half his neck blown to ribbons. "Got him this time," I said. "Bet yer bottom dollar," quoth the boy, and then relapsed into silence again.

"Bear" is vile eating; it's more like the coarsest and blackest kind of beef than anything else. Elk is beautiful—superior to our venison. It is a remarkable fact that you can eat a very great deal more venison than you can beef. The reason I know it is that once, when I was out with two Canadians on a trip to Oregon, a fine cow strayed away from a settlement some six miles off, and in the morning the pretty creature was feeding quietly outside our shanty. Such a chance was not to be lost, and we *cached* and milked that cow for a week. At the end of that time a large, bony man, with a rifle and about half a dozen revolvers, made his appearance one evening. "Seed air a keow slapping around these

diggings?" I was alone at the time. "Well, I think I did hear one some days ago; the boys thought she was a buffalo." "Buffaler, be d—d; lookee he-ar, ef I finds the all-fired cuss that's corralled that air keow, call me hoss, call me alligater, call me any tarnal critter under the sky, but *he's my meat*. Yessir." When my two brave companions returned I told them what had occurred. "My! that's Judge Smaley, for a dollar. He's on it, you bet; if he finds out we've had his cow, he'll go for us straight." That week we had fresh cow for dinner every day, and we drank Judge Smaley's health in Cutter whiskey every evening.

MY LAST BEAR.

It's generally "my First Bear." Now, I can scarcely recollect my first bear, but I have a most vivid and painful remembrance of my *last*, and very good care I'll take that it shall be my last. He may be simply and very briefly described as—Species, *Cinnamon*; character, *Ferox*.

A Cinnamon or "Cimmon" is the savagest animal, I imagine, in all America; he is smaller than a grizzly but quicker and more active; he takes quite as much killing, and is more dreaded by the hunters than any other living thing, except perhaps a wild sow with young.

In the year 186—, I found myself in Oregon, going up the Columbia river. The bar at the mouth of this river is the most decidedly disagreeable place I know to be on, or rather to be *over*—it would have been still more disagreeable to have gone *on* it. I went in the old "Brother Jonathan," as rotten an old tub as ever leaked. The day we crossed the bar it was very rough, and when the pilot came on board, our captain wanted to lie off till higher tide, but the pilot "guessed it was four o'clock, and reckoned he'd chance it." Pleasant—for us. A very few voyages after he chanced it once too often, as she went aground on the bar, and nearly every soul on board was drowned. Her bottom was so rotten that the mainmast went clean through till it rested on the gunwale by the mainyard!

Nothing particular occurred on our way up to Portland; little quiet games of eucré went on in the saloon, at which fascinating games two ladies from Dead Man's Gully, Calaveras County, particularly distinguished themselves; indeed one of them confided to me that "she had cleaned out some few; and if she had three days more she guessed she could clean out the balance." The first evening that I retired to my cabin I was congratulating myself on being alone, there being only two berths, and I accordingly went to bed in a contented state of mind. On awaking in the morning, I heard a peculiar sound in the unoccupied berth under me, and on leaning over to see the cause, a strange sight met my eyes. Sitting up in his berth, with his knees close under his chin, was a long yellow-faced Yankee, who appeared to be dividing his attention equally between liquoring-up out of a bottle of spirits, and expectorating on various objects in the cabin. The immediate object of his aim was an unfortunate fly which had pitched near the door handle. "Darn me," said he, without noticing me in the slightest; "that's the fourth shot I've had at that cussed fly; go yer a dollar I plug him next shoot; not on it, eh? Waal, I guess it's lucky for you, 'cos (here he made a terrific shot that killed the unfortunate insect) I reckon he's gone up. Yessir," he continued, settling himself comfortably, and proceeding to pick his teeth with his penknife, "I guess two rods is about my distance. Go yer a game of poker afore breakfast, dollar a game; not on it? Tarnation, what air you on? I expegs I ain't a going to make a red cent this trip. Never mind, wait till I gets to Walla-Walla; if I don't go through the boys up there call me a singed alligator." With this

comforting reflection he expectorated fiercely and promiscuously for several seconds, took a long drink and went to sleep again, and I believe slept all the way to Portland.

Portland at that time was a perfect hell upon earth. Every gambler, rowdy, "shootist," and scallywag from all the Americas seemed congregated in this unfortunate place. It was positively quite dangerous to look at a man in a supercilious manner. Being an Englishman, I was advised to keep very quiet, as the war was going on; in fact, I bought a pair of gum boots and a felt hat with a rim something less than two feet wide, and was a "down-easter from Bosting" all the time I was in Portland. I was told I looked it all over.

Shooting scrapes were an almost everyday occurrence, a gay and festive cuss named Fred Pattison was *the* boy of the period when I was there. This playful youth, who was only about twenty-one years of age, had already laid out his fourteen men, and was in Portland owing to a trifling difficulty he had had in Ruby City, where he had just shot two miners in a gambling hell. The sheriff came down after Master Fred, and the latter immediately went for him, and shot him in the back out of a window. He remained master of the situation, no one tried to take him, as they all guessed he was "particler spry on sheriffs." On my return I was extremely glad to find that this amiable youth had been laid out himself, having been shot from the street by a man whom he had threatened as he was being shaved in a barber's shop. However, Portland is a fine city now, and as quiet as any place in the universe. I did not stop long in the town, as there was nothing to see much, and only a very little sport within a reasonable

distance. There was a good sprinkling of pheasants, which afforded pretty good fun with a rifle which I borrowed, carrying a bullet about a hundred to the pound, I should say. I also made several excursions about the neighbourhood among the farmers. By-the-bye, a farmer in Oregon is rather a different kind of man from an English one; any chap who lives in the country, wears his trousers tucked inside his boots, a wideawake hat, a blue jumper shirt, and who can manage to scrape up an old mule or "hoss," calls himself a *rancher* right off. However, they were very good fellows in their way; rather fond of expectorating promiscuously, which on a windy day is rather annoying, but they showed me all the sport they could in the shape of deer, of which any reasonable quantity we could get at any time.

That still-hunting for deer is pretty sport, too; someone, I think the Old Forest Ranger, calls it "the poetry of shooting." Poets themselves have not disdained to sing the "merrie dun deer 'neath the greenwood tree;" and wasn't Sweet Will himself locked up for deer-stealing, or, at all events, let off with a caution? To go rambling along mid glades and primeval groves, brushing aside the dewy brambles, or trampling the up-turned flowrets with mocassined foot—when, hist! a rustle mid the boughs, and away jumps the pretty thing with white tail flickering thro' the leaves, and a moment after out rings the rifle upon the morning air, and the quarry lies gasping in death! It seemed like murder almost killing these mild-eyed deer, and I never wantonly slew more than sufficient for food. Well, after a bit I got tired of such small game, and I longed to get hold of a "bar"—a real live grizzly, if possible. I was exceedingly fortunate in getting an invitation from

Colonel P. to go and stay with him for some time ; and of course I went. Colonel P. is now in command of one of the camps in Oregon, and is a gallant soldier and good comrade to boot. I heard from him the other day that the camp was well stocked with game, and I hope I shall be able to see him in his new quarters next winter. I got to my friend's house after a couple of day's travelling, which was the roughest I ever did see or hear of, and found my excellent host just sitting down to dinner, and with a fresh imported tap of the very finest whisky I ever tasted. We shot small fry and loafed for two days, cleaning guns, &c., till we were all properly fixed up, and I at length persuaded the Colonel to drop drinking for a little time, and "go for bars." We got the nags caught overnight, and with a good supply of blankets, coffee, sugar, and matches, we made tracks for the hills next morning at about three o'clock. We took a couple of Indians with us, one as *factotum* in camp, and the other as hunter. They were Klamath-Lakers, I believe, and whether they were Modocs or not, they were the dirtiest, meanest-looking scamps I ever clapt eyes upon. Anything more unlike the "noble savage" of Cooper, or the "bronzed red man" of Mayne Reid, cannot be imagined. The *factotum* insisted on taking his squaw with him ; she walked the whole way, and carried a pack on her back rather larger than a coffin, her lord and master never once attempting to assist her or give her a lift. I wanted to interfere, but the Colonel told me that if I did she would get a fearful hiding when we were out of sight. Some Indians of course are fine men ; but I must say I cannot understand Viscount Milton's account of their walking powers. When I was in Vancouver and British Columbia I over

and over again saw the pick of them beaten at all distances by Government clerks and tradesmen not in training, and with no pretensions to running. We camped at night under an enormous fir tree, the Indians rigging up a tent in no time, and strewing leafy boughs on the ground, and with our buffalo rugs on top, we had as comfortable beds as in the Occidental in 'Frisco. Camping out! What a charm there is in the mere sound! and what a charming spot was ours! A rill ran babbling below us, brawling o'er its rocks and gravel, or gliding smooth and peaceful 'twixt fringing ferns and drooping hemlocks; the fresh green grass gemmed with evening dew, the hazels diamonded with spray from the morning's shower, and the stately pines waving their graceful tops as they wooed the evening breeze, combined to form a scene most congenial to the lover of nature; and if one had not been a lover of nature, his more mundane senses would doubtless have been tickled by the delicious smell that arose from the venison chops grilling on the embers. "Now, Oliver, my lad, wire in if you want anything, 'cos I'm rather peckish," quoth the Colonel; and I, knowing his powers of suction and eating, forthwith drew my hunting knife from behind me, and transferred a chop to my tin-plate without a word. Unlike the immortal Pickwick, we had no tomato sauce, but hunger sauce made a good substitute. But if we *eat*, eating was not the word for those Injuns. Gracious goodness! I never in all my life, not even at a children's school feast, saw such gormandizers. They must have eaten at least six pounds of solid meat apiece, with no exaggeration. I had fears for their powers of endurance during the day, but after an eight hours' sleep, they woke like Modocs refreshed. What with whiskey and pipes, and pipes and whiskey, we

talked and yarned far into the night, long after the evening star had sunk beneath the hill; and rolling ourselves up in our rugs, we slept the sleep of the free from society and cares.

Next morning we were up with the lark (heads were none the worse), and bathed in the brooklet. After breakfast we made a start, leaving the old squaw and her boss behind us to take care of camp. First of all we knocked over a few of the pheasants with our rifles for our dinner and left them behind us. The colonel took the bottoms, and I the hills, but I only got three deer and the colonel got two more and a shot at an elk,—as he said. I was armed with a W. R. carbine, and the colonel with a heavy western rifle about 14lb. weight, and with a bullet the size of a large pea. At anything over one hundred and fifty yards I could beat him easily, but at forty rods, like California whiskey, his piece meant “dead meat.” He frequently took the head off a bird at twenty-five paces, and a half-dollar at thirty yards was struck every time; but then he was a powerful man and his rifle was furnished with a hair-trigger. We returned to camp rather disgusted, and amused ourselves by shooting at marks, and I took great interest in seeing the old squaw making bread. Perhaps the hint may be useful; anyhow here it is. Over night she hung up a mustard tin half full of flour and water, and let it ferment till next afternoon. About a half tea-cup full of this she poured into a tin pan full of flour, with a little salt in it, and mixed and stirred it up well. Meanwhile her amiable spouse had dug a large hole in the ground, and filled it with lighted sticks which were allowed to burn out; then more sticks were put on, and so on till the whole was full of embers. The dough

was now transferred to a large round iron pot with a cover, about the size of a one hundred pound shot. The embers were nearly all scraped out, leaving a thick layer at the bottom, and the pot dropped in; the cover was put on, and then the hot embers heaped up over the sides and top, and over the whole thing a shovelful of dirt. After a time the lid of the pot was lifted up, and a piece of clean stick was pushed into the bread; when the stick came out with no bread adhering to it the loaf was baked, exhumed, and finally eaten. It is the nearest approach to the Chinaman's recipe of burning down a house to properly roast a pig, and in its way is equally good. If you don't believe it, try it in your own garden.

Next morning, our Indian hunter turned us out of bed at some unearthly hour with the news that one of the deer which we had shot last day and left behind us as a bait had been carried off by someone or something, and the colonel opined it was "bars." All was now excitement, and many the cautions and grave the advice I received from the colonel in case I got near the critter. In fact, on reflection, I could scarcely see how I could well avoid getting chawed up. However, as I had twelve cartridges in my pocket, and had been well in for the 5ft. 2in. at Rugby, I didn't feel much alarmed, and besides I mentally parodied Nelson's saying, who ever heard of an Englishman being killed by a bear in Oregon?

I took the bottoms this time, and tramped about for an hour or two; I saw lots of tracks and occasionally lying up places, but no bear. I gradually got further and further away, till at last I got tired. I saw lots of deer, but didn't like to fire for fear of disturbing bruin, who, of course, according to my guide, was always close

by. At last I was completely done up, jumping over logs and having my eyes almost cut out of my head every minute by brambles, and came to an anchor under a hazel-bush near a large natural clearing of beautiful grass. I lit my pipe, eat some bread and cheese and drank some cutter, and concluded that bear shooting in Oregon was, as my French master used to say, "not de common error, but de gross deception." All of a sudden I heard a shot not one hundred yards off, and then a howl, and finally a rush as if ten thousand buffalo bulls were on a stampede. A minute after and the Injun came helter-skelter head over heels down the hill, *how-howing* and *wagh-waghing*, like an escaped lunatic! I thought I knew the situation, and my mind was made up in an instant. Did my eagle eye fix the monster, or my lip curb with a haughty smile, as I, &c., &c.? not much; I cut it across the clearing at my best sprint pace, as if I was well in at a handicap at Lillie Bridge. I just took half a look over my shoulder, and could scarcely help laughing. The noble savage was taking logs, bushes, ruts, and all minor obstacles in his stride, like a steeplechaser, and for a very good reason, for barely thirty yards behind him was a huge cinnamon bear, growling like a bassoon and going like a steam engine! I was about one hundred yards in front, and kneeling down I let fly at him, and hit him somewhere I thought, but it seemed no more than a sort of fleabite to him, as he came on with ears back, and looking to me a trifle smaller than a haystack. I now thought about a tree but found none to let for a single young man, so off I went again, and that brute of a red man close behind me in my tracks. Suddenly without the least warning he darted aside like a pea into the *chapparal* and Mr. Bruin

turned his kind attentions to me exclusively. I ran across the most open parts, dodging behind trees and looking out for one at all negotiable. I began to get tired out, my knees began to feel weak, and I broke out into a cold sweat; I holloed at the top of my voice, but no one replied. The bear did not gain on me, but then I did not gain on the bear, and at this hide-and-seek business I knew I must cave in at last. I fired one or two snap shots at the brute, but I don't believe I hit him once. Pictures of Injuns and hunters rose up before me, killing bears with one thrust of their knives; but then they were always grizzlies that were killed in that manner, and I could not recollect a single cinnamon being fixed off so. I stripped off my jacket, cartridges and all, and threw it on the ground, and then started once more across the clearing full tilt, to try and get away among the chapparal. I tripped slightly over a bramble, and dropped my carbine; I never stopped even to think, but flew along. It would have been romantic for the colonel to have turned up now and shot the bear just as he was about to lay hold of me; but he didn't. Nearly all the firs were big trees, quite denuded of limbs near the ground, but at last I did see one that had a few short stumps, and I made for it. I swung myself up a few feet, swarmed up as far as I could, and then took a look down. There was the bear at the bottom with a wondering look on his face, as if he was wondering what on earth I was at up there. All sorts of dreadful stories about men being kept up in trees for days together crowded through my mind, but I was very soon relieved from all trouble on that score, as after a few minutes he went away at a shuffling trot, and I could see him from my eyrie quietly tearing my jacket to pieces. How I

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wished he'd swallow a capped cartridge or two, warranted not to miss fire! I almost fell out of the tree laughing at the idea. He eventually threw it on one side and waddled off; I don't believe he had a scratch on him worth mentioning, and he seemed to think the whole affair had been got up for his special amusement. I must have stayed up that blessed tree for more than an hour, holloaing like a costermonger. At length, after an astounding whoop on my part, I heard a sound of voices near the tree, and there was the colonel almost beside himself with laughter. "Treed, by the jumping Jehosaphat—treed by a cinnamon!" and again he went into fits of laughter. "Confound your cinnamons; what on earth did you leave me for, you dirty rascal!" I shouted from my perch to the noble red man. The brute only smiled demoniacally, and said in his disgusting jargon, "Cap (meaning me), him velly goot hunter," at which the colonel rolled in the grass. "I'll cut your ears off, you beast, you," I yelled as I came sliding down the tree tearing my buckskins and hands all to pieces; but the savage "put."

"Never mind, Oliver, we'll kill that cinnamon yet before you are many days older." "Well, you may if you like, but you don't get me going out after bars again, unless I knew what I'm at, and am properly armed." I didn't *hanker* after cinnamons after that scrape.

Shooting bears with small-bore rifles is a one-sided game, as the bear generally takes the whole of the pool. The best weapon is a ten or twelve smooth bore, with hardened (not *too* hard) bullets. A couple of these pills will stop anything short of an elephant at any distance under forty yards. The regular hunters generally lie in

wait for them and then pot them behind the shoulder ; they often run for some yards with a bullet through their vitals. They more frequently trap them in regular strong timber traps ; one hunter in 'Frisco used to catch four or five every autumn in the Sierras.

I didn't hear the last of that blessed bear for many a long day ; in fact the fame of it preceded me to Portland, for when I returned from my visit, it was considered, and in truth *was*, a safe "draw" to ask me, quite casually of course, "Oh ! I say, what's the colour of a cinnamon bear, North ?"

ROUND CAPE HORN—VALPARAISO— SANTIAGO.

"GONG round Cape Horn in a sailing vessel! why, you must be mad!" said all my sisters, brothers, mother, and relations.

"You go; you'll have a first-rate time of it—splendid air, good digestion. Pick out a jolly captain, and, take my word for it, you'll enjoy yourself," said Jack Stubbs, who had travelled over half the world, and hadn't finished yet.

As I saved about 50*l.* by the transaction, I *went* in a sailing vessel, picked out a very jolly captain, and in four days found myself and effects sailing down Channel, all so gaily oh! or rather I should say not so gaily oh! Another thing determined me to take this route. I had an idea—shared in common with many others, I believe—that the life of the "jolly tar" was something nearly perfection; that all he had to do was to sing songs to lovely Nancy or saucy Nell, and sit on the deck while the breeze blew merrily. A confused notion of splicing the main brace, yarns from the forecandle, the manly tar, the brave sailor lad in a blue tie and tight inexpressibles, the warm affectionate heart beating beneath the rough jacket, grog, songs, and all that, had got mixed up in my head.

I may as well say at once that I never was so deceived in my life. Never shall I forget our first night in Channel; more than half the crew drunk; the ship

labouring wearily, there not being enough sober hands to get sail on her; everything in confusion on deck; the captain at his wits' end what to do, as both his mates were hopelessly drunk, let alone the pitchy darkness and the half gale that was blowing. The dangers of the deep open sea are as nothing compared with those of beating down Channel in dirty weather with a drunken crew. Well, at all events, I thought, when we get into fine weather we shall be all right, and the brave sailor lad will come out in his truer and better colours. Alas for my fancies! I never saw such a melancholy, surly lot; they loafed, shammed, and shirked work like the veriest "cadgers" ashore. Out of the whole crew you might have possibly picked out four men who knew their work and did it—a proportion which the captain subsequently assured me he was very glad to get in most cases. And the songs! I went for'ard once to hear about saucy Nan and winsome Sal; I entered a low square sort of a bin, called a deckhouse, which seemed, like the cages in the Bastille, especially designed to prevent a person either standing up or lying down; two or three buckets were lying about, half filled with cold greasy pork and half-picked beef bones; a breaker of water, three or four tin cans, a couple of seamen's chests, and some old suits of waterproof clothing were all the furniture visible to the eye; and the whole place had a disgusting sickening smell of stale tobacco smoke and dirty clothes. Two of the apprentices were lying huddled up under a pile of old coats and boots, while three of the "merry tars" were sitting on the wet slippery floor, enveloped in tobacco smoke, staring at me vacantly and spitting profusely. After a good deal of pressing on my part, and paying my footing in the shape of a bottle of rum

one of them said he only knew one sanguinary song, and he was pretty well d—d if he knew all that; and after a few more oaths commenced one of the dismalest, most melancholy, and unintelligible *melodies* (?) I ever heard; nothing about Nance or Bet, or trim-built wherries, or anything most distantly connected with the sea, but a strange medley, something about be-er and whiskey, randy dandy oh! he! oh! the chorus being joined in by the others in a vacant haphazard sort of way when the idea struck them.

Thrown thus on my own resources, I soon began to find that the real enjoyments of the voyage must be sought for in Nature herself; and these were not a few. How shall I describe the glories of a tropical sunset—the balmy breezes, the singing tackle and the snowy sail; the dreamy, indolent, fairy life of a calm in Capricorn, where life “seems always afternoon”—the rattling burst of the fell *pampero* the white-crested “willy-waw,” or the violent west wind raging round Cape Horn, dread of mariners? And then the tropical nights! How sweet to watch, prone on the deck, the ever-fading twilight or the flaming glories of the Southern Cross, or warrior Orion burning with lights unknown to colder climes. Pleasant it was to mark the dolphin, merriest and swiftest of his tribe, leap o’er the ripple of the wave in sheer joy of heart at the coming breeze, or follow the course of the gladsome flying-fish, the common prey of all. I remember one night off the mouth of the Plate we fell in with an enormous school of porpoises; the sea at the time was peculiarly phosphorescent, and as they darted here and there just beneath the bows, or leapt up dozens at a time, as if by preconcerted signal, they left long trains and flashes of light far behind them; it was very

dark, and it looked like the writhing lake of snakes in Dante's "Inferno." And then, too, there is that beautiful portent, the fairy cave, or, as the mariners profanely call it, the "sun-dog," which looks like the end of a rainbow which has lost its way in the eastern sky. They say some syren sits there the livelong day, combing out her locks, warbling her deadly strains the while; for after one is seen, it is "Everything snugged down for the night."

Ah, well, with all its advantages, a sea voyage of ninety days is a tedious business, especially when one's pay is not going on all the time. I managed to relieve the monotony of the voyage somewhat by catching a shark or two. One night I had a dolphin hook towing overboard, when, feeling a tug at it, I commenced hauling in; to my astonishment, I found I had a shark about six or seven feet long at the end of the line! He followed the pull of the line quietly as a mackerel till he was close under the stern, when the mate unbent a sheet, and had a bowline round him in no time. He then seemed to think something was the matter, and commenced to kick and pull like a demon. The watch soon hove him aboard, however, and the carpenter had his tail off in a crack. Inside his stomach we found an officer's cap recently swallowed—probably dropped overboard from some ship ahead of us—and which was immediately appropriated by the mate.

The captain was very angry at our hauling the shark aboard on the quarter-deck, as he declared we should smell the stink of the shark's blood for days after. I laughed at him, but most certainly when walking on the leeward side of the poop we distinctly perceived the disgusting, sickening odour which proceeds from a live

shark. Some of the sailors had a mess off his flesh, and the cook sent some of his tail in the shape of outlets to the cabin; but I can't say I think much of shark. I considerably astonished the skipper by catching nearly every dolphin I saw with a spoon bait, which they took most ravenously, evidently mistaking it for a flying fish, of which they are excessively fond. Off Cape Horn we had a gale which lasted twelve days, and which left us precisely in the same place as we were at first; it was certainly worthy of the spot. The skipper concluded he would throw overboard some cargo, as we were too deep to carry sail, so the very first chance we had we threw over some hundred and fifty tons; after which we made pretty good weather of it, and in seventeen days more made Valparaiso Light. We arrived at midnight, and the city being built on numerous small hills, and being extremely well lighted, presented rather a prepossessing effect. We were not allowed to land, however, and so my first impressions of the "Vale of Paradise" were not to be derived from a gaslight view—always very deceptive.

"There is in America a city which cannot possibly be compared to any other in the whole world. That city is Valparaiso. Valparaiso! The word resounds in the enchanted ear like the gentle and soft notes of a love song; a coquettish, smiling, and mad city, softly reclining, like a careless creole, round a delicious bay at the foot of three majestic mountains, lazily bathing her rosy and dainty feet in the azure waves of the Pacific, and veiling her dreamy brow in the storm laden clouds which escape from Cape Horn and roll with a sinister sound round the peaks of the Cordilleras, to form a splendid glory for them . . . a pile of shapeless dens and mag-

nificent palaces jostling each other." So writes one of our popular sensation novelists. Certainly the grammar is a little obscure; as, however, he commences another novel in almost exactly the same words, I am afraid he must have been dreaming, to say the least of it, at the time, or else never was at the town in question. For downright filth, certainly it cannot be compared to any other city I have ever seen; and as for the "delicious bay," if an entirely open and excessively dangerous roadstead filled with the filth and offscourings of such a city can be so called, then I can only say that ideas differ on the subject of bays, as well as on other subjects. Valparaiso is simply an extremely dirty and very ugly town, composed of one long straggling street about three and a half miles long, with hardly a single attractive building in it. Five days in the week you are nearly carried off your feet and half blinded by the "southers" and "northers" that blow with tremendous violence from the sea, and down the *quebradas* or gulleys that permeate the hills all round the town; and the other two you are nearly poisoned by the insufferable smells which meet you at every turn and corner. I believe I shared, in common with a good many others, a sort of hazy idea of Venetian blinds, proud and haughty caballeros, dark-eyed señoritas, romantic meetings, gay and happy Spanish muleteers smoking and dancing all day long; a notion that money came somehow very easily, that everyone was very hospitable and kind, and that an Englishman was sure to marry an heiress at the very least. Alas! my very first experience, before even I touched the magic soil, dispelled all these illusions like a magician's wand. In the morning we saw a boat approaching us; now then for a chance of

airing my Spanish! As she came alongside, I began, "Tienes usted, amigo mio." "Oh, you can't come the native over us just yet, young man," replied an immensely tall specimen of the British human race, as he clambered up the side of the vessel. "No, I'm d—d if he can," exclaimed his companion, as he crossed the bulwarks, with a passing allusion to his eyes in the old matter-of-fact style of swearing. A young custom-house clerk accompanied them, with patent leather boots and a bobtail coat, whose double you can see any day by the score at Liverpool 'change or docks. Nor was the illusion a whit the less dispelled when I landed. I found the Vale of Paradise simply an over-crowded town, inhabited by an intensely money-loving set of people, whose one sole object in life consists in making money; it is in reality a sort of English colony. You find there the same oaths, the same beer, the same ship chandlers, the same tick-going tailors and tobacconists, old-clothes men, sailors, gin palaces, billiard rooms, narrow dirty streets, and smells, that you do in any seaport in the three kingdoms; and positively there is the "real old original Whitechapel Chicken," professor of the noble art, who keeps a ratting pit and sells boxing gloves. Alas for the proud and haughty caballeros!—the very dirtiest and smelliest edition of a Barcelona Spaniard. The dark-eyed señoritas!—I know no living female that can be compared with a Chilena in the way of dirt and untidiness. The magnificent palaces!—a few respectable-looking business houses, with respectable commercial looking gentlemen inside them busily engaged in solving that wonderful problem of making two dollars into three. In fact, Valparaiso is a sham—a regular swindle; as it stares at you out of the map all the

way from England it is a downright shame that it should be so horribly and intensely British. By-the-bye, where on earth can you get out of the sound of Bow bells? Lima? Bah! a colony of Scotch and English Jews. China? India? Japan? All the same—smelling of Cheap. Who does not associate the South Seas, the lovely South Seas—the *perlas oceanicas*—with soft balmy breezes and dreamy lotus-eating days, eating the luscious grape, and drinking the pure morning dew out of the hollowed fruit rind? Who has not heard, and dreamt perhaps, of those fair virgins of Typee, the sunny island girls, embodiment of grace and love, who pass their days in dreamy innocence? Oh, Tahiti, how all thy visions fade at the first breath of facts. Thy fair virgins?—half-naked wenches, remarkable for nothing except inordinate desires and greed for dollars. The balmy breezes?—a damp, hot climate, that dries you up like a herring in about two years. Thy dreamland, lotus-eating days?—if anyone can manage to enjoy many of them among a parcel of French officers, slaveowners, drunken sailors, marine-store keepers, American loafers, and a sprinkling of British scamps, he must be honoured with imaginative powers in a most remarkable degree.

I can't say I was much prepossessed by the first appearance of Valparaiso by daylight. It could never be made a handsome city, in any sense of the word, if all the palaces in the world were placed there. I should say that the *greatest* breadth between the foot of the hills and the beach is under two hundred yards, and in many places is less than sixty; consequently there is absolutely no room for building in regular squares. A very large portion even of the existing building ground has been

stolen from the sea. As it only rains in Chile in certain months of the year, and then with great violence, all the filth of the surrounding hills which has accumulated during the hot dry season is washed down to the town below. Part of this permeates to the springs which supply the town with water, and from this source arise those few cases of peculiarly deadly fever which always more or less hangs about the town. As the town is not drained at all, so to speak, if an epidemic were to visit it, it would decimate the place. Some people of judgment say, however, that an epidemic could not exist long in Valparaiso, on account of the south winds that blow there during eight months of the year.

I landed at a mole something like a Thames coal wharf, which is periodically washed away by the "northers," or northern gales, which during the Equinoxes set with terrific violence straight into the bay. Facing this mole is a square gravelly place filled with crimps, boatmen, bumboat women, nondescript half-soldier half-custom-house-looking individuals, and British touts. Of course you are immediately pounced upon, your luggage carried in twenty different directions, and you yourself jostled and hurried here and there, like a barrel of herrings, by the boatmen, a set of insolent, extortionate scamps,—a Chileno will tell you they are independent and free-hearted drolls. Supposing you get through the custom-house all right, and supposing you manage to get your luggage deposited in a coach, and supposing you survive the fearful drive in the said coach, you will probably find yourself, somehow or other (remember, everything is "somehow or other" in Chile; leave all thoughts of order or method behind you in Cockayne) in the Hotel Colon, or Campbell's, or some other hotel in which the

cochero thinks proper to shoot you, and where, for three dollars or twelve shillings a day, you can have a room, breakfast, dinner, and lunch; attendance is thrown in for nothing, and quite fair too, for a Chileno waiter is about the very strongest-smelling individual I know. There is a ghastly story current in Valparaiso, that one year, when all the foxes had been drowned by a flood, a well-known waiter named Juan de Dios, or Juan de la Cruz, was periodically hired by the Valparaiso Hunt Club to run a drag; and such was his extraordinary smell when warmed to his work, that the hounds used to go away at a burst on the burning scent, and run clean away from the horses. I believe he never *was* caught; a "kill in the open" would have been rather a playful termination to Mr. Juan de la Cruz's career. The living at the hotels on the whole is very fair; you have about twenty different little dishes, all served up at the same time, American fashion, and you cannot for love or money get a plate of good plain boiled or roast mutton or beef. Oh, that plain roast and boiled, boiled and roast! how we ridicule it at home! It certainly does get rather monotonous sometimes; but many a time have I hankered and hungered after a slice of juicy leg of mutton, as I have surveyed the microscopic dab of square brown stuff which Juan sets before me.

I mentioned a coach just now. A Chile coach or cab is the most extraordinary vehicle ever designed by man, and is drawn by the most surprising horse, I should say, in the universe. A Naples horse and cab is bad enough, but not to be named in the same breath with the Chilean one. Imagine a sort of inverted coffin case, bound and tied up together with odds and ends of rope and hide, supported on four most suspicious-looking wheels, and

with a pair of shafts projecting about two feet beyond the horse's nose—a loose ramshackle machine, especially designed to combine the most noise with the most jolting. The quadruped inside the shafts looks something like a cross between a forest pony and a gigantic species of rat; the harness consists of a complicated arrangement of old bits of hide, string, and scraps of leather; an extraordinary individual, the *cochero*, in a dirty white coat, wide straw hat, with a huge whip and a straw cigarette, keeps up a continual yelling or cracking of the aforesaid whip. Imagine all this, and you have some faint idea of a Valparaiso cab; only get inside one, and you will have a much more vivid idea of it. They seem omnipresent; appear at the door of your hotel, and immediately five or six of them dart at you like pike at a dace. They seem to know intuitively a fresh arrival, especially one from Britain, and follow one all along the pavement like a funeral procession. "Patron! Patroncito! here you are! mira! ten cents only!" and sure enough the wretched half-starved animal no sooner hears the slam of the door behind him than he jumps off like a pea from a shooter, aided by two or three artistic cuts with the whip planted with admirable dexterity over his nose and ears. He darts here and there, down alleys and up lanes, his head on one side, kicking, shying, and tugging away at the machine behind him like a demon; when you are just about half-killed, and had your breakfast all but shaken out of you, you pull up at your destination with a jerk that nearly throws you on the opposite seat on your nose; and for all this amusement you only pay ten cents! It is the cheapest bit of gymnastics I know of, with just a spice of danger to give a zest to it. When my readers reflect that this animal goes

through this performance at least twenty times a day, and keeps at it for about fifteen years, his life can hardly be called one of unalloyed enjoyment. When he has not a single leg to stand on, his ears flicked off or worn down by cuts from the whip, his body so covered with sores that his hide is valueless—then, and not till then, does the wretched beast end his days as food for dogs. Oh for a Humane Society in Chile ! They are the cruellest, as they are the most ignorant people in the whole world. I saw myself; in the streets of Valparaiso, a wretched mule run over by a street car ; one of the wheels cut off one of its fore-feet just at the fetlock ; the driver of the poor animal beat it till it got up, and then drove it along a cobble-paved street more than a mile. The street was crowded with passers-by at the time, not one of whom manifested the least sympathy with the poor beast, but one or two expressed their admiration at the *cleverness of the muleteer* in getting his mule along in that state.

I delivered my letters of introduction to Mr. Garland, a gentleman well known all through South America, I might almost say, as a sportsman and for his good qualities ; and not only he, but his brother and his cousin, the former of whom for years kept the pack of foxhounds at Valparaiso, and the latter is the general promoter of, and authority on sport in the country. I can only state that during the whole of my three years' residence in Chile I received such innumerable acts of kindness at their hands that I look back at that country as my second home.

Mr. G. immediately placed his house, or rather rooms, at my disposal. Putting my baggage on a bullock-cart to be sent out to his villa, we proceeded to the stables,

where we found two horses awaiting us, and mounting them we rode out to the "Zorras," distant about three miles, where Mr. G. was living. The road was rather pretty, winding along the sides of hills, and affording a fine view of the city below us.

"Well, here we are," said my host as we rode into a yard with a pigeon-house in the centre; "I have to get back to town, and you had better make yourself at home and ride into town afterwards for lunch." It was a pretty little cottage, just big enough for three, all ground floor, and painted white; the bedrooms were added on to the side of the house, with a verandah in front of them. This verandah was covered with vines, branches of which hung down beneath: under here we breakfasted. There was a garden of some two acres, but such a garden! Flowers and fruit struggled for the mastery, and around the whole was a ring of poplars, embraced half-way up their height with wild roses. In the yard two or three enormous deerhounds basked lazily in the sun, while in a loose box I observed what I put down as a "bit of blood;" and I was right, for it was Nimrod, a half-bred horse by an imported English stallion. In fact, the cottage had an uncommon close resemblance to a bachelor's shooting-box at home.

After seeing my things in order I mounted my steed, and rode into town again—or rather tried to do so. A curious beast was that horse, hight Chimborongo, rather small, but very stubborn, and he had more tricks than any other Chimborongo I ever clapped eyes on. I indiscreetly mounted him in the yard, and for full five minutes he wouldn't budge an inch. José, the servant, suggested a spur might be of some good. The spurs were brought—odd-looking affairs, about 6in. diameter in the rowels.

At the first dig he certainly moved ; at the second he seemed to think it was time to "get out of that ;" and at the third vigorous application he bolted bang into his stall, knocking my hat off, and commenced calmly to eat hay ! After a good deal of backing, kicking, and sundry curious oaths on the part of José, the animal was induced to go out of the yard ; but he was no sooner in the road than he changed his tactics and started off full gallop, ran down several steep inclines, and at last pulled up at the door of a *pulqueria* so suddenly as nearly to shoot me out of the saddle ; and so, alternately galloping, jibbing, shying, climbing up embankments, and performing most extraordinary gyrations on his hind legs, he eventually arrived at Campbell's Hotel.

"How do you like your nag ?" said Mr. G. ; "I have set him aside for your especial use ; no one else is to ride him."

"Thank you ; but is he always like he was coming out ?"

"What's that ? Been up to his shying tricks again ? Oh, that's nothing ; he used to be the same with me, but I soon cured him. I generally unhook one of the stirrups, and knock him down with it ! He goes all right after that."

I should think so. I recommend this recipe to brother sportsmen.

Alas, poor Chimbo ! with all thy faults I loved thee still. One night he was stolen. I was told that twenty-five dollars would get him back ; however, on reflection, I kept my money.

After lunch I went to see the city, and as the best way to set about it I commenced at one end and walked right to the other. I needed not to have walked, as street

railway cars run every few minutes; these cars are well horsed, &c., and the fare is only 2*d.* for the whole distance of three miles. It has another great recommendation—it pays twelve per cent. to shareholders.

The custom house, at the one end, is a large brick and mortar building, having a good many marks of the Spanish bombardment; it is not remarkable in any other way. On the heights above the custom house are some earthworks, armed with heavy Blakeley and Armstrong guns, in anticipation, I suppose, of another attack by the Spanish fleet. An uncommonly narrow dirty street leads you on to the Plaza Intendencia; this Plaza is about one hundred and fifty yards square, one side being formed by the landing stages, inspector's rooms, and the Bolsa or commercial reading room; another by a fire-engine house, a bank, and the post-office; the third by numerous grog saloons, stores, and a hotel or two; and fronting the mole is the Intendencia, or residence of the Intendente of Valparaiso. It is an ordinary-looking building, with a belfry and an enormous flag. By-the-bye, nearly the first thing that strikes a stranger's eye is the immense quantity of flags, as nearly every house displays its bit of bunting on every possible occasion. I might say that a more noticeable feature than this even is the frightful state of the pavements, street cars, &c., from excessive expectoration. Yankees are supposed to be "some on juicing," as they elegantly express it, but it must be said that they spit in the majority of cases with precision, and a consideration for your dress and boots. A Chileno doesn't; he spits anywhere, and on everything—at the dinner-table, at church; and the women are nearly as bad as the men. In a church at La Serena I saw a notice posted up

requesting the faithful not to expectorate too much on the floor, but to put their pocket-handkerchiefs to their natural use.

Well, after leaving the Plaza Intendencia, still following straight on, I passed through two streets, very narrow and shockingly paved, lined on each side with mercantile houses of the most ordinary description, and still going on, I came to the Calle Cabo, or High-street. This street was certainly superior to the others I had seen, and contained some handsome enough shops; still I should be inclined to put it down as about equal to an average provincial high street in England. Still following the same interminable street, I came to the Grand Plaza or Plaza Victoria. This certainly commands one's attention for some time, but there is really nothing in it that the greatest enthusiast could go into raptures about. In the centre is a fountain, and round it a pavement bordered by some sickly-looking trees, and provided with benches for the use of the public. This forms the favourite *paseo* or promenade for the inhabitants on an evening, more especially as the theatre forms one side of the Plaza; this theatre is much like any other. On the opposite side is the cathedral, not worthy of any mention, being merely a plastered square building with a belfry and the usual fixings ornaments; of these latter more anon. Beyond this square there is a passable street, the Calle Victoria, which leads you on to the railway station. After getting to the end of my journey, very hot and dusty, and rather out of temper, I returned by the way I came, paying a visit to a new church they were building in the Calle Nueva, which promised to be something out of the common; at all events, when I saw it it was a huge unfinished brick building, with a somewhat hand-

some roof and tower, but nothing to call for any unusual attention.

Perhaps I may here be allowed to remark on the extraordinary facility some people have of seeing something fine in everything foreign; I suppose it is on the *omne ignotum* principle. Given an old tumble-down brick building, with all the windows broken and half the roof off, and they immediately go into raptures over the "fine old ruin;" or an old archway or a heap of bricks causes them to fall a-thinking as to who was imprisoned there, or some such rubbish. I have seen Valparaiso and other South American cities described variously as fine, picturesque, well laid-out, with splendid churches, &c. Church architecture all through the land is execrable; they are all the same—a square plastered building with a few windows, as high up as possible, the only difference being that some are large and some small. In Lima there are a few churches besides the cathedral that are out of the common. All the churches in all South America rolled into one would not produce a building equal to any of our minsters; certainly the styles are different, inasmuch as the former have no style at all. However, when I come to Santiago I shall have occasion to speak more of the churches, &c.

On getting back I found my worthy steed all ready saddled, and, if he evinced in the morning a disinclination to come from his home, he certainly seemed resolved upon getting back as soon as possible. After two or three attempts at starting by himself—or, as my friend jocularly remarked, with no *outside* passengers—he put his nose between his knees and went off full tilt through the streets as if he bore a second Mazeppa. How long

he would have gone on I don't know, but we were eventually charged and stopped by a villanous-looking man on a horse, with a dirty blue uniform, a red cap, and a huge sword, who forthwith proceeded to take us to the police station, distant about two miles, there being a fine of one dollar for galloping through the streets. However, fortunately, on my way I met Mr. G., whom everyone seemed to know. A little talkee-talkie ensued, and the presentation of 20 cents (or one shilling) to the "peeler" settled all difficulties in a moment; and, after many apologies and *adios* from that functionary, we went on our way.

"I suppose the best way is to tip them when you are caught?" "Oh yes," said Mr. G., "that's the best way; or a good way is to go by full gallop, and when they attempt to stop you cry out '*Soy doctor.*'" It appears that doctors are allowed anywhere and over anything.

A Chileno *paco* or policeman is a dreadful scamp; he is usually about five feet high, dressed in a coat down to his heels, a dirty cap on his head several sizes too big for him, and an immense sword reaching almost to his ears. In a difficulty they lay about them with these instruments pretty freely, especially if they can get a drunken sailor up a back lane; they never miss a chance of taking the change out of Jack. Their pay is miserable, and their dispositions accordingly vile. Their mode of communicating with each other is by blowing a bone whistle of peculiar shrillness; I never saw a *paco* do anything yet but smoke straw cigarritos and blow his whistle; when about a dozen of them are all blowing away together like steam engines, the effect is horrible.

After dinner, thinking quietly about what I had seen in the Vale of Paradise, I came to the conclusion, as I said before, that it was a regular "take-in." Upon my word I don't believe Murray could make a handbook on the place. I contend that a place with such a name, 16,000 miles away—and, say what you will, distance *has* a good deal to do with it, who's going to Timbuctoo if he can't see something fresh?—I say such a place has no business to be such a swindle. There is positively nothing there. I tried for months to discover something—some old church or library, some old house, some relic or other to go into raptures about; but no, I found nothing; I might just as well have been in Hammersmith or Houndsditch. However, I have Santiago, "el ojo de Chile," to fall back on; that's some consolation. I shall see something there, at any rate, worth seeing.

Valparaiso has its little scandals and quarrels, like the veriest little out-of-the-way country parish at home. I suppose it may with safety be said that, if there is one storm that is nearly sure to rise in an English village, it is one between the parson, organist, churchwardens, and parishioners; the last three are unanimous in one respect only—in their hostility to the first. I am extremely glad to say that Valparaiso is, or was, no way behindhand in this respect. It had its parson squabble, and not only that, but kept it up for something like eight years! Think of that, ye curates at home, worried by vestrymen and refractory females! Nowhere can ye escape your inevitable fate—at all events not in Valparaiso; for well as the reverend gentleman held his own, in sporting language, the pace killed him at last, and he was fairly driven out of the place by a clique of "highly respectable"

people, whipped in by two or three old fogies, who devoted themselves generally on Sundays to rum punch, three-card loo, and anathematising the parson.

On going abroad the *last* thing generally inquired about is medical attendance. Of course at home, in dear old England, where one has one's friends to anticipate every want, we don't put much value upon it; but if I were asked what inducements I held out to a young man going to Chile, I should reply that I considered the fact of there being first-rate medical attendance and a first-rate hospital among the highest; it is far superior to any hospital I have seen out of England. The word hospital had always been one of peculiarly unpleasant significance to me. I imagined a square grim-looking building outside, with all the blinds in the windows down; inside, a number of passages with wards on each side, all lettered like stalls in a stable, in and out of which glide nurses painfully clean and prim; doors labelled "surgery," "operating room;" a medical student or two, and a smell pervading the whole of fresh-scrubbed floors, disinfecting fluid, and senna tea. The very thought of going there made me think I should be experimented upon by some rising young sawbones with a peculiar *penchant* for fatty tumours or some other disease. I am happy to say the British hospital is the exact opposite of all this. It was originally a private house, and is situated on the top of Cerro Alegre; it commands a beautiful view of the bay, and the air is much purer and healthier than in the town below. How many times I thought how the poor wretches at home, in London hospitals, cooped up in small space and doubtful air, would have enjoyed the balmy breeze and nature's glorious panorama.

There is a very good club in Valparaiso, and the directors of it are most exceedingly liberal in extending its privileges to strangers; in fact, the hospitality of the English merchants generally is very great. Some of the strongest London firms are represented in this city, and, as a body, I am inclined to think that they are entitled to as much respect as any other in the world. A failure is exceedingly rare in Valparaiso among the English; in fact, I do not remember one during my residence. I am aware that Valparaiso has got rather a bad name as a fast, bad place, but I don't don't know why; you find good and bad people everywhere. I do know however, that what are called the "good old times" of Valparaiso are gone, and gone for ever, thank God! Then it was thought quite the correct thing to get drunk—quite the privilege of the upper ten, but all that is changed now. A man who gets drunk or behaves like a blackguard gets marked as soon there as anywhere else, and a person who behaves himself like a gentleman is as well received as he would be in his own home.

Some of the shops in the streets are fair. If you enter one of them, you will probably be struck with the remarkable fact that nothing seems to be under a dollar—*un peso*; if it is the omnipotent penny in England, surely it is the everlasting dollar here. If you want a pair of gloves, your hair cut, a collar, a pot of pomatum, or anything else from a toothpick to an umbrella, you never can get a decided answer from the young man. He eyes you, turns you inside out as it were, consults with another young man who has been also eyeing you from behind a box or two in the corner, and, if he thinks you will stand it, says with a doubtful air, as if it were of no sort of consequence to him, "Un pesito, señor"—

merely a dollar. You object; another consultation, and he thinks he may venture to let you have it at half a dollar—this with an air of “Well, you can’t afford more, and so I give it you;” and finally you get the article for about one real, or the eighth of a dollar.

The country near Valparaiso is barren, hilly, and uninteresting; the soil, however, is so peculiarly fertile that wherever a little water, cultivation, and care is applied, luxuriant verdure clothes the soil. At the *Zorras*, only three miles from Valparaiso, are many delightful residences. Mr. Charles Watson, a gentleman whose well-known hospitality I had the pleasure of enjoying during all my stay in Chile, has a beautiful place there, with gardens, lawns, &c., as well laid out as in a country house at home. The cricket ground is distant about two miles up a steep *quebrada*; and an uncommonly cool and airy place it is. The wind blows a perfect hurricane there five days out of the week, almost precluding the idea of playing cricket; but, nevertheless, the Valparaiso C.C. is a flourishing institution, and the members get up plenty of matches during the season, especially if there happens to be a man-of-war or two in the harbour. I took many a charming ride to the Placilla, where the annual races are held, and where the foxhound kennels are; yes, sporting readers, you may open your eyes, but there is a pack of foxhounds in far-off Chile, and not such a bad one either. I believe they were originally got out by Mr. Thomas B. Garland, and presented by him to the Valparaiso Hunt; after Mr. G.’s departure for England, his cousin, Mr. George Garland, a gentleman known, as I said before, as a most ardent sportsman, took charge of them and hunted them himself for some years. Three years ago, however, the hunt got out from England

hunter named Holman, who, I believe, gives every satisfaction. When I saw them they were rather out of health, influenza or kennel cough having been pretty busy among them; but they were a good serviceable-looking lot—rather uneven of course, but you must not look too closely into a pack in Chile. I can assure my readers that I had many a good run with them subsequently. The sport is rather of a "hide and seek" quality, the covert being a short thick scrub mixed up with boulders and masses of rock, which makes it difficult to bolt a fox, and necessitates untiring energy on the part of the huntsman. The animals themselves are somewhat peculiar, some being smaller than a good English dog fox, and others attaining to an enormous size. I was assured by Mr. G. that the pack once killed a fox which was over five feet in length, but perhaps this may be a species of jackal. I see in the Zoological Gardens they have two of these large Chile foxes, and they are labelled "Chile jackal."

At the kennels there is a nice little tavern kept by the huntsman, and there I demolished many a juicy *lomo* steak and bottle of Bass. The racecourse is near here, in the shape of an oval, about a mile and a half round (of the Chile horses and races more hereafter), and a few miles further there are some deep *lagunas* or lakes, which contain great numbers of *pejerreyes*, a small fish resembling a 6in. dace more than anything I can recollect, and most delicious eating. Close by here is a *hacienda*, or farm, called the Penuelas, and it used to be a favourite amusement of mine to go out fishing to those lakes, taking a gun with me on the odd chance of a partridge.

Sport in Chile is bad, decidedly bad. Guanacos can

be got, of course; but a man must make up his mind to a fortnight in the Cordilleras if he wants sport. There are plenty of partridges away from the towns, but not in any *great* number. They are a larger and coarser bird than the English partridge; in fact, they are not a true partridge at all, but a—well, upon my word, I forget what they are; anyhow they are very dry eating. There are *tortolas*, or doves, in abundance, and a few snipe and golden plover. Down south innumerable flocks of duck and geese congregate, and can be shot by the cartload. There is also good seal shooting to be had for those who like it; I don't, as nine cases out of ten you lose your seal. There are no rivers and no fishing worth speaking in Chile, and I never heard of a fish rising to a fly. The pejerrey grows in the southern rivers to a foot long, and gives some fair sport, but the travelling is leg-weary work, I can assure you.

So much then for Valparaiso; a person would gain just as much knowledge about Chile from visiting that city as he would of North America by seeing Kam-schatka. I will beg my readers to remember that I do not intend these letters to be "an exact and full account" of the arts, manufactures, &c., of Chile; anyone can get better insight into *them* by turning up the last edition of the Encylo. Britan. and Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage" than I could give him in fifty pages. I merely wish to endeavour to give a *general* idea of the country by means of a few sketches, not by means of a diary. I am aware that many men write a book of travels while the steamer waits to coal at the several ports; I can only say I wish I had the recipe. As an instance of what some men *can* do in the way of book-making, I will relate a true story. A gentleman

came out to Chile in a sailing vessel that touched at Coquimbo; in the course of his rambles about the city of La Serena, the capital of the province, he saw that the pavements in front of the houses of some of the poorer classes were ornamented with the knuckle bones of sheep, arranged in fantastic order; some friend who was with him told him as a joke that they were the bones of the Spaniards who had been killed in a battle! The gentleman subsequently wrote a book on Chile (I am not quite sure, but I think he *did* go to Valparaiso), and actually introduced this circumstance as "an instance of the extreme ferocity of the inhabitants!" This is a fact. Poor Chile! she catches it occasionally. Most of my readers will doubtless recollect, two or three years back, an account which appeared in the English daily papers about a bandit, named Largo-baron. Of course it was a hoax, but still it went a long time unrefuted. The papers stated that Mr. Largo-baron, whatever that may mean, was eventually killed in a cave, whither he used to drag his victims, principally women, and feed on their breasts! Now Chile is bad enough, but I protest against her people being called cannibals. The roars of laughter the account excited in Valparaiso may be imagined. Talca was said to be his head-quarters; Talca is a large well-governed city of about 20,000 inhabitants.

The oddest thing about Valparaiso is that you are expected to fall down and worship it; people get really quite annoyed if you do not praise it to the skies. I suppose in the first week I was there I must have been asked the question a hundred times, "How do you like Valparaiso?" At first I was candid—"I don't think much of it;" "I think it rather a dull uninteresting place," or

something of that sort. There was always a shade of anger or disappointment on my questioner's face, and I noticed that almost invariably the conversation ended with "Oh, you must see Santiago; something like a city; finest in South America." This continual dinning in my ears about Santiago made me think I had better go as quick as possible, and accordingly, in company with two friends, I left the Valparaiso station by the express train at eight o'clock in the morning for Santiago, distant about 120 miles. The carriages I found about the same as the ordinary run of those at home, and the fare was £1—a cheap enough ride, I must admit. The line is a Government monopoly entirely, and was built partly by the ubiquitous Mr. Meiggs and partly by Mr. Garland. The country immediately outside Valparaiso is uninteresting; the appearance, however, rapidly improves, and now and then I saw some of the most charming *casasquintas* or country villas it is possible to conceive. Roses and other flowers loaded the air with their perfume, while the shimmering trees and long rows of vines afforded a harbouring shade for numberless birds. All this is accomplished by the most ordinary care and a little water. From Limache to Quillota the country is perfection, excepting always the want, to an English eye, of woodland scenery. The general aspect of the land was broad *potreros*, or fields of knee-deep grass, intersected at regular intervals by walnut trees or standard peaches, and divided from each other, by mud *adobe* walls and a row of the everlasting poplars. These poplar groves are scattered everywhere over the country between Valparaiso and Santiago, sometimes extending for a mile in length. Occasionally we passed a vineyard—a

very different affair from one in England. A vineyard in Chile consists of a field sometimes several acres in extent, divided into regular rows by posts and iron wire; the vines are planted at the foot of the posts, which are about six feet high, and trained along the wire. In the course of time the roof of leaves gets so thick that the space between the rows forms a delightful promenade, impervious to the rays of the sun. All along the line are scattered small *ranchos* or cottages surrounded by a few paternal acres, the contented owner of which was generally lying at full length in front of his mansion, puffing his everlasting cigarito.

Limache is rather an important *pueblo* of some 5000 inhabitants; it boasts a plaza and a superior hotel, kept by a landlord who understands the art of making one comfortable in a remarkably high degree (when I come to think of it, I believe the landlord was a woman); a really first class dinner, excellent claret, and a commodious swimming bath are things by no means to be despised anywhere, much less in distant Chile. A beautiful garden was attached to the house, containing vineyards, pasture land, broad and shady walks, and roses and other flowers without number. The view of the Quillota Sierra was very fine. The town itself is not worthy of any mention; it is simply like any other *pueblo* in Chile—one and two storied adobe house, with a *patio* inside and a *quinta* or garden at the back, large or small as the case may be. All the windows are strongly barred, and the streets execrably paved with small kidney pebbles, sharp end up. After lunch we determined to walk to the top of a hill—it would be a good-sized mountain in England—three miles off. Our host bustled about to get us horses. “But we are going

to walk." "What!" cried he; "walk up there?" "Well, yes, we were thinking of it." "Ingleses locos!" (mad Englishmen), he muttered, and went away without another word. After rather a tiresome climb we gained the summit, and were well rewarded for our pains. It was near the hour of sunset, which gilded with its rays the vale of Quillota which lay stretched out at our feet, lighting up its hundred smiling homesteads, and throwing the broad shadow of many a poplar grove athwart its fertile meadows dotted thick with lowing kine. It was a lovely sight, a lovely land, and for full an hour we sat and gazed upon it; one could not help reflecting what it might become under an improved system of cultivation and emigration. On our return we found our fame had preceded us, for a sort of levee was waiting to look upon the three madmen who had actually walked up a hill. Of course no Chileno who can possibly beg, borrow, or steal a mule or animal of some sort, ever thinks of walking. I don't believe there is a man in the country who could walk twenty miles. There is a well-known proverb, "Put a beggar on horseback," &c.; I think it must be a Spanish one, as it is by no means uncommon to see an old beggar ride comfortably into town from his country mansion, tie up his nag, and commence his vocation as calmly as possible. However, the only effect the work had on us was that we did ample justice to a remarkably good dinner, and enjoyed our cigars under the vines with an extra zest; moreover, after partaking of a compound of whiskey, lemon, and hot water, cunningly devised by one of my companions (a Scotchman he), I for my part slept like a top.

Out of bed at six in the morning—such a morning! (they have them every day nearly in Chile; about a

dozen times a year in England)—a glorious swim in the bath, and a cup of coffee with just a “sensation” in it, and I walked down to Mr. Long’s farm, about one and a half miles distant, where I intended to examine his fine stock of cattle, horses, &c., among these latter the thoroughbred imported English stallion Fanfaron. Mr. Long deserves more than a passing allusion. He has resided in the country for upwards of twenty years, and is a thorough sportsman in every sense of the word; he is married to a most charming Chilena lady, and his boys, from what little I saw of them, seemed very apt to emulate the sporting proclivities of their father. They certainly did credit to the climate, for a sturdier pair I have never seen, in or out of England. The estate which Mr. Long farmed belongs to Don Luis Cousino, a Chileno capitalist, who also takes great interest in racing and the breeding of horses, and under Mr. Long’s supervision has imported several brood mares, horned stock, and other animals. I need hardly say they are looked after as well as possible. Fanfaron is a stylish-looking nag, about 15.1, and I believe won a few minor races. Compared with a powerful English racing stallion, he is a mere park hack, but he is very well suited to the small Chile mares, and his stock are middling fast and good-tempered. Among the many brood mares I noticed Empress, who, I was told, was once among the first favourites for the Oaks, and also Annie Laurie, a mare of good substance and shape.

After dinner I returned to Limache, and took the train for Santiago; there was nothing much worthy of mention on the road. We passed by Tiltil, where there is a large establishment for washing copper ores. Near to Santiago was rather a curious optical delusion or

mirage, which was pointed out to me by a Chileno gentleman in the train; about two miles from the track were apparently two or three broad *lagunas* or sheets of water; it was in reality the reflection of the sun on the grass, due I suspect to a particular angle of the reflection, and not to the particular quality of the grass, as I was informed, but I had not time to inquire into the phenomenon more minutely. We travelled in the same train with several *padres* or priests; on arriving at Santiago these gentry were all accommodated with private carriages and fine horses, and drove off like princes of the land, as indeed they are; a Chileno priest has an uncommonly good idea of taking care of himself. The railway station is a very creditable one, and the cabs outside better than those at Valparaiso, and well they might be. We drove to the Hotel Ingles, where we secured good quarters at the moderate sum of two dollars, or eight shillings, a day. And now for the city.

It is not a fine city; I suppose I shall offend some hundreds of foreigners, and of course all Chilenos, by saying so. The thing is, what are you going to compare it with—Paris? St. Petersburg? Oh, of course you can't do that, you are told; what then? Santiago is a city of some 150,000 people, laid out in regular squares; it has an Alameda or public walk three miles long, and I should say something more than 500 churches and convents; it has a tolerable plaza, one good hotel, and can boast of the finest situation and scenery of any city in the world. It lacks the element of Spanish antiquity which gives the charm to Lima and some few other cities; it looks more like a modern European town than any I know of—indeed, some of the houses recently

constructed might very well pass for those in a Belgravian terrace. I don't intend to "describe" the city as the guide books do; neither I nor anyone else, I suppose, ever did gain the faintest idea of a place from a guide book only; thus I will merely mention some of its more noticeable features.

The Alameda, about which one hears and reads so much, disappointed me; indeed, I was a long time in it without knowing so. It is simply a long wide street, with two streams of water running down it; by the side of these streams are two rows of poplars, and the space between forms the favourite walking place of the Santiaguinos; there are some fine houses on each side, and some very bad ones; there is a fountain or two, and a statue of some patriot or other on a horse prancing about with no stirrups. The whole thing reminds me something of the broad walk in the Regent's Park. The Campo del Marte, or Champs de Mars, is a large green inclosure or common where reviews and races are held; there is nothing noticeable in it. Of course I went to see the Mint; it is an enormous building, covering a whole *cuadra* or square, but it has no architectural beauty, is whitewashed all over, and every window is strongly barred. By-the-bye, every house in South America has its window barred up like a jail, on account of the revolutions; on these occasions people get "mixed" in their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. The Museum of Chile I found after some little trouble; it contains a small collection of birds and animals. Formerly the place was in a state of great dilapidation, but since an Englishman has had charge of it an improvement has taken place, though even now it has a broken-down appearance. The collection of minerals is good,

and also that of the flowers and plants of Chile; the Government allows the magnificent sum of three hundred dollars or fifty-five pounds a year to the curator, and I believe it spends something like five hundred thousand dollars a year in keeping up a preposterous army.

The Plaza is a large square, with a fountain, &c., in the centre; on two sides are colonnades, with some handsome enough shops, and the other two are occupied by public buildings, among which is the cathedral and the archbishop's palace; underneath the latter are shops, rather an odd mixture it struck me. One might look for a month, and never guess which *was* the cathedral, as it is a huge square red-brick building, of no beauty or design whatsoever. The same description serves for all the churches and cathedrals throughout the country, the only difference being that some are small, and some large; it is exactly the same with regard to the *pueblos* or towns—you might, so to speak, shake them all up in a bag, and I'd defy anyone to tell which was which. Instead, therefore, of giving a detailed account of everyone of the innumerable churches I visited, I shall simply describe one once for all, and have done with it.

A Chile church is a square building, with a window or two near the eaves; sometimes it has one tower, sometimes two; it always has a peal of bells, and the incessant jangling they keep up is a perfect nuisance. Inside there are two rows of pillars down the centre, the ceiling being more or less gilt, according to the wealth of the order. At the far end is the altar, with a figure of the Virgin, which may be either superbly dressed and decorated with jewels, or else, as in the country towns, a mere mass of tinsel and rubbish. Around the walls are

figures of saints, dressed in full costume, with bones and other relics carefully preserved in niches underneath; a picture or two may be hung on the walls, but, excepting one of Our Saviour that I saw in the cathedral in Santiago, I don't remember one worthy of mention. There being no pews or benches of any description to interrupt the view, you get an effect not possible in an English place of worship. The cathedral at Santiago is somewhere about 150 yards long by forty broad, and looking up the whole length of the aisles in the dim religious light, one is very apt to be misled into pronouncing it grand, especially if one goes, like some travellers, determined to see something wonderful in everything. What I *have* seen in churches in Chile would rather astonish some of my readers, I think. Some are filled with the most preposterous cheap German prints of saints, the outside cost of which must be reckoned by pence; some of the figures, too, are decked out in the most wretched scraps of tinsel, bits of lace, and a few dilapidated spangles. Occasionally there may be obtrusively plastered about, as it were, some old silver plates or copper-gilt ornaments, but generally speaking the candlesticks and other accompaniments are of tin. An altar lighted up at night with myriads of lights loses a good deal of its trumpery appearance, but a Chile church in the daytime is about the meanest and most disagreeable place I know. In one church that I entered I came upon two of the most astounding figures I ever saw out of a church, much less in one. One was intended to represent St. Michael defeating Satan; Michael appeared to be, and probably was, the figure-head of a condemned ship, furbished up with an extra coat of paint, and Satan was represented by a large

stuffed object made out of red cloth, something between a crocodile and a griffin, with two huge glass beads for its eyes, one green and the other red. By the side of these, and apparently contemplating the scene with great contentment, was a large wax figure dressed in full ballet costume, pink silk stockings, boots, &c., all complete, and balanced on the extreme tip of her left foot in what I considered rather an indecent posture—rather can-can-y in fact. On inquiring of an attendant who this person might be, he expressed himself highly surprised and explained, with many a cross and "*por Dios*," that she was the Holy Mother, and furthermore added that a few centavos for her benefit would be highly acceptable.

I don't know that I have anything more to say about Santiago except its situation and scenery, and this, like the P.S. in a letter, is worth all the rest put together. Out of the midst of the city there rises a hill called the Santa Lucia; up this I was never weary of going, and oh what a view you get! I think it is one of the very finest I ever saw. I do not believe in describing scenery, and, for the matter of that, no one ever did describe it or can—that is, to give an idea of it to persons who have never seen it; but I wish I could describe that view. On one side lay the city, its convent spires, gardens, walks, and plazas gilded with the mellow rays of the setting sun; away beyond stretched broad fields waving with the ripening corn, and dotted here and there with a church or farm; the poplar groves nodded their quivering heads to the gentle breeze, and away through all ran the river glittering like a sword. To the east the giants of the Cordillera barred the way, covered with snow, blood-red in the setting sun—but I might go on

for two pages, and then not give a ghost of an idea of it. Santiago looked well, then.

I could hardly leave the city without visiting the scene of the fearful tragedy of the Campania, or Jesuit Church, which was burnt down with some two thousand souls inside it. Such full details were, however, given in the daily papers at the time of the catastrophe that it is needless to dwell on it here.

The inhabitants of Santiago have the name of being the most immoral of any in South America; I fancy it is a mistake. Someone sees the statement in a cyclopædia or somewhere; he repeats it, and so on—a kind of “give a dog,” &c., style of doing business. To descant on the morals of the natives is rather a favourite topic with many writers; it always seems to me like making oneself out the good boy setting all the other bad boys right. I have no doubt, as far as my experience goes, that the morals of the Chilenos are quite as good as those of our own countrymen and women.

Santiago is renowned as a city *de mas lujo*—of the greatest refinement and swelldom; a sort of Belgravia among the other cities. “I am a Santiaguino” is equivalent to the “*Romanus sum*” of old. I believe the young men there are supposed to do nothing else *but* dress. I was once pointed out a tall young gentleman who had thirty-seven pairs of trowsers; my informant, a native, seemed rather proud of this recommendation. I certainly never remember seeing one doing anything in the way of work, and, as a Santiaguino never reads, it has often puzzled me how he gets through his time. I believe, however, the whole absorbing thought of what little brains he has got consists in dangling after the *señoritas*, and in this, he is the most persevering

fellow I know; he is at it from morning to night, and this, smoking cigaritos, wearing high-heeled boots, and riding a prancing horse, constitutes his paradise. A Santiaguino will do anything in the world for show; he'll haggle with a cabman over five cents, and will give a dinner that costs him two hundred dollars—but everyone must know it; in his own house he will live in the kitchen and eat bread and beans, that he may furnish two reception rooms with Parisian furniture, and keep a carriage; he delights in high-sounding names, as Señor Don Hermenejildo Celestino somebody or other, who you find is a cheesemonger or a tailor. He will swear you are the best fellow in the world, and he's your best friend, and sell you a thousand dollars' worth of sham silver-mining stock next minute. Talk about your Jew! Why, a Chileno would draw his eye teeth for him in a crack. The great and universal failing, the national vice, is an unconquerable dislike to cold water, or water in any shape, for the purpose of washing; they *never* wash—no half measures about it. The first thing a Chileno does when he is sick is to stop the cat's-lick he gives himself once a day, and tie his head up in an enormous great linen bandage passed under his jaws. Anyone who has been in Chile a day will remember the numbers of people one sees in the street with their heads tied up. It gives a new comer the idea that a free fight has taken place in the streets the day before.

As I was passing down the Calle Huerfanos I saw a procession of saints. I am happy to say that a great movement is on foot to put a stop to these monstrous devices of the padres. It is astonishing how any civilised human being can witness one of these processions, much less join in one of them, without feelings of profound

pity and shame. To see these figures of saints, decked out in tawdry finery, paraded through the streets and followed by thousands, is to me one of the most humiliating sights in the world. I saw a procession at Coquimbo once, and the *santa* on that occasion was decorated with a wonderfully fine *waterfall*, lent for this express purpose by "one of the most religious and beautiful young ladies of the town," so said the paper next day. I was witness, however, to a sight far more debasing and horrible than this; I allude to that godless, wicked thing called an *anjelito*. I had frequently heard of them, but had never believed such a thing possible; I have told several people in England of the fact, but I fancy I am rarely believed. I was at Carrizal in company with an estimable young Chileno gentleman, and, on passing the door of a house from whence issued shouts of drunkenness, we looked in. My companion hurriedly pulled me away, saying "There's an *anjelito*." I shall never forget the horror of that scene. Imagine a long room with a table in the middle, covered with glasses of wine and mugs of aguardiente; around it some fifteen or twenty of the lowest class of miners in various stages of drunkenness, all drinking, shouting, dancing, and fighting; a few wretched women were joining in the dance, while two others were strumming with all their might on two guitars. Perched on 'a niche in the wall' was what I thought was a wax image, crowned with flowers; it was a *dead child*. The eyes by some device were kept open, its little hands placed decently in front, its cheeks rouged and whitened to resemble life, and in its mouth a flower was placed. As it looked staring down on the scene of drunkenness below, with its dull, lack-lustre eyes, I thought I never saw anything so horrible. I can assure my readers that

not only is this a fact, but the poor little innocent babe is often *lent* to a neighbour who wants to attract customers to her house.

In the neighbourhood of Santiago are some lovely *haciendas* and *casaquintas*—country residences of the rich—fruits, flowers, and all green things of the earth growing in the greatest profusion. It is such a pity it is not more thickly wooded! Once upon a time the whole of the south was abundantly wooded, but, there being no forest laws in Chili, all the trees have been cut down, principally for smelting purposes.

Near the city are the baths of Apoquindo. I went in a coach, and returned the same day; there is a good hotel there, and the scenery is very pretty. These baths, however, are completely thrown in the shade by the celebrated hot springs of Cauquenes, which are celebrated all through South America for their curative properties. They are situated a short distance from the Cauquenes station; an excellent hotel is attached to the baths. Still more celebrated are the hot baths of Chillan, situated to the south in the Cordillera, which are visited even by people from Europe; they are exceedingly beneficial in skin diseases.

I stayed a week in Santiago, and quitted it with great regret.

There is something I like about the place; when one gets into some large, rambling old house in the outskirts, with some acres of garden at the back, one can shut the door and fancy oneself at Jericho, or anywhere else, and as a place of residence I prefer it to any other city in South America. It is inferior to Lima in many respects; but I do not associate it, like that detestable, wicked, blood-stained place, with rapine, violence, savagery, and lust.

I am quite sure Lima some day will be swallowed up by an earthquake or burnt like Sodom and Gomorrah for its damnable iniquity. People in Santiago seem to jog along thinking of nothing at all; a guitar, a bundle of cigaritos, a little wine, and a little spree now and then, and Carajo! who's going to break one's back with work? "See Naples and die." Stuff! live in Santiago, and have a good time of it; that's their recipe, and i' faith I think they are right.

ANDACOLLO—LIMA—PANAMA— JAMAICA.

IN company with Mr. John Hamilton, a gentleman well known in the mining districts of Chile, and a worthy comrade to boot, I determined to visit the establishment of Panulcillo and Pangué, extending my visit to the mining town of Andacollo. Accordingly we took the train from Coquimbo, which in four hours landed us at Panulcillo; we passed on our way the districts of Tambillos and Higuera, where the Guayaquil works have two agencies for the purchase of metals. Tambillos principally produces carbonates, of an average ley of ten or twelve per cent., and the production of the district may be put down at about one hundred and twenty tons monthly. Peñon, four miles off, produces principally rich *bronces*, averaging sixteen per cent; but some ores are very rich, small lots of fifty to sixty per cent being by no means uncommon: monthly production about one hundred tons. Higuera, a little farther on, produces poor carbonates of six or seven per cent the production is large, but hardly pays for the working. There is nothing of interest in the general aspect of these places; they are excessively hot and extraordinarily dull, and the life of those condemned to live there must be dreadful. The great point of interest on the line is the *cuesta* or cutting which the train ascends going from Tambillos to Higuera. Although the actual distance is not more than a very few miles, yet

the distance travelled over is considerably more than five times the amount; we wound round hills, went through mountains and along precipices, and after twenty minutes we appeared to come out at the same place we started from. However, even the *cuesta* has an end, and I was rather glad when we got to the top, as the idea of a coupling iron breaking was not a comfortable one to contemplate by any means. The entire road to Panulcillo was covered with flowers—you could not have planted your foot without crushing one.

At Panulcillo we were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Weir, and I was conducted over the establishment. The mines of Panulcillo can hardly be called mines; they are more like mountains of poor ore, from four to five per cent. The problem for the company is, of course, how to smelt these poor ores. Since the introduction of blast furnaces, however, the affairs of the company have been looking up; the Guayacan establishment takes all the regulus made, and I believe the quantity amounts to something like four hundred tons monthly; average ley about forty per cent. A beautiful garden fronted the house of Mr. Weir, giving the otherwise barren spot quite a picturesque appearance.

After a few hours' rest and a stirrup cup, we mounted and rode to Pangué. Part of the road was exceedingly picturesque, and Recoleta, a small *pueblo* which we passed on our way, seemed a charming spot—for anyone who wished to hide himself entirely from the rest of the world. These interior Chile villages really do seem perfectly isolated from everything. The padre of the place, when he heard Don Juan was passing through, insisted on our dismounting to drink chicha, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could get away from him.

Just before we reached Pangue we passed along a narrow lane, the hedges of which were completely covered with the blue (rare) species of *tropæolum*. The effect was perfectly lovely. Pangue is an establishment for the washing of ores; the metal, which averages something like seven per cent., is first of all crushed by stamps moved by water-power, and is then run through troughs and sieves, which divide it into different sizes, and conduct it into large vats, where it is gradually washed and separated from the rock, till it attains a ley of thirty per cent or thereabouts. Pangue itself is rather a pretty place, situated at the head of a charming little valley. Next evening, in company with Mr. K., I started for the mining town of Andacollo.

After a ride of two hours, my companion pulled up at the door of a farm-house, which he said it would be impossible for him to pass by without stopping to say how-d'ye-do, as the people would never forgive him. The name of the place was Samo, and the "people" were three of the prettiest girls I had seen for a long time. Of course, we had immediately to dismount, and I very soon saw, by sundry little preparations that went on, that that was the end of the journey for the day. In about half an hour I was talking away with the prettiest of the three—dear me, what eyes that girl had!—and eating *casuela* as if I had been an inmate of the house for a year. I think I could eat *casuela de pollo* on my deathbed; it is made of chicken, milk, eggs, potatoes, &c.; you must get an old woman, about eighty-five years old, who does nothing else but make *casuelas*, to concoct it; and then—eat it and be thankful. After discussing some half a dozen platefuls of this, the guitar was brought out, and the serious business of the evening

commenced—the word serious being used in a highly ironical sense. One of the three (the one with the eyes) advanced and asked me to dance a *cueca* with her. I had as much notion what a *cueca* was as the man in the moon. I told her so. “Never mind; I’ll show you,” she said. It was of no use, however. My companion volunteered to show me by dancing with his *favorita*; he performed, I meanwhile sitting like a fool by the side of my *señorita*; she suggested that perhaps a *leetle* drop more of *chicha* might set me going,—in fact, I wanted more powder in the heels of my boots. The effect in about twenty minutes was that I was hopping about from toe to toe, twisting like a whirling dervish round my astonished partner, jumping madly in the air, waving a handkerchief frantically round my head, scraping my feet, screeching like a Cherokee, and doing everything but stand on my head, and all the time I was supposed to be dancing a *cueca*. And do you suppose that charming *señorita* laughed at me? Not a bit of it; she declared with the prettiest grace in the world that I was, without exception, the best *cueca* dancer she had ever seen! I think at that time I knew, more or less, twenty words of Spanish. Now that’s not a large stock to take to an evening party; but she was never tired of saying that I spoke excellently—*muy Castellano*. When I mention that we went through the above performance nine times that evening, and that we were dressed in knee-boots, corduroy breeches, and straw hats 2ft. wide, I think I have said enough to prove that we *may* have appeared rather singular to the lookers-on outside; however, it was a *fiesta*, and what matters then?

We literally tore ourselves away from this most hospitable family next morning, leaving *one* heart behind

us anyhow ; but then one is always doing that in Chile. The road was exceedingly wild and picturesque, winding round the sides of mountains, sometimes passing along the edge of a precipice some thousands of feet deep. The whole of these hills seemingly, from their summits to their base, were covered with red and yellow tropæolums ; I leave my readers to imagine the effect. It was here I had my first sight of a condor. Four of these glorious birds were sailing overhead, having doubtless discovered a dead carcass in one of the gorges. Except the frigate bird, I know no feathered creature that can compare, for grace and perfect ease, with a condor on the wing. On the ground he is one of the most disgusting objects in creation, but in the air you may watch one for hours, and never see him flap his wings. Their size has been greatly exaggerated ; I believe a condor 9ft. across the wings is above the average. Their strength of beak and claw is enormous, two of them mastering a calf or young guanaco with the greatest ease. A celebrated feast was going on when we arrived at Andacollo, the town being gaily decked with flags, &c. It is rather an important *pueblo*, situated on an elevated plateau ; in the winter snow falls on the surrounding hills. The principal mines are of copper, the most important belonging to S.S. Videla. The surrounding hills also abound in gold, that is to say, every bucketful of dirt contains gold, but in minute quantities. If there was a continuous and plentiful supply of water, no doubt large quantities of gold would be extracted. Numbers of the poorer class make their living by washing or " panning out " large wooden bowls of dirt, taken promiscuously from the sides of the hills, their average gainings being about four reals or two shillings daily.

The copper ores extracted here are of a very superior quality and ley. As we rode into the town we were literally taken possession of by Don Gabriel Videla, a rich mine owner, who insisted on our taking up our quarters with him during the *fiesta*, and for two days we enjoyed the hospitality of this estimable gentleman. As the hotel at Andacolla is not quite equal to the Langham, we were not sorry.

Andacollo is celebrated chiefly for its *Virjen*, or Virgin. This saint is supposed to possess marvellous powers both for good and evil, and her shrine is visited from all parts of the coast, even from Bolivia. Many of the miners make a vow that if their mines turn out well they will give so much to La Virjen, and these vows are rarely, if ever, broken. Photographs of her are sold all over Chile, principally on board the coasting steamers, as a protection from disease and danger. In the olden times, at Christmas, a miner or Indian out of luck could go and borrow a small sum of the Virgin, for which of course she charged him a trifle for interest, merely a hundred times or so the original amount. Such, however, was the terror of her name, that I was informed no one ever failed to pay back, at all events, the original sum. I went to see her of course; I found the church a tumbledown concern, and La Virjen much like other figures; she was completely covered with jewellery—which, by the way, I was told was false, the real things being stowed away by the priests. She is reported to be immensely rich, but where the money goes to is rather hard to discover. In the evening there was a display of fireworks and a theatrical representation; the theatre was a courtyard, and the stage merely a few boards and pieces of red linen; the admission was 2½d., and the

piece was—well, I am sure it would have puzzled all the players and play writers in the world to say what it was. A very pretty girl, whom I had the honour of escorting thither, and by whose side I of course sat, told me that one of the characters was intended to represent an English lord, of all people in the world. He had on an extraordinary coat, reaching to a quarter of an inch of his heels, and perfectly covered with pockets, out of which he was continually pulling a long document, which I was told (by the same pretty girl) was the bill of sale of his vast estates, which he had squandered through his reckless extravagance, as all lords do—on the stage.

I don't think I ever laughed or drank so much *chicha* in my life as I did on those two days. One most astonishing circumstance is connected with Andacollo—there are no fleas there! Those who have not been in South America will hardly consider this an extraordinary fact, but those who have will appreciate it at its full value. I left my Andacollo friends with regret, and rode down to the station by a very good but rather precipitous road. On my way I passed a sort of natural cave or grotto, inside which was another smaller edition of the Virgin; before her was ostentatiously displayed a tray with a few coppers on it; however, the glass of water which I had from the adjoining well was so delightfully cool and refreshing, that I presented the saint with twenty centavos, much to the surprise of the woman in charge. These women, like the beggars, are regularly licensed on payment of a sum of money to the priests. On my arrival at the Andacollo station I was received by Mr. Manley, the station-master, whose wife declared I should not go till I had tasted their

cheer in the shape of steaks and Bass's XXX stout—things appreciable, particularly at Andacollo.

At the invitation of Mr. Bennett, a merchant in Valparaiso, I went to stay a short time at a *hacienda* of his near Huasco, named the Hacienda de Bellavista. On my arrival at Huasco, the administrator sent a servant with horses for my luggage, and received me himself most hospitably at the farm, distant about one league, and situated near the mouth of the Huasco river. My object was principally to examine the curious terraces mentioned by Darwin in the "Voyage of the Beagle."

The port of Huasco itself is a miserable collection of huts and ranchos. I think I never saw such a desolate-looking place. Huge masses of rock were tumbled about in the most fantastic shapes, as though a lot of young giants had been playing with them, while at the back towered the barren, the ever-barren hills. In striking contrast to this was the appearance of the hacienda, showing most forcibly the effect of merely a little—the merest apology for—water. At most parts I could have jumped across the Huasco "river," and it was nowhere broader than ten yards; yet this streamlet sufficed to form a green ribbon for ninety miles up the valley, with an average width of half a mile. Nearly all the trees were willows—here taking the place of the poplars in Central Chile; and, standing at the *hacienda*, and looking straight up the valley, bordered on either side by the utterly barren hills, and shut in at the end by the snow-clad Cordillera, one could almost fancy it had been created by genii, the contrast was so very remarkable.

The celebrated terraces are similar to those at Herra-dura, but are on a very much larger scale. Their first

appearance is, as Darwin says, startling ; indeed, it was difficult to believe that the two lower ones next the sea, were not the work of man, as they presented the appearance of two gigantic railway embankments, so perfectly even and smooth had they been worn away by the tidal action. The *hacienda* [itself was situated on the very edge of the lower one—at the neck, as it were, of an enormous funnel, of which the valley formed the tube or spout, the funnel itself stretching out on both sides towards the sea beach. The width from the summit of the upper terrace on the one side to that of the other on the opposite side (there are only two in the first two leagues from the sea) may be about three miles ; and the *hacienda* is situated about the same distance from the beach, so that the estuary or funnel forms a space of at least eight or nine square miles, perfectly flat, covered with pasture, and scooped as it were out of the earth. I could have walked along the edge of the terrace and rolled a stone down the declivity into the plain below, so steep were its sides. The height of this terrace was, I should judge, about eighty or ninety feet. Back from this lower terrace stretches a plain, perfectly flat, of a least a mile in width, inclosed by a second embankment, nearly as well defined as the other ; the height of this second one is rather greater than that of the lower, and it terminates considerably higher up the valley. The valley itself continues perfectly straight for ten or twelve miles, with steep precipitous sides ; and looking up it on a summer's day, when the wind moved the shimmering willows, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy it a broad glittering river flowing to the sea. That such it was once is the universal belief of the inhabitants. Both terraces are formed entirely of shingle, and abound in

sea shells of the ordinary variety still found on the sea beach. Higher up the valley the terraces are usually from four to five in number, owing, of course, to the gradual upheaval of the land. Indeed, it is impossible to have once examined them without being led to the conclusion that they have been formed by the gradual upheaval of the land at intervals during long periods of rest. I accidentally met with a confirmation of Darwin's theory more curious, if possible, than these terraces. Near Reloncavi, in the bay of Ancud, there was discovered, during a recent Chileno exploring commission, two rocks, situated some yards from the shore; these were of considerable extent, of siliceous formation, quite flat at top, and six feet out of high water; on the top of both of them were found quantities of sea shells of the common varieties still found on the beach. Of course the question was, how did they get there? The commission naïvely solved the question by "supposing them to be the shells left there by savages or Indians after eating the fish inside;" they hadn't read their Darwin or Lyall evidently.

It must be confessed that Chile is not an interesting country to travel in, at least to my idea. Things go on so slowly there—everything appears some centuries behind; one is continually thinking what a country it would be if the Yankees had it, the Chicagos that would spring up, the industries that would be developed, the railroads that would be built, the mines that would be opened up. To me it is far more interesting to travel in the United States, and see the progress of a mighty nation evidenced by its waving corn fields and its cities, where a few years ago nothing but sand hills existed, and railroads where the deer gambolled but as yesterday.

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I started in the steamer Payta for Lima, the capital of the Republic of Peru. Between Valparaiso and Callao there is nothing much of interest. Cobija, the only seaport that Bolivia possesses, is a wretched place; its church with two steeples is an excellent landmark for vessels making the port; it looks an imposing edifice from the steamer, but on landing I found it only on a par with others. From here pack trains start for La Paz, the capital; the charge is about 100 dollars. Mexillones has a beautiful harbour, as smooth as glass, and big enough for almost all the ships of the world to float in. There are important guano deposits here, the ownership of which is likely to cause trouble between Chile and Bolivia. Miserable, thrice miserable, is the only word I have for all these places. Iquique, however, is a trifle better. A few years ago this place was a mere collection of huts; it now contains over 8000 people, several very fair stores, and some important business houses; it owes all this to the nitrate deposits about thirty miles off. A railway connects the works with the port, winding along the mountains by a series of terrific ascents. The very day we arrived the coupling of the engine gave way, and the whole train ran down the line, killing some twenty people. I declined an invitation to go up to the works. There is a company being formed now to lay a series of iron pipes down from the nitrate beds to the coast; the nitrate is to be dissolved in huge vats at the beds, and run down in a liquid state through the pipes, and be re-crystallised on its arrival alongside the vessel, being by this method conveyed to England or elsewhere in a nearly pure state.

Arica, the port of Tacna, one of the principal cities in Peru, was once one of the most important places on the

coast, but is now in a state of complete ruin. It will be remembered that this place was almost completely swept away by the earthquake wave five years ago. At that time an American man-of-war was lying at anchor in the harbour; the wave took the vessel bodily up and deposited it some distance inland. I went to see her, and, sure enough, there she was half a mile from the sea, on her keel, and perfect in every respect; her engines and guns were taken out of her, and she was sold as she stood. Nothing, however, could be done with her, and she is fast filling up with sand. I had heard an immense deal about the wave, but the sight of this ship gave me a better idea of the might of a tidal "bore" than any amount of description could have done. I believe not a single man was lost aboard her.

Callao agreeably disappointed me. It is generally abused in books as a filthy, dirty seaport, and so it may have been once; now, however, I consider it quite equal, if not superior, to Valparaiso, but then, as I have already described, Valparaiso is not much to brag about. Still, the streets in Callao are in a shocking state, and the hotels are bad and very dear. There are some large and important works being carried on in the harbour, which will render the port one of the finest on the coast. I only stayed in Callao one night, as I was anxious to get on to Lima, distant seven miles, and in the morning I took the train to the capital; there is nothing of interest on the road, except that it takes about forty minutes to get to the end of it.

Lima is really about 500 feet above the level of the sea, but the ascent is so gradual that the fact is not perceptible. I like Lima as a town; it has the air of Spanish antiquity about it that no other coast city in

South America possesses. The streets are narrow and dirty in the extreme, and some of the houses are evidently of a great age; some are of an enormous size, covering a whole *cuadra* or square, and were formerly the residences of the friends and followers of the Conquistadores. The Plaza is far superior to the one at Santiago, with which it is so often compared, and the cathedral is by far the finest building I have seen in all South America. The front of it is really striking, and when I saw it it had just been repaired with marble. Inside, also, it has a more imposing effect than any other church; the lofty pillars are draped from capital to base in heavy red velvet, which have a peculiarly gorgeous effect in the dim religious light of eve. Some of the "trophies" or niches dedicated to the saints are of an extraordinary size, composed of pillar upon pillar of carved wood and marble. I visited, of course, the remains of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru and founder of Lima; I looked for him all over the cathedral, and was surprised not to find his tomb. As last I asked an attendant where the body was, and he offered for one dollar to show the *restos del Conquistador*. Taking a key from his pocket, and a tallow candle and a few matches in his hand, he opened a side door and showed me the way into a small vault, blocked up with odds and ends of benches and carpets. Throwing the light of his candle on a kind of niche in the wall, he drew aside a dirty linen curtain, and "Aqui, señor, son los restos del Pizarro." I looked forward, and by the flickering light of the candle saw a dried skeleton covered by a few mouldering and musty pieces of silk; there was no coffin, and the skeleton merely rested on the bare stones. And this was Pizarro! the man who once ruled the

whole empire of Peru to be lying stuck away in an obscure vault! a greater mockery on human greatness I never heard of. *Expende Hannibalem; quot libras?* occurred to my mind with singular aptness. Whatever the value of such a fact may be to point a moral, it is nevertheless a disgrace to the Peruvians that they cannot find a suitable monument to their great ancestor, when their churches and plazas are filled with preposterous pictures and statues to all sorts of *santos* and patriots. There are several other very fine churches in Lima, one—I think that of St. Pedro—being one mass of carving outside.

The Exhibition was going on at the time I was there; it was held in a large and very handsome building half a mile out of the town, and contained a very creditable show of productions. Some of the specimens of rice and sugar grown in Peru struck me as being very fine; and the machinery department was completely filled with exhibits from the principal English firms. The finest thing in the whole Exhibition, however, to my taste, was a really splendid picture, life-size, representing the lying in state of Atahualpa, the last of the Incas. Atahualpa is stretched out in his robes, and occupies the right centre of the picture; at the door on the left hand two of the Daughters of the Sun are endeavouring to force their way in to where their beloved Inca is lying, while another has fallen down, overcome by grief and terror. A priest, who had been engaged in reading the requiem over the body, looks up from his book to see what the disturbance is, with a surprised and indignant air; the expression in this man's face is marvellous. Pizarro, in his cavalier dress, plumed hat, and his hand on the hilt of his sword, angrily points to the weeping women,

commanding the attendants to remove them. The picture, if I remember rightly, was painted at Florence, and is of recent date, though I forget the painter's name. With the exception of Doré's "Christ leaving the Prætorium," I have seen no modern picture that has impressed me so much.

I should have liked to visit Pachacamac, one of the old Inca towns, as well as other points of interest near Lima, but the revolution that happened put a stop to all this. When it broke out I was standing on the steps of the cathedral, and almost before I had time to look round the plaza was filled with troops, and in an instant every shop was closed and barred; it really was like magic; the inhabitants are evidently well used to that sort of thing. It is needless to give any description of the horrors that went on in Callao and Lima during that reign of terror; suffice it to say that the revolutionists did everything they could to disgrace themselves, as might be expected from such a set of wretches. The Peruvians are the biggest cowards and the greatest ruffians that ever disgraced humanity; the women are the most vain, the most painted, and the most immoral of any in the universe. "The inhabitants of Lima," said Darwin in his "Voyage," "are of every imaginable shade of colour, and have the most ruffianly faces I ever beheld." The same description holds good to-day. I never saw such a collection of ugly, bloodthirsty scamps in my life; every fourth man might stand for a model for Judas or Ananias. I left Lima with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, and I hope I shall never see the detestable, blood-stained place again.

I took passage on board the French steamer for Panama; I was the only Englishman on board, and my

position was not pleasant—in fact, quite the reverse. We made Payta, a wretched place, and a after fast run we made Guayaquil River early in the morning. The passage up the river was one of the most perfect pieces of tropical scenery I ever viewed. At times we would be almost shut in, as I thought, by myriads of islands completely covered with the vegetation of the tropics. It is useless to attempt to describe scenery in the tropics; it is not like anything I have ever read of. All of a sudden, when it appeared we were running right into one of the islands, the view opened, and before us lay the broad breast of the river, with its level banks stretching leagues and leagues away, and the Cordillera in the distance fronting the morning sun. Ah me! it was sad to think, as a Frenchman said to me, “Yes, it’s a lovely land, and you can’t put your nose out of your house without getting the *terciano*” (fever).

Guayaquil itself has rather a romantic position, and presents a picturesque appearance from the sea; but, like Constantinople, all this disappears when you land. I think it is the most dilapidated place I ever saw—I say dilapidated, because everything looked *just not* going to pieces. It seemed as if a good strong shove would knock a whole street down, like a pack of built-up cards. I visited the cathedral, a wooden building, with an immense amount of carving, &c., about it outside. Inside it had the usual lot of wooden figures of saints. In Chile and Peru some of the figures are rather bad, but those in Guayaquil are the worst I ever did see; the images of some of the female saints or *santas* were naked, with gauze drawers on, precisely the same as a ballet dancer. I may be slightly fastidious, but it struck me as a trifle out of place in a cathedral. There was rather a curious

picture in a church here, which an attendant showed me as "a work of art from Europe!" The subject, I was told, was the return of the Prodigal Son. The prodigal was represented as a young gentleman in white trousers and a blue jacket, with an amiable expression of countenance; the father was tastefully attired in a black dress coat and high stock, surrounded by three young ladies in dressing gowns. I asked the man just out of curiosity what the value of the picture was. "Oh, señor, I don't know; but *algo*, señor, *algo*"—something handsome. It had no frame, and I should say that its full value in Shoreditch might have been 5s. 9d.

The heat in Guayaquil is really fearful; people there are quietly boiled to death. A European gets done in about six years; if very tough, he may take ten. Through the lower part of the town runs a small stream, excessively muddy, and not at all inviting, and it was an interesting and instructive sight to see three or four fat women, in long cotton gowns, wallowing in the water. I beg pardon, I should say it was *not* interesting; but then it seemed so like being in the "Zoo" watching the hippopotamus in his bath. The men in Ecuador are excessively obliging and polite, and the ladies sleep all day and dance all night; a great deal of cocoa is exported; you can get a splendid pine for 6d.; the mosquitoes are—well, peculiar; the chocolate the finest in the world; and that's about all I need say of Guayaquil.

From here a small steamer starts every other day for Bodegas, on the road to Quito, the capital; the journey, despite absurd and ridiculous stories to the contrary, is one that I should have not the slightest hesitation in taking any lady, and I am sure she would enjoy it. The price of passage all through to Quito is about

fifty dollars (10*l.*), and the scenery the finest in the world, without any reservation. No revolvers are required, and remember to take Peruvian *soles* or else American twenty-dollar gold pieces. (Let me here give general advice to all about to travel in South America: take American twenty dollar pieces; they are current anywhere at a premium.)

If I had had the time, I should certainly have gone up to Quito, down by the Napo, struck the Amazon, and so to Para—a journey of thirty-five to forty days. A Yankee professor (I forget his name) did the trip a short time ago, and made out in his preface that it was an undertaking “never before attempted,” &c. A little dirty (he *was* dirty) Jew pedlar on board our steamer quite laughed at the idea when I mentioned the fact. “Go there! why, I’ve been all over Ecuador and Bolivia with one servant and with this,” he said, pulling a small *penknife* out of his waistcoat pocket. I’d sooner go rambling about Ecuador all day than visit the Seven Dials at night; the amount of nonsense one hears about the dangers of travelling in South America is really ridiculous. A mosquito net is by far the most necessary article of one’s kit.

On the 3rd of August I arrived at Panama. It is the fashion on the coast to abuse Panama and its climate, and, above all, its hotel. Well, its climate is not charming, but I have been in far worse; and they make the very best cocktails, both gin and brandy, I have ever tasted out of ’Frisco. The hotel is a good one, and you get well swindled there; but, goodness me! where don’t you get swindled when a landlord gets you in a tight place? Go to Newmarket in a race week; go—well, go anywhere and get in a place

where you can't help yourself, and you'll get taken in and done for as quickly in England as in Panama. As for the town, I rather liked it, and I spent four or five days rambling about very enjoyably. It must have been a very important city once, and an immensely strong one for those days. Parts of the battlements are standing still, admirably constructed, and of enormous thickness; even some of the watch-towers, with their arrow-slits and harquebuss holes, are still remaining almost as perfect as the day they were constructed. I was fond of climbing into one of these, and then I fell to thinking of Morgan and the Buccaneers, and Drake and Nombre de Dios — of the huge galleons that lay riding in the harbour waiting for their precious freight, and the grim English sea-dogs prowling outside like foxes round a hen-roost. They say that formerly there were twenty monasteries in Panama, and I can quite believe it. Some of them must have been enormous; I spent half a day rambling about the ruins of one — I think the Jesuit convent; it was a very handsome building once, but now it is almost covered with plants and grass, and is a home for countless *gallinazos*. As I was ferreting about I came upon two underground cellars, the walls of which were, I should say, at least five feet thick. The cells were about ten feet square, and communicated with the council-chamber above by a movable roof. They were the torture-chambers of the Inquisition. As I entered them, three or four enormous bats flitted out from their dank and murky depths; even under that blazing sun I felt a cold shudder run through me, and I fancied I could hear the shrieks of Oxenham and his five companions ringing in my ears as I fled from the guilty place.

The Cameleon was in the harbour at the time of my visit, and I had the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of Captain Mainwaring and the wardroom officers on frequent occasions. To the chief surgeon and Dr. Mullen my thanks are especially due. I was slightly unwell, and these gentlemen kindly paid me every attention. I don't know that there is anything more to be said about Panama, except perhaps that the natives are the greatest scoundrels that ever stepped a gaol.

The Panama railroad I consider a gigantic "do." The first thing you are invariably asked when you return home is—"Isn't the Panama railroad a wonder?" I have crossed it five times, and I never saw anything particularly extraordinary in it yet, and I am sure Mr. Meiggs would think it quite a trifle compared to some of his hundred and one undertakings. It is popularly said to have cost an Irishman's life for every sleeper laid down, and I can quite believe it; besides this not very remarkable fact, it is about thirty-five miles long, passes through a dense tropical forest, and the fare is 5*l.* 5*s.*, and when I have said that, I have said more than I could with pages of description. If I were to describe the country through which the line passes as a mass of trees tangled with hurdles, and mixed up, as it were, with a gigantic pitchfork, I might be laughed at; but, for all that, I should not be so far wrong. Aspinwall, the terminus, is a horrible place.

I had to stay in Aspinwall three days, unfortunately, waiting for the Californian to sail for Jamaica. I was introduced to a young Englishman here, who had been a clerk in the place for two years. "Yes," he observed to me, "I got through last year's attack of fever very well, and I hope to weather this year's." He spoke as a man.

might speak hopefully of being able next year to afford a new carpet in his dining-room. Some men will sell their health for a little extra pay, but I am sure 10,000*l.* a year would not induce me to stay at Aspinwall. Santa Martha has a beautiful little land-locked harbour, and the heat is something really dreadful. Santa Martha and La Guayra are, I was told by an American on board, the two hottest places out of the Yankee for Hades. It is a charming-looking place from the sea, girdled around with trees and flower-bearing shrubs. Of course, I had "Westward Ho" with me, and I peopled the place again with Amyas Leigh, and Frank, and Lucy Passmore. On the sea beach were numerous cannon half buried in the sand, and two extremely well-built forts commanded the entrance. As I rambled about among these relics, I could imagine the Spanish cannoneers at their side, levelling them at the Lutheran dogs. As I was examining one an enormous lizard, at least 2½*ft.* long, crawled out of the mouth; as it blazed away in the sun like a huge flaming emerald, I thought I never saw so fair a sight. One of the cannons at the Custom-house was a beautiful piece of bronze work in excellent preservation; it was about 6*ft.* long, and covered with fantastic carving. An inscription merely stated that "Josephus donavit." There were some most extraordinary woolly-haired goats here of a very large size, but I could gain no information about them.

Arrived at Jamaica, I put up at an hotel kept by Miss Grant, which possessed the advantage of being very clean as well as cheap. The change from the extortionate demands of Peru and Panama was no less pleasing than remarkable, and for the first time for some weeks, I enjoyed a good dinner and night's rest. I stayed at

Jamaica ten days, and, as I was travelling about the whole time, I saw a considerable portion of the island. I brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Nuñez, whose kindness to me during my stay was excessive. I visited several plantations, and saw the processes of making sugar, rum, &c.; amongst others the Constant Spring and Mona estates, which I was told were two of the best-managed in the island; they each produce something like 300 hogsheads of sugar apiece. I believe from 7*l.* to 8*l.* a hogshead is considered a fair profit to the proprietor when worth 18*l.* a hogshead; both these estates are worked by steam power. I conversed with many gentlemen on the slave question, and from what I gathered from them I found that when sugar is low, free labour is most remunerative—that is, supposing a moderate amount can be obtained. In other words, if slavery existed at the present time, with present prices, it would entail a loss to the proprietors, because the expense of keeping a large stock of slaves would exceed the profits from the estate. But on the other hand, if sugar was, say, 25*l.* a hogshead, as it used to be, in that case a slave estate would be infinitely more profitable than a free one, as the proprietor of the former would be sure of his labour, whereas the latter would not; indeed, the higher price of sugar would militate rather than otherwise against him, as, being compelled by the high price of sugar to pay a higher day's wage, he would get less work done than if he paid less. This will seem astonishing to people who do not know the "nigger;" but this latter gentleman cannot, by any possible means except compulsion, be induced to work after he has made sufficient to supply his immediate wants—no, not even by greed of dollars. Nothing pleases Pompey or Nero better than

putting *Massa* in a fix. The experiment is being tried of introducing Coolie labour, to see if the nigger can be stimulated to exertion by emulation, but I very much doubt it. The soil of Jamaica is so productive, that an acre or two of ground, the rent of which rarely exceeds 2*l.*, is sufficient to support a large family in the necessaries of life. The only reason that induces the nigger to work at all, is his need of clothes and salt fish, large quantities of which latter they consume to correct their excessive vegetable diet; and when they have earned sufficient to find themselves in these two articles, nothing will induce them to work any more.

In truth, the nigger is a hard nut to crack; it is difficult to say what to do with him. It is all very well for philanthropists and Exeter Hall enthusiasts at home, who have probably never seen a negro in their lives, except perhaps behind some gentleman's carriage, to inveigh against the terrible evil, the infamous blot, of slavery. No doubt it is a very great evil; but the thing is, can anything better be devised for the negro? Most certain it is that he was far better off in every respect when he was a slave. He was far better clothed, fed, and attended to, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, extremely well treated. As a free member of society he is by far the most objectionable and useless individual I know of. He won't work unless actually compelled to by hunger, and he delights in thwarting you in every way; and all this is done with an air of mock humility or extreme insolence that is very annoying. The two leading traits in their character struck me as being cruelty to animals and total want of sequence of ideas. In their cruelty to animals and human beings they almost rival the Gauchos, who, it

has been remarked, appear not to possess the sense of feeling. For a trivial offence a negro will take a small child, his own, and will get two stout boys to stretch him by his hands and feet round a sugar barrel, while he himself beats the poor wretch with all his might with a vine stick. As for mules and other animals, they appear to think that they were created expressly to be tortured. The insolence of the negroes in the towns is such that anyone who has ever visited Jamaica cannot fail to have observed it. In this respect the inhabitants of the interior parts of the country are far better—a fact noticeable all over the West Indies and South America.

The scenery of Jamaica is lovely; in fact, I never was in such a beautiful land. It is far superior, in my idea, to purely tropical scenery, such as that at Ecuador and the Amazon, which is of such a rank and luxuriant character that one can rarely get a good idea of the whole; a few yards limits one's vision; whereas in Jamaica there is sufficient luxuriance of vegetation, without that excess which only spoils the effect. The general character of the scenery is much the same, and I shall proceed to describe two excursions which I took, which are generally supposed to be the prettiest and most characteristic in the island. On the day after my arrival, I hired a horse from White's livery stables to take me to Newcastle, the quarters of the English troops, about twenty miles off. I don't wish Mr. White any harm, but I am not quite sure, even to this day, whether the animal he gave me was a horse or some species of camel. It resembled more than anything else I can compare it to, a large coffin edge upwards, supported on four legs, and with a head and neck fixed on somehow. For the privilege of riding him to Bolton's, where the ascent

to Newcastle commences, I was charged 12s., which I should imagine to be something more than his utmost value, skin included. The country just outside Jamaica somewhat resembles parts of Dorsetshire, with hedges on either side of the roads, these latter being excellent, and kept in good repair. Now and then a palm tree or stately cocoa nut gave a tropical appearance to the scene, but nothing struck me as being remarkable till I arrived at the Mona estate, where I unfortunately found the proprietor out, but was hospitably received by his wife. The scene from here was very fine, blocks of granite, cropping up from the soil, formed a pleasing contrast to the broad fields of waving cane. After leaving Mona I passed through Mango Walk, which resembled a beautiful English park, herds of sleek cattle feeding beneath the trees, and, as its name implies, hundreds of mango trees were scattered about, loaded with fruit; it is a noble tree, and it always raised in me feelings of admiration from the fact of its growing with the vigour of an English oak; I rested under one of these giants, and allowed my horse to graze a few moments, as the heat was overpowering. The whole ride from here to Newcastle is perfectly lovely; the road wound along the river, fringed with palms and ferns and cocoa nuts. Every now and then some unknown tree hung its fruit down almost to the ground, or some huge flower blazed by the roadside; sometimes the river ran slowly down towards the sea, and at other times it lost itself for nigh a mile amid moss-covered rocks and ferns and bamboos, till all of a sudden I came upon it as it bubbled o'er a ledge, cool and sparkling, or caught sight of it far away down the valley, glittering in the noonday sun. The whole only wants breadth to make it unsurpassable anywhere; as it is, there are por-

tions I could have picked out as a home for man before his fall. At Bolton's I got a wretched pony to take me up the ascent to Newcastle, my own *Bucephalus* showing signs of giving out. I think the ascent was even more lovely than the first part of the road; I can't describe it; who can describe scenery? Half-way up I came upon the stream prattling across the path; the sun even penetrated through the thick shade of the trees, which met overhead, and so I hobbled my pony under a wild fruit tree, and, following the streamlet a few yards up, I came upon a natural basin delved out of the solid granite. I stripped off my clothes and plunged into the water; I do not remember having ever enjoyed a bathe so much in my life. As the road approaches Newcastle the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change; indeed, at Newcastle itself blankets are used on the beds. Dog roses and magnolias lined the road, and ferns took the place of the bamboo and mango.

From Newcastle I went on to the "Fern Walk." I will not weary the reader with attempting to describe this most exquisite piece of scenery; suffice it to say, it was perfection. If he can imagine the tropical department at Kew Gardens lengthened out for some three miles, only many times more beautiful, he may have some faint idea of it. How can I describe in words that exquisite creation, a tree fern? its symmetrical stem rising sometimes thirty feet, topped with its crown of feathery quivering fronds, gemmed with the morning dew, which now and then a humming bird, like a huge green emerald, stops to sip. Ah, me! it is indeed a lovely land, and when one sees such riches running to waste, it makes us wonder whether such places are merely God's gardens, meant only for man to rest his eye upon.

From here there are two of the finest views in the island, within five minutes' ride of each other. From one point I looked clear away to Kingston, Port Royal, and the sea, and from the other across a deep valley nearly to the other side of the island; both were very lovely. After feasting my eyes on these beauties for some time, I returned to Newcastle on my way back. The sun was excessively hot, and I looked forward with the most keen desire to getting a bottle of beer at the barracks. Arrived at the canteen, I found the door on the jar; I went in, and was informed that the canteen was shut, which it certainly was not; I eyed the man with feelings of the most unmitigated disgust—indeed, I am afraid I used some strong expressions, but then the thermometer was at 110° , and I had ridden twenty-five miles! I went out, and was getting on my horse, when my gentleman followed me out, and after examining me a bit, asked if I was looking for someone. "Yes; I want to see —," mentioning one of the officers, "but I find he is gone down to Kingston." "Oh, indeed, sir; perhaps, sir, what did you want, sir?" It was an awful act of self-denial, but I was so disgusted that I rode off *minus* beer. My steed nearly gave out going back—at least, I thought so, but on arriving to within half a mile of Kingston he suddenly uttered an extraordinary sound, something between a grunt and a railway whistle, and bolted straight to the stables without any more ado. The cunning beast! he had been "playing coon" all the time.

Two days after, I started off for St. Anne's Bay, going by way of Spanish Town, the Bog Walk, Linstead, and the Moneague. I expostulated with Mr. White about the quality of the previous steed he furnished me with,

and was assured by that gentleman that he would provide me with a horse that would take me to St. Anne's Bay and back in three days, the price I was to pay being, I think, 2*l.* 10*s.* I was advised to start early in the morning, as the first part of the road is not much worth seeing. I got up very early and proceeded to the stables, where I found a quadruped (I won't call it a horse) ready saddled for me. I am sorry I can't describe that animal; I am extremely sorry I forgot to have his photograph taken. All I can say is that it was a species of grass-eating animal, proved by its having a wisp of hay sticking out between its bit and lips, standing on four very groggy legs, minus one eye, and covered all over with some cutaneous eruption which had taken off half its hair; the black ostler volunteered the observation that he "kicked considerable, and was death on the bite." I had almost forgotten to mention that he had a bridle on several sizes too large for him, and was harnessed with an extraordinary Spanish-looking saddle, which reached nearly to his tail, one girth being buckled in the usual way near the fore legs, and another being placed behind the animal's stomach close to his hind legs, a precaution rendered necessary by the enormous size of the saddle. Never in all my experience did I see such an extraordinary turn-out.

"Do you really think I am going to ride that beast eighty miles?"

"This 'oss, sir; why, sir, he'll take yer flying, he will."

"I wouldn't ride him, if I was paid 2*l.* 10*s.* a mile."

"What, sir, not ride him! Look here, sir!" (patting the nose of the quadruped affectionately and confidentially), "*you don't know him yet.*"

I certainly did not, and what's more, I had the most decided aversion to cultivating his acquaintance. I took another look at him as he stood there in his panoply of travel, and then walked out of the yard, much to the ostler's astonishment. I took the train to Spanish Town, and hired a horse there—a pretty fair one.

Spanish Town is a filthy collection of hovels, the so-called "Government buildings" being of the very commonest description—mere bricks and whitewash, with a pillar or two surmounted by a ram's horn at top, and called Ionic columns. My road to Linstead lay through the famous Bog Walk, a beautiful road of some five or six miles long. If I was pleased with my former excursion, I was doubly so with this. It was so very lovely, that I will not attempt the description of it.

On arrival at Linstead I found a pretty little inn embowered in roses and cocoanuts. I unsaddled my horse, and rested under one of the trees for an hour, and, after a good lunch, proceeded on my way to the Moneague. After going about six miles I commenced the ascent of Mount Diablo. I reached the summit rather too late for a full enjoyment of the glorious view, but I saw enough to convince me that it must be something magnificent; so, with full expectations of the morning's treat on my return, I went on my way. After passing the summit I crossed through Unity Valley, a charming spot, where Mr. Roper has a large stock farm or "pen," and finally in the evening reached the Moneague extremely hungry and tired. I found here a very good inn, as far as external appearances went. The landlady asked me what I would like for supper, "Oh, anything you like," as long as you bring it quick; and please bring some beer." "Oh yes, sir; but I really don't know what you would

like." "Well, a beefsteak, chop, eggs and bacon—anything you like; but bring beer, and quickly too." She disappeared, and I went and saw my horse fed—a precaution never to be forgotten in any part of the world, by the bye. On my return the landlady addressed me in measured accents: "Sir, I wish to speak with you a few words; we have no steak." "No chops?" "No." "No eggs?" "No." "No nothing?" "Well, sir, I think there is a small piece of *salt meat*." Gracious Heaven! salt meat after a long day's ride under a Jamaica sun! "But the beer, good lady, bring the beer." "Sir, *there is no beer!*" If ever I used bad French, I did then. However, I got a good bed, and about the best thing you can do in such cases is to drown your cares in the sheets.

Before going to bed, however, I lit a cigar and strolled down a winding lane through the wood. I hardly know which is more enjoyable, the evenings or the days in the tropics. Tired nature seems to rest, lulled to sleep by the myriad hum of the insect world; the stately cocoanut and branching palm stand out still and dark against the evening sky; countless fireflies sparkle in the thickets, or flicker across one's path, some displaying their tiny lamps on the dewy grass, others gemming the topmost frond of a branching fern with a quivering star, and over all reigns a deep and solemn stillness as of death, rendered more intense by that indefinable hum of insects which at times seems only the singing of one's ears. Suddenly, a bull frog from a neighbouring pool pipes up; in an instant, all around you, a thousand answer him, and then again all is silent.

I was up betimes in the morning, not choosing to trust any more to my landlady, as far as meals were concerned.

Riding back, I took breakfast at Linstead, whose obliging landlady and daughter were a complete contrast to the impudence of the Moneague people. I got back to Kingstown excessively tired, and—oh, happy chance!—found that good Miss Grant had just got some turtle steaks and soup under way. I really *did* enjoy my night's rest. The other points of interest in Jamaica are tolerably well known, and need not be recounted here.

COUNTRY SPORTS AND LIFE IN CHILE.

THE system of agriculture pursued in Chile is still of the very rudest kind. The plough usually consists of merely a log of wood, sharpened at the end, and shod with iron, and guided by a wooden handle, precisely the same as the indigenes did hundreds of years ago. The method of winnowing is peculiar. A circle is formed of stout stakes, in the centre of which the corn, or part of it, to be thrashed and winnowed is placed ; a number of mares are then driven in and made to gallop round the circle close to the stakes, the ears of corn being from time to time thrown from the heap in the centre on to the track of the mares. This thrashes the corn, and the chaff is afterwards separated by throwing it up in the air on the first suitable day. Two men on horseback are usually in the ring to urge on the mares ; these men are usually very drunk, and are continually shouting out "Yegua ! yegua ! " (mare) in an insane manner. They frequently come "a cropper," when the whole of the mares behind them of course run over them, and frequently kill them outright.

A *rodeo*, or collecting of cattle on an estate, happens generally once a year. Some of them, such as those on estates like the *Compañia* or the *Cauquenes*, are affairs that last four weeks, and frequently 10,000 head of cattle and horses are collected together ; the plan is simply to send out all the men that can possibly be

spared, and by continually narrowing their circle, they eventually collect all the animals into a comparatively small space; the fresh stock are then branded, the old killed for *charqui* or sold for meat, and the rest are then let run again. These *rodeos* are stupid affairs; numbers of animals get irretrievably ruined or injured by the horns of the maddened beasts, and at every large *rodeo* three or four men are hurt, if not killed. On these occasions the peons universally use the lasso, the use of the *bolas* not being understood in Chile. The lasso is a thin line of plaited raw hide, about the thickness of a little finger, and thirty feet long; it is kept coiled up on the horse's flank, the end being fastened to a stout ring in the saddle. The expertness of the natives with this weapon has been much exaggerated by travellers. I have heard of men who could lasso any leg you like, or either horn, and I was almost going to say any eyelash; but I am quite sure that any average *huaso* would not lasso a running bullock three out of five times. I have frequently tried to make them do some of their wonderful feats, but I never saw anything very extraordinary, and I should say anyone could acquire a very fair knowledge of its use by practice.

There are three distinct kinds of horses found in Chile—the Cuyano horse, the pure Chile, and the Peruvian “pacer:” the first of these originally came from the province of Cuyo in the Argentine Republic, but the name has been gradually applied to all Argentine horses. These horses are usually larger than the others; they almost invariably have large, ugly heads, and coffin shaped bodies, but they make up for these deficiencies by their superior bottom and speed. Nearly all the horses used for racing in Chile are Cuyanos, that is, for

paces of more than half a mile ; for *the* Chile race, in vogue among the natives only, only Chile horses are used. Cuyanans are possessed of considerable bottom for long-continued journeys on the commonest of food. Like Artemus Ward's old mare, which made a comfortable lunch off an empty sardine box or two, they will eat literally anything. All through the country, speaking generally, horses are left to pick up what they can during the day, and in the evening they get a bundle of *alfalfa* or trefoil ; not one horse in a thousand ever knows the taste of barley. Hardly any horses are stabled in Chile, the climate being so pure that the horses keep in far better health when allowed to run loose than when stalled. The *alfalfa* mentioned above, I believe, is nearly identical with our trefoil ; in Chile it grows to a height frequently of two feet and more, and as thick as it can stand ; in a well-watered *potrero* three crops can be cut a year. All animals are excessively fond of it, eagerly leaving barley or corn at the sight of a bundle, and, although excessively " wet " food, they do a lot of work on it. A well-watered *potrero* in the neighbourhood of a *pueblo*, put down with *alfalfa*, is a mine of wealth to its owner ; a bundle such as a man could compass in his arms is worth more or less *2d.*

The Chile horse is usually a compactly made, big little animal, thick-necked and big-headed ; nine times out of ten he has a beautiful forehead and shoulder, and detestable hind-quarters. If you see a Chile horse with good quarters, or, indeed, slightly goosierumped, try to buy him, and then keep him. They are very docile and tractable, and are the pleasantest horses to ride a long journey that I know. The usual journey pace is something between a shamble and a quick walk ; it is

awkward at first, but one soon gets use to it. A superior journey horse, however, is a "pacer," or, still better, a "marcher." These *marchadores* come principally from the province of Coquimbo, and are the dearest horses in Chile; their gait is rather easier than a pace, but is much slower, never exceeding six or seven miles an hour. A good pacing horse sometimes goes at a tremendous rate, astonishing to people who have never witnessed it. Mr. Charles Watson, of Valparaiso, had a white pacer who was, I believe, nineteen years old; I have frequently ridden alongside of him, and when extended he could keep a very fair horse at a gallop, and this with 4st. extra on his back. To ride a pacer you must sit back in your saddle, with your heels down and your toes well forward, as these horses are exceedingly liable to stumble. When you wish to extend your horse you haul on the bit as much as possible, at the same time urging him with the spur; the harder you hold him the faster he goes; if your arms tire, he immediately breaks into a gallop. A whip must never be used to a pacer, the action of raising the hand inducing the horse to jump and "break." The Peruvian horses are nearly all pacers; they are pretty little animals, mostly used for ladies' mounts, for which reason they bring long prices, but on other grounds they are not worth mentioning.

None of these jump; in fact, I don't suppose there is a horse in the country that could jump an eight-foot ditch. Their great drawback, as might be supposed, is want of pluck on a pinch. Considering the scantiness of his fare, and that he is never groomed, the Chile horse shows great powers of endurance *at his own pace*, but (and here is the gist of the matter) don't *push* him; if you do, he'll give in, and there is no "come again"

in him. Of their extraordinary performances, of which everyone hears before he has been in the country a week, I need only say that they do not bear investigation; they are on a par with those ideas about the noble savage, nature's nobleman, &c., &c. I am surprised to see so accurate a thinker as Canon Kingsley fall into this error. As was pointed out a short time ago in the *Field*, most Government clerks could beat the best red man that ever stepped. I was once an actual spectator of the fact of several ordinary Government clerks, with no pretensions to running, beating easily the pick of 8000 Indians, who were as wild as hawks. I was at Vancouver's Island, some years ago, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday; several thousand Indians from all parts, some from very remote places, attended the *pow-wow*. Some sports were got up, amongst others flat races from 100 yards to one mile; for this latter distance two noble savages entered, with awful names and hardly any clothes on; they were outpaced from the first and easily beaten by three or four clerks in the time, if I remember correctly, of about five and a half minutes; both of the nobles were considerably done up, and spent the rest of the day in the bottom of their canoes, having evidently had quite enough of it.

A young Chileno once, expiating on the excellences of his horse, assured me that he had gone 150 miles in one day on that same horse. I answered his foolishness by offering to bet him a good sum that he could not *ride* 100 miles in one day, with as many horses as he chose to take, let alone one horse doing it. Of course he did not take the bet; few people have any idea of what riding 100 miles on an average hot day is like; I know I have found from seventy-five to eighty quite enough for me.

A *capataz* of an *hacienda* up north, who had occasion to send several *propios* (couriers) a day, told me that ten leagues or twenty-eight miles a day was all that could be got out of an average horse for a continuance, say of one week. The price of a horse varies; in the northern provinces, where there are scarcely any railways, a good horse is frequently worth from 30*l.* to 40*l.*; down south, in the *haciendas*, a very fair horse may be bought for 10*l.* up to 20*l.*, and at this latter price you ought to get a superior animal. Horses are usually allowed to run loose till they are three to four years old, and, I believe, in fact it must be, that it is owing to this that they keep sound so much longer than they do in England. A horse nine or ten years old is considered young in Chile, and I have repeatedly known instances of horses running races at seventeen and eighteen years old. Guacho, the property of Mr. Garland, won the Valparaiso Cup, for South American-bred horses only, two years in succession, at the age of nineteen and twenty years, with 9st. odd on his back. If a horse is only required for farm work, or is intended to be ridden by *peons* only, the process of breaking him in is very simple. A man, the *domador*, mounted on a horse used to the business, rides into a herd of horses, and lassos the one he requires; he is then dragged to a convenient place for a sharp gallop, a *manta* is tied round his head, and a *manea* or strap is passed round his fore legs; a saddle is then strapped on, and the *domador* mounts. As often as not, the animal is on the ground all this time, but, however that may be, as soon as the man is in the saddle the *manta* is torn off his head, the *manea* removed, and away darts the horse, plunging, kicking, and trying by every means in his power to get rid of his rider. When he is tired of the useless

struggle, the turn of the *domador* comes: he let's into the wretched animal with all his might with whip and spur, and at last brings him back, bleeding, exhausted, and half dead with fright, to the place where he started from; he is then turned into a *corral*, and a day or two after the dose is repeated. Two or three lessons are thought sufficient for an ordinary horse. As, however, they are generally very tractable, their buyer reckons on training them himself afterwards.

A really well-broken Chile horse is a valuable animal, and in his way a wonder; a *huaso*, or farmer, will rarely sell his own horse, which, when he is not drunk, he treats with every kindness. It very often takes three or four years constant training to make a good *huaso* horse, as they are called. The principal points to be attained in this description of animal are, having a good *rienda*, being able to push another horse over, being able to stop almost instantaneously at the word, and to start equally quickly. A good *rienda* means being able to turn round in a circle—the smaller the circle and the quicker the turn, the better the horse: it is no uncommon feat for a *huaso* to ride round a post, touching the post with his forefinger all the time. I have frequently seen a man ride full tilt at a bullock "end on;" when almost touching the horns of the enraged animal, the *rienda* is given, and the horse turns round like lightning; in *rodeos*, when pursuing wild bulls, many men would be killed if it were not for their horses having good reins, besides losing a vast deal of time. As it is, it is marvellous to see them dodging and lassoing among the very horns of the cattle. It is dangerous to attempt any of this show riding without being sure of your horse, and many young men

—amateur *huasos*—get annually killed or injured by endeavouring to show off an inferior horse. A horse is not considered properly trained unless he knows how to *pechar* or push; some are wonderful at this trick—rushing at another horse sideways, giving him a push with the point of the shoulder, and over you go, horse and all; in fact a good *huaso* on a well-trained pushing horse is an exceedingly awkward customer to meet. At all race meetings there are booths where drinking and dancing goes on; in front of the booth is a strong oaken bar, about three feet high, and just sufficiently distant to allow a glass of liquor to be passed from the counter to the men on horseback outside. The bar may be about ten or twelve feet long, and the object of every well-mounted *huaso* is to “keep the bar,” as it is called. Supposing six or seven are drinking together, with the heads and necks of their horses projecting over the bar, on a sudden a man from the outside rushes his horse in between the middle of them, and endeavours to push and keep away all the others and remain master of the bar; he then takes his drink, if he can, and goes off to another booth. On one occasion I saw a horse keep off seven others, knocking them over one after the other, till no one dared to go near him. This, however, was a well-known horse. A good horse also must stop almost instantaneously at the gallop; a common feat is to place a *manta* on the ground at one hundred yards off; the rider then starts at full gallop and pulls up on the *manta*, which is about half the size of a woman’s shawl. General Rosas used frequently to amuse himself by galloping full tilt up to an *essequia*, or deep ditch, and pulling up *over the brink*. There is this point, however, of difference between the riding of the Gauchos and Chilenos: the

former practise leaving their saddles, or, in plain words, being thrown, while the latter think it the greatest disgrace ever to quit the saddle under any circumstances. The reason is that on the Pampas there are so many holes made by owls and other burrowing animals, that a horse putting his foot into one of them invariably comes down; in fact, the Gauchos for pastime select a piece of ground almost covered with these holes; they then gallop over it at full speed, and he who, when his horse stumbles, alights on his legs is the best rider. Some of their feats of horsemanship are really wonderful. Rosas would frequently make the following wager: that he would sit astride the cross-beam over the door of the corral into which some hundreds of wild horses had been driven after a *rodeo* and anyone might then point out any horse he liked; the door of the corral was opened, and the horses allowed to jump out singly; Rosas then dropped on the back of the selected horse as he rushed out, and galloped, without bridle, reins, or anything but spurs, as far as the horse could go, and he would then *ride him back* to the corral.

The gear of a Chile horse is one of the most curious-looking arrangements in the world. The bit is composed of a long flat piece of iron, which rests on the horse's tongue and against the roof of his mouth; at the end of this is a hole, through which is passed a massive iron ring about four inches in diameter, which encircles the lower jaw; in front of the mouth another flat iron ring is placed, to which the reins are fastened. The whole affair weighs about 5lb., and is sufficiently powerful to break a horse's jaw with a sudden jerk. The reins are formed of finely-plaited hide, and are of about the thickness of a forefinger; there are only two, and they are

joined together just above the grip of the hand. They terminate in a long lash (*chicote*) about four feet long, at the tip of which there is a ball of lead sewn up in leather. When not required for use, this *chicote* is curled round the near side of the rider, and hangs down on the off flank of the horse. Of course, as may be readily imagined, it is a formidable weapon in skilful hands; a man not on the look-out is frequently knocked clean off his saddle by a blow on the head with the ball at the end. The saddle is a queer affair. In the first place about six or seven sheepskins are placed on the horse's back, one on top of another; a leather strap is passed round these, and firmly secured; a skeleton saddle, or rather piece of wood with a cantle at each end, is then placed on, and on the top of this any number of sheepskins, finished off, if the owner is rich, by a foxskin, or some other valuable fur. Sometimes as many as seventeen or eighteen skins may go to make up a *montura*. The four corners are kept down by broad leather straps, ornamented with silver buckles, to enable the rider to wedge himself in. The stirrups are made of two huge pieces of hard wood, with a hole half-way through, and frequently weigh 5lb. or 6lb. a piece. I once had the curiosity to weigh a *montura* of a well-to-do *huaso*; it weighed 60lb. more or less, and yet this was by no means an uncommonly large one. When the rider is in his saddle, all his legs are concealed by the sheepskins, and viewed from behind, clad in a *poncho* and an enormous straw hat, he presents one of the most laughable objects in existence. Of course, nearly all their feats of horsemanship are due to their using such powerful bits, the comparative smallness of the horses, and the almost impossibility of getting thrown from such a saddle.

When the horse *does* come down, the rider is almost invariably seriously injured, through getting entangled and mauled in the struggles of the animal. They are good riders, as far as sticking on goes; but of pace and of nursing a horse they haven't the faintest notion. The best rider in Chile—that is, among the natives—couldn't take the best horse in England two miles over a fair country; he would simply pound him in the first half-mile.

I should say in three years more that there will be no more *native* racing horses for any distance over half a mile, the English half-breeds, even of Fanfaron's first cross, having beaten them already at any distance over that. The Cuyanos are the best, but it may be safely asserted that the commonest English selling plater at a provincial meeting could give any number of stones and a beating to the best native horse that was ever foaled in South America, at any distance over half a mile. Seven or eight years ago Melbourne could beat any horse any distance, giving away lumps of weight—in fact, *any* weight; and two years ago Chieftain did the same. These were two English geldings of the "honest hunter" class, which you can buy by the bushel at Tattersall's at 60*l.* apiece—horses generally described as having a turn of speed. The natives are excessively fond of racing. As horse-chaunters and blacklegs they are far beyond their brethren in England—in fact, what they won't do to win a race I don't know; and if you bet with a native, even a well-to-do-oné, and don't have your money posted, you will never see it even if you win. This is of course their "human natur"—they can't help cheating. It is not so much for the money, as they are liberal enough in some things; but

to pay a bet merely because they have lost it! the idea's absurd. Any animal in Chile which stands on four legs, and which can go rather faster than a cab-horse, has a feed of barley given him now and then, and is forthwith designated a racer. Horses being so cheap, of course almost anyone can buy one, and the keep costs next to nothing. Every horse has its own *tiro* or distance; some being half-milers (six *cuadras*), others three-*cuadra* horses, down even to twenty-five *yards*; and they are not often matched at other distances. Although there is no stud book in Chile, yet every good racehorse is perfectly well known all through the country, and the distance or *tiro* that he is best at. Horses are sent from incredible distances, even from St. Fé, in the Argentine Republic, to run races, and more excitement and fuss is caused by a two-*cuadra* Chile race than would be caused by one between Cremorne and Ecosseais, half a mile, weight for age. Everything is fair in a Chile race, the object being to win *somehow*. Generally speaking, four or five hours are wasted at the start, each jockey trying to knock the other one off, or upset his horse, or something; when they *do* get off, the one that has the best of the start shoves his horse's head in front of the other, and so prevents his getting in front, or else runs him out of the course altogether. I have frequently seen a horse who is quick on his legs and gets the best of the start, curl as it were his head and neck round the other, and win the race with his head on one side, preventing the other, who may be a good deal faster, from passing him. A *real* Chile race, however, is one of the prettiest sights I know; they are not so frequent now as formerly, but still they cause immense excitement, and certainly show a vast amount

of intelligence and patience on the part of both man and beast. I have never seen or heard of races being conducted in the same way in any other part of the world. The distance for these races is very rarely over three hundred yards, and generally about two hundred or one hundred and fifty. About three months before the race is run, the horse is brought up to be trained, and, as everything depends on this, great attention and patience are required. Supposing the horse has never run such a race before, his forelegs are fastened together by a broad leather strap; he is then allowed to stand perfectly still, and on his attempting to rest himself by shortening one of his hind legs, a slight tap is given to the leg, which makes him straighten himself again; after a week or so he learns to stand perfectly straight and true on all four legs, allowing his trainer to take up any leg and place it where he likes; the hind legs must be perfectly even to a hair. After this first lesson a whip is gently moved over his head, and now and then thrown *lightly* over his loins—his fore legs being still tied. At first, of course, he jumps about, but must be immediately “gentled,” and led back, and the whole affair gone over again. A blow or a rating at this stage of the training would spoil the horse for ever for this kind of racing. By degrees the strap is taken from his legs, and after a few lessons the horse will allow his trainer to “set” him, and then crack a whip all round him, without his moving a muscle; neither the trainers nor the lookers-on are allowed to speak a word when the horse is being set. The day of the race comes; first of all a long line is scratched across the course, the same as in a foot race; in the next place, a line of stout sticks is planted at right angles to this line for about twenty yards down the

course, the object of these being to prevent the horses from rushing against each other at the start; the horse that knocks down these sticks is fined so much each time. The two horses are now set by their trainers, their forefeet being placed *exactly* on the line, not an inch out; sometimes one of the horses is uneasy, and it takes an hour or two of coaxing to set him. However, when they are both set, the trainers retire and leave them with the starter; he advances and pushes them on the rump and side to see if they are perfectly square and firm on their pins; if he finds them so, he steps aside rather behind them, raises the stick, and—now's the critical moment. If they are badly trained, one of them, when left thus alone, will either lift his foot or move; when this occurs all has to be gone over again, and the horse is fined so much, the whole of the stakes not unfrequently being won in this manner. If they are well trained, however, they wait as motionless as statues till he gives the *grito*, or word "go!" and off they *do* go like a shot from a rifle, with incredible swiftness. The whole of the proceedings at the starting line are conducted in perfect silence, as sometimes a loud cough by a by-stander is mistaken by the horses for the *grito*, and sets them off, getting the unlucky cougher a good thrashing. The jockeys in these races are boys about nine or ten years old, and they ride bare-backed.

A statement, made I believe by Sir Francis Head, regarding the fact of hawks feeding on the sore backs of horses and mules, has been frequently questioned. The sight may be seen any day in the country. I myself, returning one day from hunting, saw a miserable mule whose back was literally a mass of bleeding sores. I saw what I supposed were two of these hawks, tearing

away at the flesh; anxious to verify the fact, I rode slowly up to the animal. On my approach the birds hopped lazily to the ground a few yards off. I passed on, and pulled up within twenty yards, when the birds in a minute or two flew back to their feast. The mule paid not the slightest attention to them one way or the other; indeed, from the fact of her leaving off cropping the grass when the hawks left her, and resuming her feed when they came back, I am inclined to think she liked it. These hawks are about double the size of a sparrow hawk, and abound all over Chile. They are easily tamed, and are frequently seen in the cottages of the country people. Their food principally consists of grubs, which they dig for in the sandy soils; numbers are also seen on the sea-beach, apparently feeding on seaweed, or, more probably, some parasite growing on the seaweed. I was surprised at the horrible sores one sees everywhere in Chile on the backs of the pack mules; although three-fourths of the carrying trade in the country is done by pack mules, and some thousands of muleteers are at it from morning to night, yet I would back a British Columbian or Californian packer to beat them all to nothing. In the countries just mentioned I have known a packer run a whole troop of fifty or sixty mules for a month, and not have above two galled; a Chilean *fetero* would do up at least ten in half the time.

Travelling in South America anywhere—except in the Argentine Republic and South Chile—is as safe as travelling in the States, the only danger being near the large towns. No native will attack you unless he is perfectly sure he has the advantage; he has a mortal dread of firearms, and if he only dreams you are armed he will let you alone. Their usual mode of attack is by

charging you suddenly on horseback, knocking you and your horse flying; at this game you have no chance with them, what with their huge stirrups, saddles, &c. The best way is to run, if you have a good horse; if not, never let them come near you, which can be most easily effected by showing your revolver, but remember one thing,—if you *do* fire, kill your man. By all means, don't fire unless actually obliged, but don't wound him—he'll humbug you awfully; you will be hauled up before this judge and that court, then sent back again to the first; deposition taken, witnesses sworn, and so on till you either have to cut your stick or else pay (of course, you could shoot the President himself, if you are only prepared to pay enough afterwards) a large sum of money. Bandits are looked up to in Chile, like the Macpherson in Bon Gaultier, as quite superior persons — rather “swells” than otherwise. In the thickly-populated north there are merely a few foot-pads, but in the south they go about in bands, and do the thing in style; they are always well mounted and armed; in fact, if you see a lively-looking, well-mounted individual, got up regardless, keep a good look out for him. One gentleman, named Ciriaco Contreras, was for years the terror of the south; he used to send a message to a *haciendado* that he wanted a few horses and a dollar or two by such and such a day, and he took precious good care that he got them too. The newspapers would now and then have an account of Mr. Ciriaco's little exploits, quite in a jocular manner, as if he was a citizen rather to be proud of than otherwise; as for catching him, of course that was far too great an undertaking. After killing numbers of people, and robbing all he could, he gave himself up one day, “determined to lead a respectable life in future;”

the newspapers congratulated him on his wise determination, and only hoped others would follow his "heroic example." He was, last time I heard of him, living in quite a comfortable manner in Santiago.

The Chilenos, that is, the upper classes, are an extraordinary mixture of opposites. Captivating at first acquaintance, the more you know of them the less you like them. Manifesting the most intense regard for you outwardly, and indulging in the most extravagant protestations of affection, they are sly, crafty and insincere. They are full of talk and braggadocio, twaddling in their House of Assembly, swaggering about their glorious independence, freedom from the Spanish yoke, &c., when they are the most priest-beridden people in the world. The Padres are the great obstacle to progress in the land; they oppose education for the masses with all their power, as they know full well that as soon as the people learn good from evil, the knell of their power is sounded. They are eaten up by law; everything is reducible to law. Claim a mine, the chances are before you get your mine you will have spent more in settling disputes than the mine is worth. Numbers of mines in Chile are lying idle for this very reason; somebody's great uncle's cousin worked that mine some hundred years ago, and somebody else's cousin on the brother's side did too, and there you are—no one must have it. Hundreds and thousands of dollars have been spent on disputes concerning mines in Chile, and the mines themselves never been touched yet. Justice is a fiction; it usually is in inverse ratio to the complicity of the law. Circumstantial evidence in any shape is not admissible in Chile, therefore a man may threaten you, shoot you, cut your throat, or anything else you like, but if not actually caught in the act,

nothing can be done. *Quien sabe!* All the satisfaction you get is "*Quien sabe?*" ("I don't know.") Oh! that eternal *quien sabe*; they live in a state of *quien-sabeism*. It is their ruin; they are an example of a nation coming to grief through two words. They spend half their time in smoking cigarettes, and the other in *quien-sabeing*. The one muddles their brain, and the other affords them an outlet from all their difficulties.

The advocates and defenders of the law of primogeniture would find here a most extraordinary example on their side. By the law of Chile half the husband's money goes to the wife and half to the children. The consequence is that although a man may be possessed of a very respectable estate during his lifetime, yet at his death all his broad acres may be split up into little petty fields; or else, as is usually the case, the eldest of the family manages the estate in the name and for the benefit of the rest of the family; consequently all the rest do nothing but loaf about on horseback, smoke cigarettes, and idle away their time, secure at least of their bare livelihood. The ignorance of the lower classes is something appalling. Purposely kept from education and enlightened truth, in them the worthless *padres* have their surest stronghold; were I to tell half of what I have actually seen myself, I should not be believed. The filth they live in is absolutely incredible; owing to the extreme purity of the air in Chile, dead animals and other offensive matter, that would breed corruption in the air in other countries, are not thought worthy of a moment's consideration or heed. A whole Chile *peon's* (or labourer's) family live in a sort of rush hut, or half-adobe, half-mud hovel, about 10ft. by 8ft. A dog or two may also generally be found among

the mass of human bodies ; a fire is usually smouldering in the middle of the hut ; a few odds and ends of blankets or *ponchos* serve for a bed for the respective heads of the establishment, and the rest find the softest place on the ground, and sleep there. When I say that these people never have been known to wash, and that they are positively covered with vermin, the effect of going within even twenty yards of the hut may be imagined—you cannot describe it. I remember seeing, about two years ago, a picture in an illustrated paper of Mr. Somebody's cabin in Ireland, intended, I believe, to illustrate the wretched state of the Irish poor. Why, that cabin was a perfect palace in comparison with the hovels in Chile. Unmarried labourers in farms do not generally have any fixed place to sleep in at all, but lie down in the corridors or in stables, &c., just the same as the animals themselves. And yet I do not know a more contented people in the world ; such a case of where ignorance, &c., it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The mere actual cost of living in Chile is almost nothing, and, as the rent does not trouble them much, their positive wants are perhaps more easily supplied than they could be in any other part of the globe. In fact, with a few cigaritos, Indian corn, rice, and now and then a little mutton or *charqui* (dried beef) and perhaps a stolen fowl or two, the *peon* manages to scrape along pretty well. On *aguardiente*, a villanous compound of sulphuric acid, petroleum, and other inflammable ingredients, he can make himself drunk for five centavos, and kill himself quicker than by any other known method short of actual suicide. Abominably lazy when out of a job or with a few dollars in his pocket, he will work like a very horse when the

fit is on him ; give him an extra real or two, and he'll do the work of two horses. Easily aroused to a state of fiendish cruelty, he is usually sober, easily managed, and hospitable, sharing his last crust with his comrade, and content with almost anything ; only don't bully him,—he cannot stand that. Smoke a cigarito with him, chat with him for two minutes, and you can do literally what you like with him, without his being at all aware of the fact ; attempt to drive him, and he will turn as stubborn as his mule. He looks upon women as an inferior class, yet is the most polite lady-killer in the world ; this natural ease and grace is inherent in him. A man, wonderful in dirt, who cracks stones or cuts wood all day, in the evening dons his many-coloured poncho, places his straw hat with an easy jaunt over his left eye, sticks a cigarito between his lips, and spends two or three hours dancing and flirting with the señoritas, and to-morrow stones and wood again ; and so on till he gets old and worn out. Then he comes and begs a *medio* of you in the politest manner in the world, repaid by showers of blessings and thanks ; and away he goes again, to look on at the dancing and flirting. And then he dies, dreaming, I firmly believe, of dancing and the señoritas. He is a firm believer in all sorts of *remedios*. The amount of medicine he will swallow is something marvellous—the stronger the better ; his faith in the doctor is infallible. I have known peons positively “ sham ” to get five or six grains of calomel or three or four drops of croton oil ; and as for their teeth, they have a perfect mania for having them out. A doctor once assured me as a positive fact that a man came to him one day to have a tooth pulled out ; he pulled it out, and the man offered him a two-dollar piece in pay-

ment. "I have no change," said the doctor. "How much is it?" said the man. "One dollar—a dollar a tooth." "Oh, well then, take out another one, and that will make us square," replied the patient; and, needless to say, the doctor readily fell in with such an easy settlement of the case, and had out a double-fanged grinder in no time.

Everything nearly is a *remedio*. An old woman gets two bits of leather about the size of a shilling, and placed on the temples it is a *remedio* for the headache. Beans for blindness, particular kinds of stones for toothache, and such like rubbish, they have an undeviating faith in; and I have no doubt, if you were to tell an old woman to swallow a bottle of red ink as a cure for the ear-ache, she would continue to take red ink till she got well—if she ever did.

How shall I describe that extraordinary phenomenon, a Chile girl? I don't mean the upper ten, but the average type. Never was such an extraordinary mixture in a human being; she baffles all attempts at analysis. When you think you have her pretty well focussed for her character, lo and behold, she moves! She has a queer idea of guitar-twanging, love-making under difficulties, chattering, tea-drinking, prying, intense curiosity, and ferreting out other people's secrets. She has warm affections, and is as changeable as a chameleon; her little noddle is crammed with confused notions of *jovenes* or young men, and *dulces* or sweetmeats. Of the world outside her village she knows absolutely nothing; her sole idea of happiness is to go to Santiago and dance *cuecas* there the livelong day. She hardly ever reads—perhaps now and then a cheap French novel—and all her ideas of life are gained from old traditions and stupid old

women. She is perfectly colossal in her ignorance, and doesn't care to know better. She is utterly devoid of system, has no stated times for meals or household regulations, and prowls about half the day enveloped in her *manto*, a convenient garment, which serves for bonnet, shawl, and dress; goes most religiously to mass, yet why she cannot tell. She is eternally plotting, always has some mystery on hand which she is bound to ferret out somehow; though she is never left alone for one single instant, yet she is the most arrant flirt in the world, and her room is an odd mixture of old ribbons, faded bouquets, photographs, and odds and ends of work. In the evening she plasters herself over with a mixture of chalk, bismuth, and white of eggs, touches up her cheeks with rouge, and sublimely trusts in Providence for dropping in for a *cueca*, which she will keep up till three in the morning. At about twenty-five years old she begins to get haggard and shrewish; at fifty she is decidedly disagreeable; and at seventy she is—ah, well! if any one has never seen a Chilena old woman of seventy, I should say, don't; she's fearful.

SHOOTING IN CHILE.

"I SAY, Doctor, do you know Don Vicente told me to-day that the *pacharones* have arrived, and there are several *bandurrias* in the *potreros*, and he wants us to go out to his farm and have a slap at them? What d'ye say?" "I'm your man, my boy; I rather guess and prognosticate, as the Yankees say, that I can show any man round these parts the way to shoot *pacharones*. No time for talking now; to-morrow evening at four o'clock I'll be at your house, and mind you bring José with the 'necessaries.'" "All right, doctor, and I'll ask young Federico also." "Ah, to be sure," replied the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't forget that." The object of the worthy doctor's anxiety for the presence of Don Federico, a rich young mine-owner, will become apparent in the course of this veracious history. To cut a long story short, I asked Don Federico; he accepted (misguided individual!); José, my servant, got our two nags ready, and got himself up in the most regardless fashion—indeed, as he sat there on his horse, embedded in a perfectly monstrous saddle, and with two huge saddle-bags stuffed out with the necessaries, to wit, two bottles of beer, one of whisky (imported direct by, and only to be got from, the doctor, and that as a great favour), a strip or two of *charqui* and a *lomo* steak, he looked like an inverted coal scuttle. José placed the steak between two of the sheepskins composing his saddle, and rode on it the whole way to make it tender.

A sportsman at home might be slightly fastidious about eating it afterwards; but, bless your heart! when you have travelled about a bit, alligator pie is really a luxury.

The above conversation was held in the doctor's dispensary, and it means that a Chileno farmer, named Don Vicente, had told me there were any amount of golden plover (*pacharones*) and curlew (*bandurrias*) at his farm after the first rains, and had invited the doctor and myself to go and shoot them.

Next morning the doctor appeared, and, saddling up, we started off. To English eyes we should have appeared a queer lot I dare say. The doctor, with his portly form enveloped in a large Scotch plaid, leather gaiters, and ample bonnet, and with his old double, that might have belonged to a remote ancestor, slung behind his back, might have passed for a "chield" on a cattle-lifting expedition, had it not been for the perfectly awful quadruped he bestrode. I wish I could describe that beastie, but all description would fail to give an idea of him; suffice it to say he was some sort of four-footed creature with a mane and tail. But—and all is in the *but*—like a singed cat he was better than he looked, as the sequel showed. Don Federico was got up in boots that reached to his thigh, and spurs with five-inch rowels; he mounted a flaming red-striped *poncho*, and a Panama hat with an enormous brim, while his *montura* or saddle was composed of somewhere about fifteen sheepskins, one on top of the other; he rode a mettlesome little Chile horse, and every now and then he would show off his paces by rushing madly forward and stopping in an instant, or wheeling hither and thither with the ease and grace of a hawk. As for myself—well,

I was twenty-five years old, and I *felt* twenty-five years old, and I should like to know what the world and its cares are to a man then, with his health and strength. I had procured the steadiest horse I could, but alas! in him I was deceived, as in many other things; and here I may as well tell my readers that a good steady horse is half the battle in getting a good bag in Chile. The ground is fearfully rough, and, there being very little covert, the birds when once disturbed fly such long distances that a man on foot, even the stoutest walker, has no chance with a horseman; another advantage is that you can sometimes stalk a flock of birds with the aid of a horse, as will be seen further on.

After a ride of four hours we arrived at the farm, where we were received by the *mayordomo*, who delighted us by saying that the *pacharones* had been flying about all day, and that he had seen seven or eight *bandurrias*. We unsaddled our horses, and let them run into the *potrero* for the night; and, as it was not nearly dark, and the larder in the house was rather low, I took my gun and strolled out to some willows that lined a ditch and orchard at the back of the house, to see if I could get a *tortolita* or two. I had a shot at a couple, but the light being bad, I missed one, and it seemed a waste of cartridges to fire two away for one bird the size of a blackbird. The doctor, hearing the report, came up pipe in mouth, "Look here, young man! Allow me to tell you that I am particularly interested in your bagging at least ten *tortolitas* this evening, so please take it easy; there's nothing to eat till Juana gets the *casuela* ready, and that won't be for three hours yet. Now sit down here under this willow, light your pipe, and just wait." So, following the doctor's advice, I lighted up, and, with

just a "toothful," we waited. As the shades of eve came on the *tortolitas* came in, until the trees seemed alive with them. "Steady, now! Don't fire till you are certain of potting five. There you are; just rake that branch of that pear-tree." I fired at, I should say, a dozen birds all in a line. "Not so bad for a beginner," said the doctor, as he wrung the heads off six. "Now another shot like that, and we'll do." We sat down as before, and in ten minutes fresh birds came flying in, and my second allowance bagged five. The number of *tortolitas* (ring doves) here was incredible; they are very difficult to kill flying, as they fly faster than any bird I know except a quail, and carry off any quantity of shot. We all three employed ourselves in picking the victims, and in a few minutes we had eight or nine of them fizzing over a wood fire, and sending forth a smell almost maddening to our whetted appetites; they are not bad eating, but, after all, were only a mouthful. "The *casuela*, Juana, the *casuela*!" shouted the doctor. "Ah, señor, por dios! you can't hurry a *casuela de pollo*," cried Juana, who had, like all the natives, an undeviating faith in, and awful respect for, "el doctor." However, at last it was done, and then we were happy. *Casuela de pollo*! I really think, if I were going to be hung next morning, I could eat two or three platefuls of it over night. Have I got the recipe? No; I'd give anything for it. You can't get a *casuela* worthy of the name in any hotel in Chile; you must get out into the country, pull up at some *rancho*, and give the old woman *carte blanche* and four hours to make it in, and then you get it. That brute of a doctor had the recipe, but of course he'd never give it up; however, if anyone goes to work in the way described at the end of this chapter, he will not be far out.

In the evening a neighbour dropped in, and the doctor, who never let an opportunity pass, proposed a little game of poker, in which Don Federico was induced to join. "I suppose we can't make it four-handed, North?" said the wily villain. "Not much," said I, my forefinger wandering playfully over my nose; "I'm going to have one pipe and one grog, and then the downie." In my heart of hearts I wished the doctor would keep it up all night to shake his nerves, when I might beat him in the field; alas! little did I know the hardness of that head. After being asleep, I should judge, some six hours, I was awakened by a noise, which to my ears sounded like very hard swearing. Shall I ever forget that scene! There was the doctor with a suit of cards in one hand, and raising a glass of grog to his lips with the other; on the other side of the table were his two antagonists, or rather one of them, with his head resting on his folded arms, the other having slid off his chair on to the ground; he had drunk the pair blind drunk. "And to think that I should hold four kings!" he muttered, as he swept up his winnings, dashed his cards on the table, and rolled himself up in his plaid before the fire.

I was up at daybreak, and, taking my gun, I visited the old spot again, and knocked over eight more *tortolitas*. On my return to the house I found the doctor taking his morning dram, and as fresh as a lark; but the condition of the other two was something fearful to contemplate—they literally had heads on them like "biled turnips." After discussing some more *casuela*, we saddled up and proceeded to the serious part of our business.

"Now we will take all different directions, and meet at this rock at two o'clock for lunch," said the doctor.

"José, mind you have the *valdiviano* (charqui soup) ready by that time. I'll take this direction ;" and off he rode towards some plain country that probably contained all the *pacharones* in the neighbourhood. My object, however, was to get some *bandurrias*, which I knew would "rile" the doctor pretty considerably ; as for the plover, I knew that with that knowing old Bucephalus of his I had no chance with him. He had not gone a hundred yards when an immense flock of *pacharones* came circling round, and we marked them down about half a mile off in the middle of a plain. "Fair play, doctor ! I think there's room for the pair of us ;" and we galloped up to within one hundred and fifty yards of them. We brought our horses to a halt, concealing our guns, and when within forty yards fired into the yellow of 'em, and as they got up we gave them the lefts, cutting a lane through them like a charge of grape-shot ; the flock divided, part flying off, and the smaller half circling round us again. My breech-loader came in well here, as before the doctor could load I had a couple of cartridges in, and gave them a second dose in no time ; but if I had the best of the doctor in this respect, he certainly got to windward of me in a much more important one, for my steed, on my approaching to mount him, uttered an extraordinary sound, and coolly galloped back to the farm, with my magazine and all !

"Come along, Oliver !" shouted the doctor, derisively, as he mounted his charger and went pounding by me like a second Jorrocks after the plover ; "come along, my boy !" and I had the intense mortification of seeing him quietly gallop up to the plover, dismount, and have a couple of shots ; and there was I without a cartridge in my pocket, except the two in my gun. There was

no help for it, so I plodded back and captured him again, taking the precaution this time of bringing a *manea*, or leg-strap, with me.

By this time the doctor was far out of sight, leaving me to pick up the slain and settle the "cripples." Putting them into a sack which I had brought with me, I left them in a hole in the rocks and went on my way, cursing all doctors, plovers, and horses. However, I did not much care, as I had an idea somehow I should get a *bandurria* or two, and I struck across for some hilly ground covered with thick brush and broken rocks, where the *mayordomo* had told me overnight I should be sure to find a partridge. So just before getting there I dismounted, put the *manea* on my horse and beat the brush. I had hardly trod out three or four tussocks when up got a covey of five, and left two of their number on the ground. These partridges are not a *true* partridge—in fact are not a partridge at all, I believe; the plumage is not the same, the breast has no horseshoe, and the taste of the bird is decidedly different; they fly strong, and carry away a deal of shot. I beat and shot the hill-side for above an hour, and got five brace of birds, a large number for Chile, but they had scarcely been shot at. Another item to my bag may seem rather odd, and that was a fine old dog fox at least four feet long. I caught sight of him sneaking behind a rock, and rolled him over in the open with a duck-shot cartridge which I put in for his especial benefit. It sounds funny, but I had not the slightest compunction in killing him; on the contrary, the greatest possible pleasure. These Chile foxes sometimes grow to an enormous size; the Valparaiso hounds once killed one five feet long. To give an idea of their size and strength

I will relate the following: a farmer in the south once applied to the M.F.H. to lend him hounds to kill some foxes that committed a great deal of damage on his estate. The hounds were sent, and found an old well-known fox with no tail, that had been frequently seen to kill young calves; when the hounds came up, the fox faced round and beat them off for some considerable time, till a bitch went in and, after a severe fight, killed him single-handed.

Leaving the above-mentioned gentleman for the benefit of the buzzards, I mounted, and rode about two miles to some small *lagunas*, where I had been told some snipe were to be found. On arriving I found a great deal of water and the ground very shaky. I had acquired personal experience of the effect of being bogged in a Chile quagmire with the Valparaiso hounds; in fact, I believe one man was swallowed up, horse and all, in one of these horrible places. It is always best, however, to trust to your horse, as they have an instinctive dread of them, it being absolutely impossible to distinguish them by the eye. I dismounted again, and on getting to some higher ground, "cheep! cheep!" up they got in all directions, the weather being too clear and calm for them to rise well. They confused me so much, especially as I was standing up to my knees in water, that I fired away six cartridges and only got two snipe. It was awful work getting up to them again, as they sat as close as quail, springing up altogether almost under my nose. By-the-bye, the same thing holds good in England; most tyros think that the best time to shoot snipe is on a cold frosty day when the air is calm and clear; it is in reality the very worst of all weathers. Let your snipe get a strong haunt during these days, and when the first

open windy day comes, "up and at 'em." The reason is that in frosty weather the snipe congregate in some small brook or other sheltered spot, and get up all together, affording only one or two shots, whereas in boisterous weather they disperse much more, and can get marked down and afford a variety of shots. Any old sportsman will tell you the same.

By this time I began to think it was about time to look for the whereabouts of Master José and the *valdiviano*. On my way back I got another brace of partridges from the same broken ground as before, though I nearly broke my neck and gun; for, although my steed stood the first barrel well enough, the report of the second made him twist round like a top, depositing me on the ground and sending my gun flying. I held on to the *chicote* or lash of the reins, however, which probably saved me another little walk of five miles. I thought I had missed my way, when—ah, welcome sight!—I observed José's fire, as a thin curl of smoke went floating up to the sky. The doctor, as I expected, had not arrived, being most probably miles away, so I and José went to work.

How I remember every detail of that lunch! how every stick and stone of that scene is photographed in my mind's eye! The place was thoroughly Chilian—the undulating hills covered with broken rocks of granite, and just beginning to put on their livery of green, the snow-clad Andes at the back, the broad *potreros* divided by regular mud walls, and carefully irrigated by *essequias*, combined to form a scene of natural and artificial wildness that I have seen in no other land; while José, in his huge hat, many-coloured poncho, extraordinary gaiters and spurs, as he lay watching the pot of *valdi-*

viano and smoking a cigarette, would have made his fortune on the stage as a brigand. *Valdiviano* is simply made by pounding a ribbon of dried *charqui* between two stones and boiling it in water; the peons on some estates, hunters, carriers, &c., sometimes go for weeks on this food alone, never tasting bread or vegetables; when made, it is of a deep brick-dust colour, full of the fibres of the *charqui*. At first it creates nausea, being exceedingly strong food and not endurable by all stomachs; but after a while people get very fond of it. It tastes to me something like mild horseflesh.

Meanwhile I busied myself in plucking a couple of plover and roasting the *lomo* stake, supporting the latter by two sticks slanting over a fire of embers, spatching the plover and placing them breast upwards on the glowing embers; and then, spreading our ponchos on the ground, we discussed the lot. Gracious, what an appetite that José had! *Valdiviano*, plover, and steak disappeared down his throat like an alligator's, and truth to say, down mine too. José fished out from his *alfoljas* two bottles of beer, which speedily disappeared also, and then we lay on our backs watching the smoke of our cigars curl up to the clear blue Chile sky, as happy as two kings. Ah! I sometimes wish myself back again. But there is an old saying about "eating one's cake and having it too," and also one about "all play and no work," and I suppose they are both as veracious as most proverbs.

We were aroused from our torpor by a voice, "Que hay, señores; donde estan las bandurris?" (What, sleeping! where are the curlew?) and the *mayordomo* stood before us. "Look here, sir; as I was passing along by that ditch there, close by that *laguna*, I saw

five or six *bandurrias*, and I think they they are pretty tame. Now, my advice is to take José's old horse there, and try and stalk them; recollect, you will only get one shot, and they are very *diablos* to kill. I need hardly mention the alacrity with which I fixed up my traps. Mounting the other horse, which was about the size of, and not very unlike a large shaggy Newfoundland dog, and putting a couple of duckshot cartridges in my gun, I hurried back to where I had shot the snipe. Not a sign of a *bandurria* was to be seen! All of a sudden I caught sight of something right in the middle of a large *potrero*, which, after watching for some time, I made out as the heads of the rascally birds just peering out of a watercourse; there was not the sign of a covert near, and the only resource I had was to stalk them. I must confess I had considerable misgivings about the success of my undertaking, but anyhow I could but try. Taking off the top skins of my saddle, I placed my *poncho* curtain-wise on the off side of the horse, and taking the bit out of his mouth, twisted the lasso round his under jaw. Walking on the off side of him, and carrying my gun at the sling, I commenced walking all round the *potrero*, outside the wall. The *bandurrias* came out of the ditch where they were feeding, and watched me, or rather the horse, in a manner that showed they were considerably on the *qui vive*; however, seeing but an old horse, they gradually began to cry out at the top of their voices—a sure sign that they thought everything was right. I gradually got round to the gate of the *potrero*, and after stopping a minute walked my horse in; he seemed to like the job better than being spurred and thrashed by Master José. The birds seemed rather uneasy at this second

move, but after a bit an old cock wagged his tail, and cackled like a brent goose. Now was the time; I walked slowly on at right angles to the ditch, letting my horse feed for five minutes, and then went on a few yards, till I was within twenty yards of the ditch and sixty of the birds. At last I reached the ditch, and for the first time ventured a peep; and, sure enough, not five, but full fifteen *bandurrias* were quietly feeding at the bottom. My old nag behaved admirably, just cropping the grass as unconcernedly as possible. Nearer and nearer I got till all of a sudden there was a dead silence; I knew what that meant, and kept as still as a mouse. I just peered through two hairs, I might say, of the horse's mane, and saw the whole lot looking in my direction like a lot of stuck pigs. It was just on the cards that they would come up to see, as ducks do when I have "toled" them in California; but a duck is nothing to a *bandurria* in the way of cuteness, so I slipped my barrels under my horse's neck, and, aiming just over the head of the first one, pulled the trigger. What a clatter they made! As the survivors flew away I brought down one with a broken leg, and then proceeded to count the spoil: three birds dead, two cripples hopping about over the *potrero*, and the one with a broken leg, were the results of this shot. If I had had two ounces of locse shot, I believe I should have got ten at least. After a smart chase I captured the stragglers, and, mounting my horse and lighting my pipe, rode slowly back, picking up on my way the bag of plover, very well contented with my day's work.

I and José packed up our traps without waiting for the doctor, who had gone almost to Jericho, and we went back to the farm, where we found Juana concocting

another *casuela*—whoever saw an old Chilena doing anything else, except smoke *cigarros*? I rejoiced the heart of the old lady by giving her a couple of bundles of cigarettes, whereupon she immediately uttered the invariable exclamation of “Ah, señor, por Dios!” and fell to on the *casuela* again. I was just going to anathematise the doctor for not showing up in time for dinner, when a series of triumphant whoops outside aroused me, and that worthy made his appearance, horse and all, at the door, looking more like a game-dealer’s shop than anything I can think of. On his saddle, round his saddle, round himself, and round his steed hung festoons of plover, while behind him stood a boy, about two feet and a half high, in a *poncho* about two feet or more long, completely covered with birds. “There, my boy, what do you think of that? I followed those blessed *pacharones* all day long; and if they have not had a jacketing, call me a Fenian. Beat that if you can!” cried he, as he threw bunch after bunch on to the ground. “Juana, *casuela*, my ancient, *casuela*! Oliver, my flask’s empty these two hours. Goodness! if I had had a breechloader I might have killed double.”

We turned out the whole lot and counted eighty plover, of which twenty had fallen to our quadruple discharge in the morning, and the rest the doctor claimed. This completely took the shine out of my *bandurrias*, at the sight of which the Doctor merely remarked that “for a young man I was quite canny.”

After our exertions it may well be supposed that I, at all events, had speculated on an early couch, but as we were in the middle of our *casuela*, a neighbouring *huaso* dropped in, and insisted on our coming over to his house, adding, as an additional inducement, that Señoritas

Carmelita y Mercedita were anxiously expecting us. "Two of the prettiest girls in the province," said the Doctor. In England a doctor is not thought more of than a lawyer, but in Chile "el Doctor" is by far the most important man in the district, As Don Gabriel had brought his *mozo* with two saddled horses for us, and declared the girls had not danced a *cueca* for a month, of course the affair was settled. An additional inducement for us to stay was the promise of the *mayordomo* that on the morrow we should see some sport with the *huitres* or condors, as a calf had died in the night, and in the morning there would be sure to be three or four of these birds pretty well gorged; he also told us that he was going to have a sort of *rodeo*, or cattle collecting on a small scale, as a *haciendado* was coming to buy some. So off we started to Don Gabriel's house, with the full intention of going in for a good spree; and a real good Chile spree is no joke, I can tell you.

On arriving at the house—which, I was thankful to perceive, was not more than a mile off, as I had serious doubts as to our getting back over a longer distance—we found the two above-mentioned young ladies, and two more besides, and a young *haciendado* whom I knew very well, named Don Francisco. In less than fifteen minutes I had drunk the healths and conversed with every one of the girls in turn, and finally laid siege to Señorita Mercedita, a charming girl of sixteen summers, and with such eyes! What jolly girls those Chilenas are! and all classes are the same. Their natural grace, good breeding, and withal their perfect ease, render them by far the most agreeable people I know at almost any time, and at a *tertulia* or party—well, I should like to see the man who could tire them out at dancing. How

we did dance ! and how *I* did dance ! I stamped about and went at it, as the Doctor said, "like a patent ten-day chronometer ;" but it never does to be shy in Chile, and the girls never laugh at you—not they. I remember after making one terrific pirouette, in the performance of which I knocked Don Gabriel into a coal scuttle, and very nearly went up to the roof myself, they all applauded me to the echo, "Muy bien ! muy bien, señor !" However, I made it all right with Don Gabriel by telling him that that was the way they danced the *cueca* in the United States, at which explanation he appeared perfectly satisfied.

I can't say I perfectly remember events after two a.m. Long before this Don Francisco had succumbed to *chicha*, and was carefully deposited under a bed just as he was, everyone being apparently perfectly aware of his little failings, while the Doctor and Don Gabriel were busily engaged at an interesting game of cribbage. Everything passed off without a hitch, I suppose, as I found myself next morning comfortably wrapped up in two or three ponchos under the table. After about a pint of ice-cold *chicha*, I felt as right as anything.

On getting back to the farm we found the predictions of the *mayordomó* verified, as a peon had brought word that there were three condors pegging away at the calf ; so, judging that we had better leave them to get well gorged before bestowing any little extra attention on them, we mounted, and leaving our guns behind us, but not forgetting to take four or five bottles of *chicha* with us, we sallied out to see a little of the real Chile sport—the *rodeo*. A short way from the farm we met the *haciendado*, accompanied by two *huasos*, and, as the

Doctor was personally known to everybody, we had to turn back and take the usual amount of *chicha*, without which nothing can be done in Chile. The *haciendado* himself was mounted on a splendid Chile horse, of a chesnut colour, or rather of the colour known in the country as *alisan de oro*. He was short on the legs, large-barrelled, and as broad across the loins as a prize ox; his saddle was composed of twelve snow-white sheepskins, topped with a valuable one of fur, and the tree was richly ornamented with silver. The bridle was composed of netted hide, as fine as linen almost, and covered with silver rings and bosses; the bit was a massive steel ring, which encircled the horse's lower jaw, while the stirrups were formed out of two solid masses of wood, in size and shape like a cheese-cutter. He himself was habited in a handsome vicuña poncho, which concealed his person down to the hips, and was as fine as silk; a broad-brimmed *sombrero* of the finest Panama straw covered his head and on the heels of his long patent leather boots were silver spurs with rowels three inches long, and which perhaps weighed half a pound a piece. Altogether, as he sat there on his horse, he looked one of the most picturesque figures I ever saw. The two *huasos* were dressed in the same fashion, but of course without the ornaments, and their garments were of a coarser quality. The horse that one bestrode was a small grey animal about $13\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, rather thin, and apparently of no particular use; indeed, it seemed half asleep. That it could, however, be uncommonly wide awake when required subsequent events proved. The other was mounted on a beautiful little Chile horse, full of courage, and restless as a hawk, which was having the finishing lessons to perfect it as a good *huaso* horse.

Of course all three carried—coiled up behind their saddles—a lasso of twisted hide.

As I knew that the *haciendado* was a well-known breeder of good horses, and as they come well mounted to a meeting of this sort, I was of course anxious to see some feats of horsemanship, and whispered my desires to the Doctor. "Nothing easier; Don Carlos, allow me to introduce to you a friend of mine." We bow, he with the air of a prince, and we exchange cigarettes. "That's a nice horse of yours, Don Carlos." "Pretty good, Señor Doctor, but I have better." "My young friend here would like to see some trifling little feat, and I daresay you will oblige him." "With great pleasure, Sir; José, place your poncho out there," pointing across the yard. José, who knew what was required, took his poncho off and placed it on the ground about 150 yards distant. Don Carlos, without removing his cigarette from his mouth, clapped spurs to his horse and darted off like the wind at full gallop; when he appeared almost over the garment there was a sudden cloud of dust from the horse's feet, and when it cleared away the animal was standing motionless as a statue *on the poncho*! It really was marvellous. Don Carlos shouted out for us to keep still, and immediately galloped back at full tilt straight for the spot where we were watching him. When within a few yards only of me, it appeared that he was going to charge me, but suddenly rushing close by my left-hand side, so close as almost to touch my stirrup, he wheeled round so quickly that he was alongside of my right hand literally before I knew where he was. Although he had passed me at full speed, he had pulled up his horse and turned round in a space of a few yards! "You see, señor," he said to

me, "if I were a robber, and wanted to attack you, you would be completely at my mercy. Just place your horse's neck along side of mine." I did so, when his horse, by the merest touch of the spur, immediately pushed mine completely round. It was evident to me that at any moment he could have knocked me half-way across the yard, horse and all. He did not seem to think, however, that all that sort of thing could be easily and effectually stopped by a half-ounce Deringer, and I did not think it worth while to tell him. Not the least curious part of the business, to me at least, was the fact that the horse stood perfectly still and quiet after all this performance.

But a still more wonderful feat was exhibited. In front of a range of buildings used as the kitchen and other outhouses was a long oak rail, about six feet in length, and perhaps four feet from the ground; it was firmly fixed in two uprights at each end. "Juan," said Don Carlos, "let us see how that young horse has been getting on; you ought to have taught him something by this time." "I hope so, señor," said Juan. Don Carlos first of all sent Juan on to "keep the bar," as it is called. Juan placed his horse's chest against the pole, with his head and neck over it, looking into the kitchen. Don Carlos then clapped spurs to his horse, and rushed his horse against the other, trying to push him away from the bar. The young mettlesome horse, however, stood the attack boldly, and urged by the spur and *chicote* of his rider, actually succeeded in pushing his antagonist away for a moment; but he was too hot for his work, for Don Carlos's horse adroitly struck him with the point of his shoulder just before the forehead, and as nearly as possible upset him; and despite the

utmost efforts of Juan for full five minutes, he never could regain his place. "Pretty well; in one year more he will make a good horse," said Don Carlos.

After this we made a move for the country. We approached a herd of cattle that were feeding, and, after riding about near them for some time, Don Carlos picked out those he wanted, and orders were given to the two men to drive them to the corral. This was effected pretty quietly at first, and the animals, in number about eight or nine, were got together and driven towards the corral. I was beginning to feel disappointed at not seeing any of the lassoing business, but the doctor told me to wait a bit. Presently, on approaching some broken ground, a young bull, without any previous warning, darted off, and almost as quickly Juan and the other were after him like arrows; the one on the young horse came up with him first, and just as he was disappearing over the brow of a hill he made his shot and missed. Immediately afterwards Juan rushed by him, going down the hillside at full tilt, and just at the bottom he threw his lasso; the loop gradually settled down over the animal's horns, and the horse, obedient to the bit, made a half turn, presenting his side to the bull and leaning away from him. A jerk came, and over went the bull; however, he was up in no time, and off again. Juan, instead of holding him, spurred his horse up to him once more, and then suddenly turned him round; there was another jerk, and over went the bull again. After this second dose he seemed to think better of it, and was driven to the corral where he was released. It was one of the prettiest and neatest done things I ever saw—no fuss or flurry about it. Meanwhile Don Carlos and the other *huaso* had

each hold of a bullock who had followed the example of the bull; and eventually the whole were safely driven into the corral.

An accident occurred which might have ended fatally. Don Francisco, unable to restrain the excitement of the splendid horse he bestrode, started off in pursuit of a bull, and having no lasso, endeavoured to run along and knock the animal over with his horse. Whether he was too inexperienced, or his horse not up to this business, I don't know; but the bull turned suddenly round as he came alongside, and, lowering his head, tossed him, horse and all, to the ground. Luckily no bones were broken, and after a pull at the *chicha* Don Francisco appeared to be all right again. No one but an expert horseman, mounted on a good horse, is successful at this game; and many young men, who go to a *rodeo* for the fun of the thing, get killed or injured. Nothing surprised me more than the excellence of Juan's horse; to look at it seemed not worth one dollar, yet as a cattle horse it was invaluable, as it could literally twist round half a dozen times in its own length in as many seconds, and his rider could dismount at any moment and leave him free, and he would not move for hours.

On arriving at the farm we gave orders for a fresh *casuela* to be made for all hands, and rode off to the ravine where the calf had been placed. As we approached a whole tribe of *galinazos*, or turkey buzzards, flew lazily off, and after a deal of hopping and flapping an old male condor just managed to get away, accelerated no doubt by a charge of shot, which only rattled on his feathers like a coat of mail. On the course were three others, gorged so full that they could not raise

a fly between them. After some fun with them, they were adroitly lassoed by Juan, and dragged to the open, where I amused the whole company by my efforts to lasso one with Don Carlos's lasso. However, after a bit I succeeded after a fashion, and eventually we knocked them all on the head. The largest measured eight feet across the wings. These birds are also caught by building a corral or palisade round any dead animal; when gorged they are unable to raise themselves over the top, and are thus easily killed.

As it was now getting dark, we all migrated to the farm, and strange to say, or rather *not* strange to say, we found Señoritas Carmelita y Mercedita and the guitar awaiting us. I will not weary my readers by stating how we danced till past midnight; how Don Carlos declared he loved me slightly better than his own father; how I declared to Mercedita that I loved her slightly better than—well, the last one I told so before; how we polished off the *casuela*, made Juana happy with a dollar and innumerable bundles of cigarros, took just perhaps a trifle, a mere trifle, too much for our crania, and, bidding adieu to the *mayordomo*, went home by moonlight, loaded down with plovers. I think we took eight hours in going home, the delay being caused chiefly by the doctor insisting about every mile on pulling up, and, with a solemn air, delivering to myself and José a very learned dissertation on the ways and means of shooting *pacharones*, invariably ending his discourse by remarking "let's take a Scotchman"—and we letted.

It may be asked what became of Don Federico? Alas! the career of that misguided young man is enveloped in mystery. After that bout with the doctor

he disappeared in the morning, so Juana told us, and turned up about three days afterwards, looking very seedy. "Why, where have you been?" "I don't know," said Federico solemnly, "but never will I go out with that infernal doctor again. This is the third time he has what he calls 'taken me out' for a day." "Taken you *in* you mean. What did you lose to him?" "Fifty-two dollars; but never again with you, doctor, never again with you." A week or two after I met the doctor, and told him. "Not go out again with me? Why, I'm going to *take him out again on Saturday!*"

TWO DAYS' FISHING IN CHILE.

IN the last chapter I discoursed of the doings of a certain doctor and a young man hight Don Federico, during a little shooting trip I had with them in Chile. As some of my readers will perhaps remember, between those two individuals there existed an attachment which might be designated as interested on the doctor's part, and involuntary on Federico's. Federico was provided with dollars to a considerable extent; the doctor was not; and on every occasion of their "going out together" dollars somehow migrated from Federico's pocket to the doctor's purse, in a manner worthy of a Wizard of the South. Accordingly I was not very much astonished at my youthful friend suggesting to me that we should go out for a day's fishing next *die fiesta*, but—without the doctor. "Es muy buen hombre, pero, curajo! cuesta mucho-mucho;" which, being interpreted, means that the doctor is a very good fellow in his way, but intolerably expensive.

The next thing was where to go to. Our own charming little bay was too near, Catalina Island was too far; why not hire a couple of *fleteros* and a surf boat, and go twenty miles down the coast to the Congreos Islands; land in a *balsa*, and shoot *conejos* and seals? Just the thing, of course; "and if we should happen to stop over a day, what matter?" quoth Federico; and I said nought against it.

It wasn't a very difficult matter to get a boat and

a brace of men, and the holiday of *nuestra senora Santa Somebody* beheld us sailing with a fair breeze out of the harbour to make an offing for the Congreos. A Chile surf boat is shaped exactly like a slice of melon, sharp at both ends; it is quite impossible to upset them, they go through any sea, and are invariably steered by an oar trailing over the stern. The Chileno *fleteros* are as fine a body of men as there are in the world, and I always found them exceedingly obliging when treated properly. We carried the breeze all the way down, and by the time the sun got well up out of the sea we were off our destination. We tacked and put into a small bay, with a lovely shelving beach, and hauled up the boat. We had landed in the most romantic little spot conceivable, and we might have been primeval *voyageurs*. What tremendous convulsions of the whole coast must have taken place to tumble and hurl such enormous masses of rock in confusion worse confounded, such as we gazed upon! Some wild goats were crawling about the sides of the precipices, looking from where we were like insects more than animals, and a few large lizards were lying at the mouths of their holes, basking in the morning sun, all aflame like coils of brass. I captured one immense fellow, quite a foot long, by inserting a stick down a crevice; the lizard immediately laid hold of it, and was drawn out, but I let him go again, as I had no means of preserving him. The first rains had just fallen, and the whole surface of the ground—even the beach and rocks—was covered with flowers. A little blue convolvulus of the most extreme delicacy, aptly termed “sighs,” carpeted the earth like a firmament, while out of the enormous masses of gneiss and trap sprang cactus and prickly pears. Here and there the Chile nettle patched

the coverlet with its masses of yellow and crimson. This nettle is a very different affair from our English one. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the Scotch thistle, but the stem and core of the leaves are covered with exceedingly fine and sharp needle-like points; the flower is of the size of a shilling, of a most vivid yellow with an intense crimson eye, and white-tipped stamens. Altogether it forms at once the most beautiful and most common object of these rock-bound shores.

On some sandy plains near here I found two very curious kinds of beetles; one, called *vacita* (little cow), springs up from beneath the sand, like a plant, in the summer, and covers the ground in astonishing numbers; on the first appearance of cold they die and go—no one knows where. You may dig down some feet just before the time they arrive and never see one, and yet in a few days the whole plain will be black with them. They are about an inch long, and striped black and white. The other kind frequents the cactus plants in great numbers; it is a long brown insect, very difficult to see or approach; on being disturbed it flies off to the next cactus with astonishing rapidity, at the same time when flying emitting a very peculiar noise, exactly resembling the sound made by a ratchet. Under the wings, on the side of the body, are four or five ridges, which evidently correspond to the teeth of the wheel, but I never could discover with what the insect scratched them to produce the sound. A remarkable bird, the *tapacola*, or “cover-your-tail,” was abundant here; it frequents the rocks on the sea coast, hopping from point to point, emitting its peculiar cry, and bobbing up and down its tail in an extraordinary manner; it sometimes imitates the laugh of a child so exactly as to deceive the most practised ear. Another

beautiful bird I saw, the name of which I forget ; it is a small bird, about the size of an English sparrow, of a jet black colour, with a square crimson patch between its shoulders. There were many beautiful flowers about, but I could not find the *tropæolum*, the most handsome creeper I know ; it grows in the greatest profusion near La Serena, covering whole bushes with its yellow, red and purple tresses. I once saw a girl at a dance, with her raven hair decked with strings of these jewels of nature, and thought I never saw so fair an ornament. The famous *copihue*, that glorious creeper of the South, will, unfortunately, not grow farther north than Curico. This splendid plant, which sometimes covers a whole tree, has a long, scarlet, bell-shaped flower, and excites the admiration of all beholders.

There was a very remarkable kind of sea bird in this bay. It is called the "Pajaro niño," or boy-bird. It is a kind of penguin, and attains to the weight sometimes of ten to twelve pounds ; it literally does live in the water, for I never could discover that this bird ever visited the land at all, the only portion of its body that is ever visible being the extreme tip of its bill, and even this but rarely. They may be seen swimming and darting about singly beneath the surface of the water like porpoises. They are of course extremely difficult of capture.

José and Juan, our two *fleteros*, went off to collect shellfish among the rocks, while Federico went in search of an old fisherman who caught seals and speared fish from his *balsa*. I meanwhile threw a line over some rocks, and in a very short space of time had half a dozen two-pounders floundering about on the beach. I carried these back to the boat and threw them in, and strolled on over rocks and shelving beaches, enjoying

myself perfectly and thoroughly like a schoolboy, quite careless of everything. In a cove, which sea nymphs or syrens might well have made, I took off my clothes and paddled about in the water, tumbling over rocks, catching *lisas* (mullet) and crabs, till the eye of Phœbus found out my back, and made me beat a retreat to the sheltering alcove. The sand, which had been washed so fine by the waves of ages that it resembled dust more than sand, served as a couch at once soft and cool. Stretching myself at full length, I let the sand run lazily through my fingers and listened to the hollow murmur of the wave, as I watched the glistening fixed eye of a huge green lizard, flaming like an emerald, who doubtless wondered who was the mortal that had invaded his domain. I almost began to fancy myself a lotus eater, and ask, like Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" why should I not leave all the world and its cares, and buy a boat and live here, and fish and hunt goats, and——

But here my reveries were most unromantically disturbed. Master Federico—who, I suspect, always thought I was in league with the doctor—had perceived my clothes left carelessly on the rocks outside, and, guessing I was taking a *siesta* somewhere, quietly walked off with them, and placing them on a *balsa*, paddled to the entrance of the cove. A shout aroused me, and on looking up I perceived my festive acquaintance, with my clothes ironically and defiantly pitchforked on a fish spear! Remonstrance was useless; diplomacy was the only thing to try. "Aha, my youthful wag," I cried, as I held up my wicker flask of real old Islay (the doctor's same "old original"), "fair play's a jewel; my clothes—this cove, this flask, a *cigarro*." The enemy struck his colours. The old

fisherman, a man myriad-seamed, of many winters, hauled his *balsa* on the beach and joined us. We talk of Crusoe, or rather Selkirk, as a curious human being; but here was a man, like hundreds of others along these shores, who lived in complete and total exile. He told me he never saw anyone at all; that occasionally he went down to Coquimbo to sell a few fur-seal skins; but, *carajo! me gusta mucho la tranquilidad*—I like the quiet. Well, there are worse places to ruralise in than Chile, and no people love their country more than the Chilenos. When the Peru railway fever broke out, many hundreds of the Chileno *peons* were deported by Mr. Meiggs to make the lines; scores of them died from vain longings for their native land.

Federico and I returned to the boat by the shore, while the old fisherman paddled back to his hut. We found José and Juan awaiting our arrival, with their *mantos* full of *picos*, sea-urchins, and clams. The lot was all tumbled into the boat, and we pulled back to where the old fellow had his hut. Near here were some deserted *ranchos*, which had been occupied by fishermen who come there periodically to catch and cure codfish. José soon had the floor of one of them well cleaned, and, strewing on the ground a layer of broom a foot or so thick, we spread our ponchos on top, and had as comfortable a billet as if we were at the Hôtel Frances at Coquimbo.

It was now noon, and what a glorious day it was! The air was so clear that the other islands, some six miles distant, were as distinctly visible as if they were only half a mile off. Above, in the cerulean ether, four or five *huitres* were sailing round and round in lazy circles, never moving a feather, and all around us the

diamond sea. Ah, well! life is not all a picnic. As the fishing took place at night, we loafed, bathed, and fished from the rocks all the afternoon. Federico amused himself with smoking cigarettes, while Juan, who was evidently the handy man of the party, set about our dinner. Of course the principal item in this was *charquikan*, and, moreover, we fortunately had got *charqui de guanaco*. Before it is cooked it is the most uninviting-looking stuff I ever saw. It looks, more than anything else I know, like long strips of dirty brown leather, with drops of candle grease all over it. The mode of manufacturing the *sopa* is simple: the smoothest and largest stone is picked out, and a strip of *charqui* is placed on it; another oblong pebble is taken, and the strip is pounded into shreds; it is now put into a pot with water and boiled. When finished, a quantity of *aji*, or Chile pepper is put in, and the dish is then eaten; it has a peculiar rank flavour, and is excessively heating. All the Chileno *proprios*, or couriers, who sometimes ride incredible distances on horseback, almost entirely live on this *charqui*, binding the slips between the skins of their saddles. Besides this we had broiled *lisas*, fried *congreo*, raw sea-urchins, and roasted *picos*. These *echinos* or sea-urchins are eaten sometimes made up into a salad, but more frequently raw—that is, their tongues, of which they have five, of a broad beadlike appearance like the hard roe of a bloater. The *picos* are the very best shellfish I have ever eaten; they are called so from their resemblance to a parrot's bill: when roasted they open like clams, and afford the most delicate food—indeed, I know nothing comparable to them. Our repast we washed down with some capital Chile claret, quite equal to inferior Bordeaux.

In the afternoon I strolled round the island with my pea rifle and practised on the pelicans, of which there were hundreds on the rocks. It is astonishing how deceitful the distances are in an open sea and a Chile sky. I was shooting with a beautiful little rifle (hollow bullet), which was sent out to me by Tolley, of Birmingham; with it I constantly used to hit an oyster shell at fifty paces, and I had most accurately sighted it to one hundred and fifty yards. I fired at a pelican, which I thought was at most seventy-five yards off, and to my intense astonishment saw my bullet hit some twenty yards (apparently) this side of him. I then put up the one hundred and fifty yards sight, and fired again. The bullet knocked a cloud of feathers out of master pelican, but he flew off unharmed. I never saw such crowds of sea-fowl as there were on the rocks, and on a block some hundred yards or so out at sea I saw some dozen huge seals. I stalked these gentry quite easily, and fired at the nearest; I suppose the bullet was too small, as he only gave a wriggle and plunged in again. I didn't shoot any more, as I evidently could make no impression on them. Crowds of the beautiful fishing gulls were flying hurriedly to and fro, always keeping to their own flock; they kept at an altitude of some hundred feet above the sea, now circling, now fluttering, and anon hurrying swiftly forward, evidently keeping pace with the fry on the top of the water. Suddenly, with the swiftness of an arrow, down they would plump into the sea, sending the spray flying high into the air like a fountain of gems. They afforded me so much pleasure, I hadn't the heart to fire at them. Another most perfectly beautiful gull I observed, with an orange head, long jet-black bill, white breast, and

black and white back, with brown-barred wings. I shot a couple, but the hollow bullets knocked them all to pieces. Subsequently, however, I shot three more with my shot-gun, and have the skins now, but in such a dilapidated condition that I am afraid even Mr. Ward could not make anything out of them. These gulls were so tame that I had abundant opportunity of observing their method of catching fish. With the two kinds of hunting gulls above and below proceeding on two entirely different plans, it was almost compulsory, even to the most unimaginative mind, to reflect on the mysteries of nature; why—but stop, I'm not Darwin. Well, these birds fly along just above the surface of the water, usually four or five abreast; suddenly they almost imperceptibly halt, and the lower mandible of their long lance-like bill is depressed, and the fry on which they feed is, as it were, shovelled into their mouth. I watched them so long and so closely that there is no possibility of a mistake, though it may be a well-known fact after all. How many times have I wished I was something of a naturalist and a sketcher. It is the greatest mistake for a man like myself, who is constantly rambling about, not to be able to draw a beautiful view, or describe a new bird or animal with accuracy.

We waited till the moon rose bright and clear over a snow-capped peak of the Sierras, when we all made a move for the whale boat. The arrangements for catching the *congreos* were very simple, though I don't know what Mr. Wilcocks would have said to it. A long cord, about two hundred yards in length, was fitted with drop lines at intervals of three feet or so; each drop line had a hook at the end, and was baited with a clam or *pico*. One end had a large stone slung to it, and the other a

couple of inflated skins fastened on to long drop lines. We rowed quietly out for a mile or more, and laid the line, as usual, across the mouth of the small bay at the east end of the island, and after that we had nothing to do but to wait. The night was coldish, and clear almost as noon. However, we were prepared for all contingencies, and hove our anchor overboard close in a small cove; José then rigged up a couple of short poles on each side of the boat, and spread an old sail over the top like an awning; and what with a small cargo of *ponchos*, horsecloths, &c., in the bottom we made as snug a crib as need be. A lantern was slung overhead, and one for'ard, and after an impartial distribution of Islay all round (taking particular care of Master F.'s share) a couple of packs of cards were produced, and Juan and José took a hand of *rocambo* against the two *patrons*, and, by the same token, took the shine out of them also, though Federico said they played a "mean game." Well, they won four *pesos*, anyhow—a small fortune for them.

The old fisherman grew quite garrulous under the influence of the "foreign element," and seemed to think us Heaven-sent strangers, for he grasped my hand fervidly, and swore by all the *santos* and *santas* in the calendar that he would consider himself my *compadre* for evermore. He seemed to like fishing in this sort of way; he said it was *magnifico por dios*; he committed his own boat, with sundry curious Spanish oaths, to the *diablo* several times over, and finally rolled himself up in the stern under a heap of *mantos*, and expressed his intention in figurative terms of having nothing more to do with mundane affairs till the morning. Poor old chap! he didn't get a "drap" every day like that. For

the last fifty years of his life he had got drunk on *aguardiente*, an atrocious compound of nitric acid and cayenne pepper, and I really was pleased to see the old fellow go to roost so contented and lamb-like on a gentleman's beverage.

At about four o'clock a.m. we hauled the line and counted out sixty large *congreos*, besides some other fish which looked uncommonly like small cod or haddock. We coiled the line away in baskets, lifted in the stone, then up sail and away. The old Chileno had somewhat recovered from his spree, and felt none the worse for it, much to his astonishment; as we were as hungry as several hunters, we set him to work on a *casuela de pollo* with a couple of fowls we had brought with us, and meanwhile satisfied our immediate wants with broiled *congreo* and canned salmon. After a very cold bath, we all turned in and slept like tops till noon. Unremitting attention was then paid to the *casuela*, and after a *cigarro* or two we put off again in the whale boat, followed by the ancient mariner in his *balsa*, shaping our course for some rock-bound islets which abounded with seals and rabbits, as we had been told.

Perhaps my readers may like to know what a *balsa* is. It is made of sealskin, and consists of two round sausage-like tubes, pointed off at both ends; one end is rather larger or blunter than the other, and the tip is rather pointed upwards, in rude imitation of a boat's nose. The two tubes are lashed together, small end and large end together, so as to form a slightly wedged shape; a few boards are lashed across the tubes, and the thing is complete. The tubes are inflated by a piece of reed inserted in the smaller tip. The diameter of each may be about three feet at the thickest part, and its length

eight feet. The skins are dubbed and made quite water-proof by a mixture of goat's blood and red ochre which is rubbed into them. It would be impossible to upset such a boat if only the man keeps his seat, and of course it cannot be stove in. I almost forgot to say that the boatman kneels down in the bows, or smaller end of the boat, and propels the machine with a paddle. They don't go very fast obviously, but an adroit movement of the paddle sends them round literally like a top. Many of the surf-beaten islands of the Chile and Peruvian coast would be quite unapproachable if it were not for these *balsas*, as a wooden boat would be stove immediately.

We anchored some little way off a largeish island round which the sea beat unceasingly, and the old fisherman landed us one by one through the surf. Juan and José went fishing off the rocks, and the "ancient" looked after the commissariat department, while Federico and I went seal shooting. I took a short gun and got a few *conejos* and duck, while F. took a rifle I lent him and tried his hand at potting seals on the rocks; I don't think he hit one solitary seal. I was using a poly-groove, spherical, heavy deer-stalker by Purdey, with hair trigger, about 16-bore; with three-and-a-half drachms of glazed rifle powder and a hardened bullet it settled the business of anything up to two hundred yards. I only shot and *got* one seal, which the old fisherman was highly delighted at. Altogether, we did not have any very good sport at these islands, but the wildness of the scene and the beautiful view of the distant Andes amply compensated us for our trouble. After doing full justice to our meal, which was spread underneath a huge frowning rock as big as a small castle,

we up sail and away towing the *balsa* behind us. Although the breeze was moderately fair, we decided not to go back to our home till the morning; and far better had it been for Federico if we had gone at once.

On arriving home next morning we found that a Chile horserace was coming off close to a small bay a mile or two down. Before we disembarked, said Federico, "let's go;" and we went. One little mare belonged to an English sporting butcher, and was called *La Negrita*, and the other came from some distance, and was called *La Camelia*. The odds were two to one on *La Camelia*, which was a very fast mare at this particular distance, viz., three hundred yards. Of course it was a race à la *Chileno*, and an immense crowd of people were present, nearly all on horseback. The two mares were placed side by side, with their forefeet exactly level on a line scratched across the track; a row of stout sticks extended at right angles to this line some thirty yards down the course, between the two mares, to prevent them rushing against each other at the start, and two boys, the size of large monkeys, bestrode them bare-backed. When the mares had been set and were perfectly motionless, amidst the most breathless silence the *grito* was given, and off they went like arrows, arms, legs, whips, and spurs all flying about like flails. "*La Camelia! La Camelia!*" yelled all the men of Chile: "*she's in front! she win's!*" "*No she doesn't, Negrita wins!*" and win she did by a length; and there was grief in Israel.

I knew Federico was acquainted with the butcher, and I therefore augured well for his success on the race. I sought for him a long time, and at last I spied him in a booth liquoring up with a dirty-faced man

in a straw hat and poncho. "Ah," said he, running to meet me, "just the fellow I want to see." "Well, I suppose you are all right this time; you got the straight tip of course?" "De tip? blow all tips! I got *de wrong one*; look here, old fellow, just lend me fifty dollars for a minute, I've lost it to this——." I resolved to give him up after that, entirely and for ever.

“TOLING” FOR DUCKS IN • CALIFORNIA.

I WAS sitting one day in the billiard room of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco (about the best one, by-the-by, that I know in my varied experience) watching a game of pin-pool, and wondering what on earth I was going to do with myself during the bright October weather, when an acquaintance of mine who had “shown me the elephant” on my arrival, came and sat by my side; after throwing poker dice for the drinks, which of course I lost, he suddenly observed, “Would you like to see old François tole ducks? it’s the darndest fun out.” “*Tole* ducks; what the deuce is that?” “Well, come and see; he’s an old Chesapeake ducker, and you can bet he’s on it.” “Oh, I’m rather tired of the blanket business, with coffee and dry bread, and—” “Not much, sir; do the thing in style; feather bed, bully hotel; have a free fight if you like; not thirty miles off.” “Oh, if that’s the case, why I’m your man.”

Two days after the above conversation I found myself in the cars on the way to San José. A great rifle match was coming off next day at San Mateo, so we stopped there over-night on purpose to see it. There were some queer people at San Mateo. At dinner I sat opposite to two ladies, and in course of conversation I remarked that the chicken soup that we were eating did not appear to have much chicken in it. “Chicken!” said one of them, “I guess there’s nary feowl has flowed within a mile of

this yere soup; you can bet your bottom dollar on that, young man." I did not cultivate that lady's acquaintance any more.

A rifle match at Wimbledon and San Mateo are two very different affairs. The two competitors at the latter place were a doctor and a judge. The doctor shot with a rifle, without any exaggeration, as thick as my forearm; the bore was about the ordinary Enfield size, and the bullet solid and conical, with the tip cut off square. It had a telescope running the whole length of the barrel, two spirit levels, a pendulum or two, and it altogether reminded me of Mr. Samuel Weller's description of a "double magnifying patent gas rifle of hextra power." Of course the implement was shot from a large rest. The other young arquebuss was much of the same calibre. The distance, if I remember rightly, was one hundred and seventy yards, and the shots were measured by the *carton* system, *i.e.*, by taking the average distance from an exact centre. Twenty shots, I think, were fired, and their mean value was two and a half inches or thereabout—a capital performance, but, considering all the precautions taken, I should say a Henry rifle ought to do as good.

In the evening a good deal of free fighting took place. Among others an Irishman and a long Yankee set to in a regular rough and tumble—chairs and tables flying. As they were under the table rolling over and over like dogs, I suggested that they ought to be parted. "No, sir," said the judge; "you have now, sir, an excellent opportunity of observing the pertickler customs of the two hemispheres. I lay a dollar on Yank." A terrific howling now arose from the two combatants, and, on getting up, the Irishman had one eye gouged out, and the Yank

was minus a portion of his ear. "Lively, bet yer boots," quoth the judge; "let's liquor, boys."

Next morning we set off for San José. The driver of our train was a Mr. Jawkins—a festive cuss. I was introduced to him. He was a mean-looking individual, with a large brooch on his waistcoat, denoting that he belonged to the "Society of B.B.'s," which I was informed meant "Bully Boys." A short time previously the papers stated that "Driver Jawkins tries an experiment." It appears that some miscreant had placed a very large rock on the line, and on Mr. J. perceiving it, he brought his engine to a standstill almost, and then immediately put on full speed; with remarkable forethought, he first jumped off the engine and looked on. The result of this little "experiment" of the playful Jawkins was merely six killed and fifteen wounded. His salary was increased next day.

San José in those days was a pretty place, indeed, one of the most enjoyable little towns I was ever in. There was a very good hotel there, and we got everything we required at moderate charges—for California; but it is the very dearest country to travel in I know.

We hired a horse and waggon for three days at a reasonable price, and, after laying in a good stock of Bourbon and canned fruits, we started for the coast, along a very dusty road. We passed by several beautiful ranches, with sleek cows feeding on them, till we arrived at a sort of half-hotel, half-farmhouse, kept by a decent sort of chap, who was up to all the shooting localities for miles round. Strange to relate, he had actually three beds in the house! Consequently, it was not particularly early when we turned out next morning.

François, our hunter, was a small man about five feet

nothing, and all his armament was two dogs. One, the "toler," looked like, and I believe was, a French poodle; the other was some sort of a Newfoundland breed, as I believe any large, black, curly dog is called.

As it was too late to get to the small bay where we expected to get a shot at the ducks, we devoted the day to quail shooting. I got into a hill of wild oats, and found the birds positively too thick; they got up in squads. There were a good many rabbits about, and I shot more than a dozen of them. As I was rambling about among the bushes I suddenly came upon an old sow, who, after a grunt or two, made for the open at a very slow pace, occasionally stopping, stern foremost, and glancing back sideways. I thought it rather good fun and had quite a game with her for ten minutes. When I got back, however, I was astonished to hear my comrade declare that I had had a lucky escape of either being maimed, or of having to pay the full value of the pork. "I'd sooner face a grizzly any day than one of them half-wild sows—ask François," who corroborated it. However, where ignorance, &c.

We were all up early next morning, and drove down to within a mile of the beach, where we left our waggon, and walked down in the grey of the morning. On getting down François built up a sort of breastwork of reeds and rushes about ten yards from high tide, and after it was completed we all retired under some sand-hills to await the morning flight. There were some extensive lagoons at our back which must have been alive with fowl, as they kept flying incessantly out to sea. When the morn had well broke François proposed that we should descend to our battery, and we accordingly did. The day was calm and lowering and the tide

high, which was all in our favour. After an hour or more a slight ripple on the water as it came curling along to the shore, showed us a company of ducks drifted inwards; they gradually floated towards us till within about two hundred yards, when a most extraordinary performance took place. The small poodle or "toler" was released and presently began to gambol up and down the shore for the space of twenty yards or so, close to the edge of the sea-foam, François occasionally throwing a stick or a small stone hither or thither near the dog, which caused it to jump about in the most fantastic fashion, but without barking. In a little time the foremost ducks saw this performance going on, for they began paddling down, heads up, towards the object, in a state of wonder, no doubt. The rest soon followed, and in five minutes or so the whole band of perhaps two hundred were on the move straight to where we were. The nearer they came the less demonstrative the dog's antics were, he occasionally crouching down and rolling over and over, like a puppy playing with a slipper on a hearthrug, till the ducks came within thirty yards of our stand. François now told us to look out and fire when he said "go." All of a sudden, at a whistle from François, the poodle jumped up two or three times excitedly, when the company immediately stopped, and turned their sides preparatory to going back. "Let 'em have it," whispered François, and in an instant four barrels were in amongst them with the usual allowance; and as they got up, an old flint firelock, loaded with about 3oz. of "Bristols," which François held in reserve, cut a lane through them like a rocket through a fog-bank. The whole thing was done in about twenty minutes, and was the neatest bit of murder I ever engaged in. I

couldn't help wondering what Dan of Poole Harbour fame would have said had he seen his old pupil shooting ducks with a poodle?

"Hold hard a bit," said François, "don't move, let's see where that lot is going; down they go, boys, in that inlet; we'll tole those chaps again presently."

The big, curly black dog now commenced retrieving the dead and wounded, and as the day was not cold and the bottom beautiful soft sand, I off trousers and waded in and helped him. We gathered altogether about twelve ducks, nearly all redheads; more than half a dozen winged and wounded floated out to sea.

We returned to the waggon, and had a breakfast of broiled quail, toast, and canned salmon; washed the whole down with a bottle of Saunterne, and for an hour or so smoked genuine Havanas. On the whole, perhaps this is about as comfortable as slapjacks and cut Cavendish.

About three hours afterwards we toled the very same band again in a little *bayou*, and got ten more duck, and if we had had time we might have toled them again I have no doubt. The birds seemed attracted by some irresistible desire to examine the strange object on the beach, and of course suffered for their curiosity. Some of these toler dogs are of a reddish colour, not very unlike a fox. Redheads tole most easily of any duck, and the canvas-backs with some difficulty. So intent are the ducks sometimes on the antics of the toler, that a person may pass between the battery and the shore, and yet they will not take flight. A parallel to this fascination may be found in the Western States, where it is a common trick for a hunter to hang up a cloth or handkerchief on a stick in an open plain, and then stalk the

antelope, who are attracted close up to it. A perfectly calm day with high tides, is the best for the sport, though why it is difficult to say.

François told me that twenty years before he used to regularly make his living in Chesapeake bay by ducking and killing geese from "batteries." The batteries appear to have been large wooden boxes about seven feet long and two feet deep; these were sunk near the edge of the shore, so that the top was almost level with the sea. Sufficient water being all round the box, the gunner enters and places a large number of decoys in the vicinity. He then lies down and awaits the approach of the unsuspecting fowl, when the result may be easily imagined. François did not consider this at all an unsportsmanlike performance; and yet when I asked him whether he had ever seen ducks shot from a punt, he said with great vehemence, "No, I've only heard of it; but I call *cannonading* ducks unsportsmanlike and humbug if you like." *Pauvre François!* like mine host, he liked his ease. I should like to have had him out with me and Dan for only one night in Poole Harbour, with a long swivel—the thermometer 10° below zero! I'll warrant he would not have called *that* humbug.

We gathered up the victims and impartially divided them amongst us, and, lighting our cigars, turned homewards. On our way we might have shot any amount of fighters going into the lagoons for the night, but we had enough to make our backs ache already. I could not resist the temptation, however, of having a bang at a small lot of curlew that I judiciously stalked on the beach, killing two outright and winging another, which fell into the sea and was retrieved by the curly dog instantan.

We were so hungry and tired that we laid a blanket under the waggon, and watched the moon rise up like a huge lamp out of the sea, and listened to the distant murmur of the waves. It was cheerful to find that our horse had broken his picket rope, and gone goodness knows where; it looked like a camp out in earnest, but François volunteered to go out in search of him while I and "t'other feller" took it easy. After waiting an hour, we heard a faint halloo! come over the sand-hills, and soon after François made his entry, steed in hand, and swearing sundry strange oaths in French. The night was not cold, and we were almost inclined to camp it out under the waggon; but a good bed within a mile proved an irresistible magnet, so we harnessed up and returned to our shanty. Of course we found the boss gone to roost, everything locked up, and the fire out, so we had to go to bed with cold grog and no supper.

We let the ducks alone for the next three days and shot quails—at least *I* shot them; François netted them by wholesale for the Frisco market, where they sold for never less than a dollar a dozen. As for the third party, he went to work in an old-fashioned way of his own. He merely lay down just outside a field of wild oats, and waited and chewed tobacco till a bevy flew in, when he simply potted them on the ground with an immense single which he carried. On my remonstrating with him, he observed that he came out to shoot quail, and the more he got the better he liked it.

It's like the fellow that made up his mind to pay a visit to New York and see his friends, whom he had not seen for ten years. He arrived at New York and drove straight to his hotel. Next morning he went

down into the saloon, and all his friends who came to see him were immediately "cocktailed." He did this for three consecutive days and nights without stirring a peg, till one of his friends asked him if he was not going out to take a look at the city. "No sirree, I guess I have come to New York for seven days to loaf and see my friends, and I means to do it." At the end of the week he drove straight to the steamboat again and went back to Frisco. When his friends asked him how he liked New York, he replied, "You bet it's a bully place; I had the gayest old time there seeing my friends, bet yer life!"

The last two days of our week we shot, I really believe, a cartload of ducks. The first day we toled three bands of ducks during the day from three different batteries, and flighted during the night. Another party came down from Frisco and joined us, and so we quite lined the sandbanks and regularly fusilladed all the evening. Our parties joined waggons, and the night was so glorious (oh, those Indian summer nights of California!) that we determined to camp it out. We soon rigged up a first-rate tent under the waggons with blankets and horsecloths, and set the tea-kettle going. Among the party who came down were the Misses S., two charming young ladies from Marysville. They, assisted by their slave, yours truly, set out the supper—none of your slapjack business, but a really good "square meal" of cold venison pasty, turkey *au foie gras*, Madame Clicquot and Cutter. After supper François went to the shanty and came back with a concertina, and to its strains we kept up the light fantastic under difficulties; it's difficult waltzing in wild oats. However, we tabooed round dances and got on very well with quadrilles and

lancers. At a very late hour we saw the young ladies safe back to the shanty, and left them there under the protection of their brother, while we all returned to camp, making night hideous with such simple melodies as Yankee Doodle and Uncle Ned. Our party was large—more than eight I think. Among them, of course, was a Colonel Somebody, a dirty man, with a singular fondness for old rye and poker. There was also of course a doctor, adorned with rings, brooches, badges, chains, and pins enough to stock a small jeweller's shop; two or three miners from Marysville, and an English captain, as he called himself, but whom I fancy I had seen before at Ascot, made up the party. This latter individual tried to cajole me into a trial of skill at the simple little game of *écarté*. Failing in this, he tried his hand at poker with the judge, at which he came out second best. However, he confided to me his intention of "going thro' 'em yet" a little later on. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a gentleman inserting the heels of his boot into my blanket, in a vain attempt to go to bed. I rolled him to another corner of the waggon against the wheel, and took a view of the situation. The captain was at one end of two empty champagne boxes, and around him were seated in easy and picturesque attitudes his dear companions. Ulysses-like, he had made them all greatly and curiously drunk, and had hooked them in for an interesting game at loo. I am afraid he *was* going thro' 'em; for, quoth the doc., "Look'ye here, stranger, how about that last tew dollars? I don't quite—" "All right, my festive bird, your head's level on the subject; tittup all of you—five dollars to come in." And he winked at me in a familiar manner, as he transferred several pieces of gold to his

breeches pocket. Next morning I asked the judge who the captain was. "Waal, sir, I can't eggsactly fix him; but, sir, I tell you, he'll do, he will; he'll prógress, sir, into a prominent citizen, perhaps into a great *man*. Although he's not a na-tíve of 'Murican sile, but comes from yer own pusillannimus country, already he kin bite, he kin kick, he kin gouge, he kin drink like a son of Co-lumbia. As you have seen, he air some at shoving a card; he wants but one thing for us to run him for sheriff of Amador county—he's *not killed his man!*" Some time after I met the doc. "I say, how about that friend of yours, that 'captain;' did you ever run him for sheriff?" "Poor feller! he's dead. His end was'zad indeed. We runned him for sheriff, and fourteen others runned agin him. He fought six on 'em afore breakfast, and had to fight the balance arter lunch; so he thought the biz kinder too risky, and throwed the hul affair up. He then took to doctoring and second-sight, but it didn't pan out nohow; so the old cuss went to Arizony to hunt mines and Apaches, and the Injuns raised his har. Lor yes, he mis-took his sphere; I allers told him he oughter been a *bran-new Broadway preacher*; bet yer boots he'd 'a gone thro' 'em on that line!"

UP THE SACRAMENTO.

BARON SOMEBODY, whose's trip round the world was reviewed in the last *Quarterly*, says—"We were whisked across to San Francisco at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. . . . Frisco, a city without morals, without religion, almost without law." Dear old Frisco! how she does catch it for her youthful sins. It is certainly the most orderly and most enjoyable city I know; and I lived three years there. As it takes seven days, under favourable conditions, to go from New York to California, a distance of 3300 miles, the trains consequently run at twenty miles an hour, or even less. An exaggerated idea prevails of the speed of Yankee trains. A short time ago I travelled from St. John's to New York by the "Great American Lightning Express," which took me exactly twenty-five miles an hour. However, as the bold Baron seems to have gone round the world in sixty-two days, and written two thick volumes into the bargain, he *may* have made a few trifling errors.

Now, tremble not, kind reader, I'm not going to inflict an account of Frisco on you; it's been written to pieces. So, I'll simply say that, a few days after my landing there in 186—, I saw an advertisement that the "Lightning Express Coach" would leave some place up the Sacramento River for some Springs. I really forget what the Springs were—sulphur, soda, mineral, cold, hot, mud, or *sand*, for there are all kinds of springs in the land, warranted to cure any disease from toothache

to bunions. I went up in a boat with about five stories on it, and, miraculous to state, we were not "snagged," or run down, or blown up. However, she blew up two trips afterwards, and killed a few dozen Chinamen. I went to the store where the coach started from. An individual was inside, picking his teeth with a knife-blade about five inches long. When does the coach start?" "Pretty smart, I reckon. You air fresh, I guess." "Oh, very fresh indeed; it's a beautiful morning," I replied. "Um, you air fresh, I say; you air new; you air not a na-tive of 'Murica." "No, I'm not—in fact, I'm only just from England." "Then you air lucky. The man who drives you to-day is a remarkable man, sir. That man there" (pointing to a lank, limp gentleman, in an enormous black coat down to his ancles, who was seated in an empty flour barrel) "can spit farther, shoot straighter, take more cocktails, and has sent more passengers down the flume than any driver in Plumas county." What "sending a passenger down the flume" might mean, in my freshness I knew not. Suddenly the lank driver jumped up as if a sharp bradawl had been driven into his leg, and, calling out, "All aboard," mounted his perch. Four or five passengers made their appearance, and off we started. Our driver was a reticent man, despite his many accomplishments; in fact, he had only one universal observation for everything. To anything I asked him, he first squirted some 'baccy juice impartially on all the six horses, and said in a reflective tone, "you bet." The coach rocked considerably all the way, and just as we were coming to a really frightful-looking place, the driver suddenly pulled up at a shanty by the side of the road. A nervous passenger inside asked him why he

stopped there. "Waal, I allers stops here to have a good liquor up afore I goes down *that* hill, in case we should'nt *pan out all right at the bottom*, and I'm rayther skeared of one of my wheels this morning!" The nervous passenger elected to walk the rest of the journey. However, we did "*pan out*" all right at the bottom, and arrived safe at the Springs. I can't say much for the place. It had a hotel of course, several rum shops, a pistol gallery, shuffle board, two or three quack doctors, and the water—which I drank for some time without knowing it was only meant to bathe in—tasted like flat soda water with a dash of James's powder in it. I wasn't well for some time; but after taking to rum and milk, beefsteaks, and ordinary soap and water, I felt as fit as several fiddles.

I looked round the place for a day or two while undergoing this regimen, and saw plenty of game about in the shape of snipe, quail, ground squirrels, &c. I had brought a shooting iron with me, and made up my mind to have a day or two in the woods, or rather hills. The landlord of the hotel, who was a first-rate fellow, had a son, who did nothing particular except loaf and walk round with a large single-barrel gun of a very ancient type indeed. On the strength of this weapon he was the mighty Nimrod of the place, and he *did* know a good deal about the country, I may say that. More than this, he had the most extraordinary fund of yarns I ever did or shall hear; but of that presently. We hired two very old and sedate horses, which Master Jake observed we might eat in case of necessity, as they were pretty well played out; packed up our coffee, sugar, matches, &c., in our blankets, and, shouldering our muskets, turned our faces hill-wards—I in front, and Jake in the rear.

After a mile or so our oldest and sedatest nag suddenly darted off in quite a surprising manner, considering his looks and age. Instead of going after him, Jake let him run about seventy yards, and then presented his piece and fired at the refractory steed. I never in all my life saw a horse, old or young, kick so high—in fact he almost turned a somersault. I expostulated with him, as he seemed totally to disregard the fact that all my blankets, clothes, &c., were packed on the animal, and in case of “anything happening” to him, I of course would have to pay about five times his full value. However, Jake declared that that was the only argument the “aged cuss” understood, so I suppose he had undergone the operation before.

Our first night it rained tremendously, a most unusual occurrence at so early a part of the year, and consequently we were completely soaked outside with rain, and inside, I am bound to say, with Cutter whiskey, hot and strong. Even Mr. Cutter could not damp the spirits (that’s not a bad pun, really) of my juvenile and festive friend; and when I at length went to sleep he was still “yer bet-ing” and “yer know-ing” about some chimerical “bar,” whose cruel and sanguinary end at Jake’s hand (of course) I am sorry to say I never heard. I put the bottle under my head that night, well out of his reach.

Next morning broke, as only a morning can break in California—perfect. There must be something in the parallels of Chile and California to account for the extraordinary amount of electricity in the air, which seems to make you want to jump up somewhere. We lit our fire, and dried our clothes, blankets, &c., as well as we could, and spread them out on the bushes to dry.

Jake then set to work, and in a short time rigged up quite a respectable bush-tent of branches and blankets, I meanwhile frying the bacon and slapjacks.

After our frugal meal we set off together, and for some time we had as pretty shooting as a man could wish. The covert was a sort of chapparal almost knee-deep, interspersed with thick bushes, just the very place for quail. We had no dog with us, as unless Ponto has been especially trained for this purpose, he is worse than useless. Of all the birds I know of, not one can compare with the California quail in celerity of flight, and in the quickness with which it gets under way; they are no sooner flushed than they are off at full speed; luckily for the shooter, they almost invariably fly straight away, with no turning or twisting, or they would be the most difficult bird to kill in the world. They run like hares, and tree like woodpigeons; I frequently lay down, and looking through the stalks of the chapparal saw small coveys of three or four creeping along like rabbits. The best time to shoot them is early in the morning and late at evening when they are feeding, and it is best to drive them gradually to a large clump of trees or any open ground and shoot them in detail, if you can; but they are most exceedingly shy and cunning, and it is no uncommon thing for a good shot to be surrounded almost by them, and yet only bag half a dozen. When I state that a quail will carry off almost any amount of shot, I have said enough to show that a good bag of them is thought something of in California. When he is shot and broiled, only a woodcock on toast can compare with him. Well, we jogged along till the sun got hot, and the birds had evidently gone to the tussocks to digest their morning meal, and as our bags were pretty

heavy and a noonday Californian sun is pretty hot, we concluded we would do a little of the *dolce far niente* ourselves.

We sat down by a rill, and, lying on its bank, watched the smoke from our cigars curl upwards straight as a dart. I took off my shoes and stockings and dangled my feet in the water, for the heat was overpowering, while Jake lay on his back, kicking his heels in the air and occasionally remarking that he "felt as spry as a four-year-old singed cat, and as bully as an alligator." What yarns he did tell! I thought I should have died with laughing. Although I was quite aware that Master Jake was a tough nut, yet I couldn't help being struck with the smartness, goaheadness, and wonderful sense of humour in the man. At last a more than usually loud burst of laughter denoted that he had "struck" a more than usual curious recollection. "What's up, Jake?" "What's up? Why, I'll be dorgorned if that shanty we passed yesterday don't belong to old Widow Hiram, whose geese Joash Bunker teetotally chawed up," and again he went into various fits of laughter. "Who's Joash Bunker, and what did he do?" "What did he do? Waal, it's Pike Fenton's story, as was along with me at the time, but I expegs Pike won't mind me telling it." [A good yarn in California is looked upon as the peculiar property of so-and-so, not to be told by anyone else; like a song of Sims Reeves or Santley.] We take a fresh cigar, and Jake commences. N.B.—I leave out a variety of strange Californian oaths.

"It was about this time last year that I and Pike Fenton of Calaveras county took a trip down San Rafael way, to shoot quail and snipe; after a bit we got peckish, and I says to Pike, Let's go over and see

what old Widow Hiram has got to grub, and over we went; when we got there we found the old gal clean run out of everything, and we had to pan it out on slap-jack and molasses—tarnation dry food after a feller's been out in the sun all day. Waal, we was cussing our luck, when who should come around but young Joash Bunker, a kicking up an all-fired row. 'Anything to eat, widder?' says Joash. 'No,' says the widow, 'not a sprat there aint.' 'That's bad, tew,' says Joash; 'say, why not have one of them geese?'—pointing to a flock of geese that were quietly feeding up a siding. 'Cos I guess I'm a-fattening on 'em up for Christmas,' says the widow. 'Say,' says Joash again, 'I tell you, I'll give you a dollar a head for one shot at 'em, and I takes all I shutes.' 'No, young man, nor yet two dollars; why, with that yere gun of yours, why there, you'd kill four sure-ly, and there's only ten altogether, and them geese air worth 3½ dollars a piece. No, sir, not much.' This yere Joash was a loafing sort of a cuss, that was always a-prowling about after ducks, and picking up a living anyhow. He had a gun; my! I guess that was a gun. Joash said as how his great-great-grandfather had fought with that implement at Bunker's Hill, and he guessed that it had plugged some few Britishers on that occasion, and it was the heftiest, all-firest gun as was. Nothing riled Joash like speaking against his gun; he couldn't abear to hear the article run down. 'Nonsense,' says Pike, giving me a nudge, 'I'll be dorgorned, if I had them geese I'd let yer fire at 'em all day long with that air gun; darned if I don't go you two dollars you don't touch a feather.' 'What! not with this yere gun! why I tell yer, sir, there's nary gun out of Bosting can touch her,' says

Joash. 'Let him have a shot at 'em, at a dollar a head all round; he can't hit a flying hotel,' says Pike to the widow. 'Can't he now really?' says she; 'well young man, I guess you shall have a shot at 'em for ten dollars in advance.' 'Stop,' says old Pike, 'afere we starts in now, let's have the whole thing properly fixed up, fair and square. In course, in any case, we has a goose for supper, kill or no kill.' The widow assented to this; the ten dollars were paid down, and they went outside to settle the distance, &c.; when Pike, just as he's a-going out of the door, says to me, 'Darned if I don't have a game out of this yere lot of geese. There's his gun in the corner; *draw his shot.*' Well, they was some time settling distance, getting the geese together, &c.; and Joash he wanted a rest, and so on for half an hour, during which time I drawed all the shot from the gun, and went outside also. Waal, at last all war settled, and Joash fetched out his gun, and, arter aiming away like mad for five minutes, he fires. 'Nary feather,' says Pike, coolly; 'I'll just trouble you to hand over tew dollars, my young hothouse tulip.' 'Wa-all, I am tee-to-taciously and completely darned, I am,' says Joash, staring away at the geese, who didn't seem to care a red cent either way. 'Don't give it up,' says Pike; 'go in again, my youthful 'possum, with that blunderbus of yourn,' and he laughed in an irritating way like. 'Oh, yes,' says Widow Hiram, quite delighted, 'young man, you may fire at 'em all day long at 50 cents. a piece. Have another go in at 30 cents—that's three dollars—and geese worth 3½ dollars a piece; my!' Well, yer know, this Widow Hiram was as mean a cuss as ever walked, and all the boys kinder wanted to score one off her, and Pike, I reckon, he *did* score. 'Go in, Joash, my coon;

p'raps yer powder's damp, p'raps yer——' 'Taint no p'raps about it; I guess this yere gun——' 'Well wire in again;' and the gun was carefully loaded with a good charge of shot. Well, Pike gets making new arrangements, &c., and finally gets the widow to allow Joash a rest; and he says to me aside, says he, '*Just cram in all the duckshot you can.*' I'm darned if I don't think I put a couple of pounds in. 'Now, then,' says Pike, 'bring the gun.' I brings out the gun and hands it to Joash, who was kneeling down behind a log of wood. 'Kinder hefty, ain't it?' says he. 'Oh, it's all right,' says Pike; 'now, when I throws this yere piece of biscuit on the water, you fires, mind.' He throws the biscuit about thirty yards off, and the geese all comes paddling down to it, Joash aiming away like an artilleryman. 'That's too close, says the widow. 'Now!' says Pike, and bang went the gun. When the smoke cleared away, there was Joash Bunker lying on his back a swearing something awful, Pike a-sitting on a log laughing fit to split his sides, and Widow Hiram a-howling and a-crying and a-cussing away like a good 'un. My! how I did laugh!" "And the geese—how many were killed?" "How many? Every darned goose was cut to ribbons. When young Joash come to and seed what he'd done, 'I knowed that this yere gun was death on geese,' he said, and picks up his birds and walks off, leaving one to Pike and myself; we crossed over the river to a shanty belonging to an old cuss that Pike knew, and had a good supper of it. Widow Hiram don't keep geese now, I reckon."

After this diverting history and a small quencher we looked after our friends the quail again, and paid some minute attentions to the ground squirrels. These little

animals sit at the very edge of their holes, and unless they are killed instantaneously, dart in and are lost. They are exceedingly good eating when stewed in port wine, but they always were too rich for me, the fat from them positively floating on the gravy they are stewed in. Near San José I used to take a heavy Yankee rifle, with a bullet the size of a pea, and sighted to a hair, and then they afford pretty target shooting in the evening.

By this time we had got more than thirty brace of quail between us, though I am bound to say we shot some running, and, worse than all, I completely spoilt a new pair of Bedford cords with that horrible thing, the gum-plant. On our way homewards we could hear the quail piping all around us, going out for their evening meal, and as Jake was in the middle of another true and diverting story he suddenly seized my arm, and crouched down like a panther. "Hish!" he whispered, and commenced crawling on his belly like one of Mayne Reid's red men. I thought at least it was deer; visions of a possible "bar" flitted across my mind as Jake gradually pushed forward his young cannon. After a good deal of screwing up of one eye, wiping the cap, fingering the trigger, &c., he fired, and immediately jumped up, like the "elastic potboy" at a sparring match, and, horushing about, held up by the tail an enormous *coon*! "What on earth did you shoot that thing for?" "For? why, I guess, coon's the best hash out." Very likely, but I must say I don't care about an animal that looks like something between a tabby tom-cat and an armadillo. Jake skinned him then and there, and afterwards we trudged back to camp, as tired as we well could be. Our noble steeds were all

right, having concluded it was best to stick by their pickets and the camp. Jake cooked the coon; I *could* eat it, but that reminds me of another yarn, and it's a good one.

A miner going up to the northern mines stopped at a shanty to have some grub. "I guess I want a square meal, boss." "Waal, I guess you've come to just the right lo-cality for that," said Bonifacio. "How much?" "Allers the same, two dollars a square meal." "Bring me chicken," says the miner.

Now there wasn't a chicken within twenty miles, but a very considerable number of *carrion crows*. "He'll never know the difference," think's the boss, as he bowls one over with his rifle. He plucks and cooks the crow, and serves it up. The stranger gobbled it all up like an alligator, to the astonishment of the boss, who was reflecting on the easy and advantageous addition to his income so suddenly discovered. As the miner was going away, he said, "Waal, stranger, how did you like that tender young chicken I gave you? kinder niceish picking for a young feller, ain't it?" "'Tis, indeed," replied the miner, grasping the boss's hand with fervour; "'tis indeed; I *can* eat carrion crow, mind yer, but I'll be darned if I *hanker* after it!"

THE WHITE ELK OF ASTORIA.

TWELVE years ago perhaps the very best elk shooting in America was to be had within thirty miles of the small town of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon; I don't suppose that there could be found twenty elk nowadays within fifty miles of it. The country about Astoria is heavily timbered with red, white, and yellow fir, and a little way back from the coast are the coast-range mountains, where I turned up, as far as I can recollect, in the fall of '60. I went up as far as Walla-Walla, and an uncommon lively place I found it. Free fights and shooting scrapes were quite the order of the day. I was shown several men who had "plugged their round half-dozen," and one individual, with very curly hair and a most detestable squint, I was informed had "gone through" no less than three sheriffs. The utter disregard of life in these new countries was really a phenomenon. One morning when I was there, a gentleman from Ruby City, I think, got shot and "laid out" by another man. A fellow who was chopping wood some way off, seeing the people running to the saloon where the difficulty occurred, began running thither also, but on hearing what the matter was, said, "Only a man shot! Thunder! I thought it was a *dawg fight*!" and went back to his work again. Over on the other side of the river, which was crossed by a very small and very noisy steam

ferry boat, which had an awkward habit of blowing up twice a month or so, I had some pretty shooting at the pheasants as they call them. As they almost always treed, I soon discarded my double gun for a heavy Yankee rifle, about twelve pounds in weight, with a ball the size of a pea. It was so beautifully sighted that at thirty paces I could, after a little practice, take the head off a pheasant clean. On one of my excursions I got away some twenty miles or so, and I stayed at a settler's hut for an hour or two; I never met with such a man in my life in hatred to what he called that "darned pusillanimus cuss, the King of the Britishers." I in vain endeavoured to persuade him that there was no king of England, but a queen; it wasn't the slightest good, he only "darned" all monarchies, kings, queens, and such like rubbish more and more, till I left him. He certainly was *the* most remarkable man I met in the country. I found the farmers, generally speaking, a very good set of fellows; they are rather fond of old rye whisky, and are apt to think Oregon is the United States. I should say about thirty per cent. only of their farms are under cultivation, the crops being principally wheat and oats. I had some of the best deer shooting possible, the time of the year being right and game plentiful. The best fun was to wait on a moonlight night outside a clearing, and pot them with a rifle as they came down to eat the vegetables. Another deadly method was to sit down by the side of one of their runs, close by a drinking place, and put a bullet through their heart as they drank at the stream. There were plenty of bears in the coast-range mountains not very far off, but as I had to be down in San Francisco in a month's time, I determined to spend all

the time I could among the elk at Astoria. So I bid adieu to my hospitable ranchers, and took the boat down the river. Astoria at that time was a very insignificant spot, very woody and very dull; however, it was about the best place on the west coast for game, and that was what I wanted. The man of the house where I stopped was not a "shootist" himself, but I found no difficulty in hiring a man and a boy for two weeks, and no wonder, as their sole occupation in life was chopping wood. Our greatest difficulty was in hiring horses, but at length I got one pretty good mule, and another lean creature of an unknown species; anyhow, his owner assured us that he possessed the inestimable advantage of eating and drinking anything when he could get it, and nothing when he couldn't, and of being able to live on this fare till his hair turned grey. I had mentally determined to go without any whisky, but little did I know those wood choppers! Go without whiskey? why they'd as soon think of voting on the Aristocratic ticket! I said to the old one, "Nonsense, I've got enough in my flask, and good too—try some." He took down about a wineglass of it. "Don't think much of it, boss; it goes down too *iley*; I likes plenty of grit in my liquor!" So I had to get a couple of bottles of diluted sulphuric acid, which were labelled, "Best Bourbon whiskey, warranted 20 per cent. over proof." I made a forced march the first day of over twenty-five miles, and an extra bittock of five more in the evening. I did this as I knew the odds were the man would go back as soon as the liquor was gone. The man and the boy drank every drop of the stuff the first night, to my great delight. I hobbled the horse and

mule, and lit a roaring fire, using a fallen fir as a back-log, and, wrapping myself up in my blankets, was soon dozing away watching the light from the fire gleam fitfully among the trees. I know no more weird or fearsome situation than watching by a fire in the depths of the forest. A sudden flash lights up the surrounding gloom, and you seem to see an Indian skulking behind every bare and ghastly trunk, or fancy the hungry eyes and cruel teeth of ravening wolves beset you round; a moment after, and blackness that may be felt enwraps you. I don't think I could stand it if quite alone. However, after a quiet pipe, I insensibly fell asleep. Next morning the heads of my companions were so fearfully swelled that I had to do all the cooking, and I saw plain enough that there was no travelling for that day. So leaving them behind to look after camp and get dinner ready, I mounted what was called the horse, and started for a ramble with my rifle. I saw three or four deer, and I daresay I might have shot half-a-dozen had I gone after them, but we had plenty of beef in the camp, and I don't care much for deer-meat. By-the-bye, why do we always read of "singling out the *buck*," and settling his hash for him? The flesh of a buck at the best of times is far inferior to that of a doe, and in the summer it is almost uneatable except by the noble red man. As I was jogging along quietly smoking my matutinal pipe, I came almost on the top of a couple of black bears, both of them as fat and glossy as butter, and evidently laying in a good stock of food before their long winter's sleep. The philosophical animal I bestrode uttered a curious sort of a sound, and broke out into what in a human being would be called a cold sweat, I suppose, but he didn't offer to budge one way or the

other. It was uncommonly lucky for me that these were not cinnamon bears, which are worse than grizzlies, or I might have been badly clawed. I up with my rifle and let fly instanter at the smallest and glossiest of the two. The bullet took her right behind her right ear as she was turning to run, laying her dead in a second. The male cut his stick, dodging through the trees in a surprising manner, and I gave him a parting shot which seemed to hurry him on a bit, but I knew it was quite useless to follow him up. The one I had shot was a female, and tremendously fat; her skin shone literally like satin; her claws were not much worn, so I concluded she was a young one. I loaded my rifle, hobbled Rosinante, and skinned my prize leisurely, leaving on the claws, head, &c.; wrapping up some tit-bits in the inside, I loaded up and returned to camp. I found the boys looking rather ashamed of themselves, but anyhow dinner was ready and I was very hungry, and so I said nothing. I smoked the bear-skin by digging a hole and filling it with damp green wood, and setting fire underneath it; we then pegged the skin over it, smooth side downwards of course, and let it stay for an hour or so. It kept well enough till I got to San Francisco, where I had it beautifully cured, and then, of course, gave it away. Bear's meat is detestable, except when cooked directly the animal is killed. The evening being delightful we pushed on eastward till nine o'clock, when we camped again; we could hear the deer plunge into the depths of the forest as we startled them from their lair, while now and then a fearful blood-chilling howl of the wolf would make us instinctively close together. Next evening we struck quite a different kind of country; in place of heavily timbered hills, we found an

open country relieved occasionally by small prairies and valleys along its water-courses ; it seemed a first-rate place for stock-raising. We were now in the elk region. We camped that night under what seemed to have been a cattle shed, and my man, now he was sober, showed himself a handy individual. He cut down firewood, made up the beds, littered down the nags, got the last of the beef frizzling over hot embers, set the boy to work on some slapjacks and molasses, and made the place as comfortable as a drawing-room in about half-an-hour. About ten o'clock we were disturbed at a game of poker by a most fearful squealing and stamping of our usually sedate steeds who were tied up outside. "Injuns!" said the boy, and we all grasped our rifles and waited for a full minute, with our hearts in our throats. "Wolf, I reckon," says the man, "let's have a try for him." But a wolf is the wariest animal in existence, and though I thought I caught sight of the varmint once through the trees, he troubled us no more that night. We had to make our breakfast on bread and molasses, and in the middle of it we were rather startled at suddenly finding a man standing over us. He came so silently that he might have been dropped from the clouds or anywhere else. He was over six feet high considerably, and was clad from head to foot in beautifully fringed deerskin, as soft as a lady's kid glove ; his coal-black hair fell in long raven tresses over his shoulders, while his beard reached halfway down his breast ; in the hollow of his right arm he carried a heavy Kentucky rifle, at least five feet long. Altogether a more romantic individual I never saw. I asked him to sit down and have something to eat. I confess I was really rather disappointed when he replied in most

excellent English, "No, thank you, sir." It would have been so romantic for him to have said, "Ugh! the pale-face eats when the redman, &c." [See Cooper, *passim*.] I told him we had eaten all our meat, but were bound after elk. He said it was rather early for them to come down so low yet, as the snow had been very light in the mountains, but that higher up, a day or so, plenty could be found. He added he was on his way himself for some deermeat, and so after our meal he offered to accompany me. After an hour's hunting, up went the hackles of my companion's dog. "Look out, there are deer close at hand," and sure enough a moment after there was a rustle in the bushes, a flicker of a white tail, a crack of a rifle, and soon after a prolonged yelp came up from the hollow beneath. "That's Joe,—he's got him;" guided by the sound, we found Joe licking the blood that flowed from the flank of a fine doe. Hanging her up by the heels to a limb of a tree out of the reach of Master Wolf, we continued our hunt, and soon after we got another; we gutted both and packed them home on our backs. The place positively swarmed with deer. My companion, on our return, asked me to come and see him in the evening. "You'll find my shanty over the stream, straight behind that hemlock tree there; perhaps I may be of some use to you in showing you some elk," and he went away as noiselessly as he came. In the evening I went over to his place alone, and found a comfortable enough log hut, neatly chinked with moss and newly shingled; a huge fire was burning on the hearth, before which was roasting an "Arkansaw fry." This consists of skewering alternate cutlets of deer-meat and thin slices of bacon together, and then roasting the whole over a round of bread.

A few dog-eared books were kept carefully pressed under a block of wood, while over an old faded gilt-edged looking-glass were half-a-dozen photos of an ancient date and style. I found my host was one of those extraordinary men who are only to be found in the western and border states. He told me that he was an Englishman, but he did not tell me his name, and I didn't ask him. He had a few cattle and pigs, and grew a few patches of buckwheat and rye; his rifle furnished him with all the rest. He frequently passed eight or nine months without talking to a living soul except an occasional Indian with whom he was on friendly terms; once a year he went down to Astoria or Portland, and exchanged his elk and deer skins for coffee, sugar, molasses, and tobacco. He never touched spirits, and his appearance bore out his assertion; he talked freely on most subjects, except his own life, which I suspect would have been highly interesting. I slept there that night, and next day we all went deer hunting for the skins. We killed nine in all, and it took us all the evening till ten o'clock to skin them; we gave all our skins to the hunter. I had now only five days to spare, or else I ran the risk of missing the San Francisco steamer. There were evidently no elk close by, so I and the hunter started next afternoon for a valley higher up in the range, near the snow-line, where we knew the elk must be, leaving the man and boy to shoot deer and take care of the hut till we came back. My companion made the journey pleasant by his recital of Indian and hunting tales, and in the midst of one of his stories about elk, said, "perhaps you might get a sight of the white elk of Astoria; some Injuns told me they had seen the 'great medicine' up here last year." "What is this white elk?" "Well,

he's what the Inguns call 'big medicine,' *i.e.*, a charmed or sacred animal. He's supposed to be the spirit of a departed warrior who was drowned near Astoria. They never shoot at him, as they say he can't be killed by a mortal bullet. But I should like to have him within fifty paces of this tube, and I rather guess I should give him some medicine he wouldn't like. I expect his skin would fetch fifty dollars at Portland, and his horns, which are enormous, one hundred more. I've only seen him once and that a long way off, with some others." We camped that night under a clump of vines, protected from the wind, that blew keenly enough, by a bush tent of scrub. Long after my companion has gone to sleep I laid awake listening to the sougling of the wind in the topmast pines, and gazing on the peaks of the Cascade sierra gleaming cold and pure in the moon's pale light; but listen or gaze as I would, that story of the white elk kept ringing in my ears. What would I not give to shoot him? why shouldn't I? he couldn't be harder to kill than an ordinary elk; and so I fretted myself to sleep. Next morning after an icy-cold bath in the streamlet we sallied forth, and after a most fatiguing scramble of over two hours, the first valley opened below us. It might have been about four miles long by one wide; a stream like a silver thread ran through it, and it was dotted here and there with a clump of pines, or masses of igneous gneiss and trap. It looked about as pretty a spot as there is in the universe. On the opposite side, about three-quarters of a mile off, a band of elk were feeding in perfect peace and security; they must have numbered some fifty or sixty, and among them I made out a stag with splendid horns. On examining the ground with my glass, we found it would be impossible to stalk to windward, as

there was no cover within one hundred and fifty yards of them; the only thing to do was to drive them. As I had the longest ranged rifle by far, a Whitworth long carbine, I gave the hunter my glass and I took the dog, going round to windward. My companion meanwhile went to the opposite end of the valley, where the elk would be sure to pass, and concealed himself in a clump of bush. I was quite an hour getting to my station, and waved my handkerchief cautiously above my head to signal my companion. After waiting a quarter of an hour, I leant my rifle over a piece of rock, and mentally vowing any amount of sacrifices to the "Bishop of Bond-street," I aimed at the shoulder of the stag at 200 yards off and pulled the trigger. The bullet struck him rather high, as he was considerably below me, but he dropped before the rest decamped almost. Away they went like the wind, the dog after them! I watched eagerly where I knew the hunter must be concealed. Will he never shoot? When puff! went a cloud of smoke, and the foremost doe leaped up in the air, doubled her forelegs under her and fell dead in her tracks. I stood watching the scene, a scene allowed to but few. I unconsciously sung out "hurrah! splendid!" and turned to pick up my rifle, when right before me, not fifty yards off, out stalked from a clump of scrub oak, the *white elk of Astoria*! There was no mistake about it, there he was, spotlessly white, and with a head of horns that seemed to my excited eyes at least twice the spread of those of the stag that was lying dead in the valley below. There was no time, however, to waste on sentiment, as he evidently thought something was amiss. I slipped in a cartridge, knelt down on one knee, prayed to

all the gods and goddesses of *venerie*, and pulled the trigger. Fiz-z! went the cap, and a moment after the rifle exploded, sending the bullet up into the air, half way to the Cascade mountains. The white elk gave one look at the smoke, and then dashed off to leeward behind me, I after him as hard as I could pelt. Three times I loaded and fired in a utterly futile manner, till the noble quarry at length disappeared behind a spur of a mountain, and was lost to view. I still followed on for miles, cursing all breechloaders, all caps, all everything, till I gave up, and then found I had lost my way. After four hours of rambling about, I at length found my companion, who was busy skinning the elk that we had shot. "Well, where have you been? I heard your rifle go off." "Been! why I fired at the white elk!" and then I told him all my story. He listened attentively, and looked incredulous. "Waal, of course you *may* have seen him, I don't say not; but I wouldn't talk about it much to the boys if I was you." For two whole days I hunted steadily for the white elk, but I never saw him again. We killed in all eight doe elk, and three stags, with fine heads of horns. There were reports of a lake near here, which I should have certainly tried to discover, if I could have spared the time; the Indians say it has never been seen by a white man. They describe it as a gigantic hole, so even and round that it seems as though it had been scooped out of the solid rock by an army of giants; it appears that the depths of the walls to the water below is over 2000 feet, all polished like glass. The Indians say that of an evening a storm-cloud, red with lightning flashes and bickering with thunderbolts, rolls sullenly along from side to side of the lake, while around it

troops of Indian warriors career along on their flying steeds, shouting their battlecry; then a muttered wailing of departed spirits comes faintly up—a rattling peal of thunder—and all is still again.

I parted with my host with regret; at leaving he gave me some gloves and a collar of buckskin, most beautifully cured, and as white as snow. When I got to 'Frisco, I sent him a lot of books, and odds and ends, but I never heard if he ever got them. I took home with me two of the elks' heads; one I gave away, the other (the one I shot in the valley) is over my looking-glass in my snuggery. When I smoke a pipe before bedtime, and look at that head and think over my old Oregon days, however happy and contented I may be, I can never help anathematizing that "white elk of Astoria."

SPORT IN THE COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS.

SHORTLY after the events recorded in the last chapter, I went down one fine morning to have my usual morning dip at North Beach. I always patronised an old Englishman named Ryles, who had added a sort of bathing house to his fishing hut, and earned an extra 'bit' or two in this manner. He used to have a very good amount of custom at one time, till he got played a shamefully smart trick by an opposition Yankee, who built another shanty half a mile off down the beach. The story is worth telling. This Yankee saw an Italian fishing boat coming down the entrance to the harbour, with something very heavy towing over the stern. He rowed out to the boat, and found they had got quite a respectably-sized shark. "I'll buy that 'ere shark; how much?" said Yank, struck with a happy thought. Ten dollars was the price, and the Yankee took it up town and exhibited it as "a real vicious worst kind of man-eating shark, caught just opposite Ryles's bathing-place." Of course no one went to poor Ryles after that. Well, this particular morning he had got such a cartload of ducks all over his hut that it almost took my breath away to look at them. Old Dan at Poole would have stared himself. "Where on earth did you shoot them, Ryles?" "Oh, up the river, sir; there's millions; why if I'd had a barrel (punt-gun), I could

have killed a thousand. However, I haven't done so bad." I didn't think he had; thirty couple, at a dollar, isn't bad work for one night. I stuck by Ryles all the time the birds stayed in the estuary; I have no doubt we killed 500 duck between us, as I had fortunately brought out from England with me a single eight-bore muzzle-loader, the same which has laid low many a mallard and wigeon in Poole Harbour. At last, by being continually banged at, the best part of the ducks took themselves off to safer quarters, and after a comparatively blank night, Ryles observed, "Well, I'm off; there's no ducks nor bathers to brag about, and I expegs I've got to live like the rest of 'em." "Well, where are you going to?" "Oh, allers the same old place, up the Coast Range way." An arrangement was soon come to between this honest fellow and myself, satisfactory to him and delightful to me. I overhauled my boots and guns, bought a few new traps, and laid in a good stock of cake tobacco and relishes, such as anchovies, lemons, a few spices, and nutmegs, &c., which make all the difference as to whether a trip is to be an enjoyment or a nuisance. Flour, &c., we knew we could get in abundance in exchange for our game, but to make sure, I sewed up a roll of half-eagles in my waistbelt. An exceedingly played-out steed of Ryles carried all our traps quite safely, and one fine starlight night we set out, as my companion kept the particular place where he went to a profound secret. "Every dorgorned cuss in the place would be knocking around if they knowed of it." We travelled down the coast two days without stopping, and on our third evening out we camped for the first time in a regular manner, both to rest ourselves and the horse. Our little tent was about big enough for one good-sized

schoolboy, but somehow we both of us, with a little management, contrived to sleep in it as sound as tops. As I was tired of bacon at every meal, I strolled out with my gun some little distance towards the beach, and knocked over a brace and a half of quail, and three ground squirrels. The quail, as I was in a hurry, I simply secured by running and shouting as much as I could, and driving them to tree, when I potted them straight off. It sounds rather queer to English ears, but hunger knows no law. While Ryles fixed up the place tidy, I spatched the quails on a gridiron, which I had taken the precaution to bring with me, and roasted a squirrel, catching his fat on a piece of fresh-plucked bark. We had one solitary loaf of soft bread left, which I cut up into slices, and made anchovy toast of, and we finished off with a can of preserved peaches. Now, I ask you candidly, kind reader, could you have fared better at the Blue Posts? We lit our pipes, and walked leisurely down to the beach about half a mile off. The quail kept whirring all around us, and the squirrels, up on their hind legs, looked at us curiously from the edge of their holes, and at our nearer approach disappeared like a cocktail down a loafer's throat, as Ryles observed. "Bear to your right; I know a mere, about a few rods off, where the ducks used to flight to last year, and I suppose they do now; if so, we'll have a couple or two of 'em to-morrow." It was too early for the flight yet, so we strolled on to where a small streamlet ran into the sea, and esconced ourselves behind an old stand, which Ryles had made two or three winters ago. We laid down one at each end, and as we watched the dying lines of the western sky fade o'er the rippling waters, a thin dark line gradually approached, every

now and then upheaved by a swelling wavelet; I knew what that was, anyhow, from my Poole experiences. "A tidy company," quoth Ryles. Closer and closer they come, charming away like a myriad of broody hens. All of a sudden, ten or a dozen of them up and away over our heads, and then another lot, and then another, when whish! come the body of them like a troop of cavalry, some of them so close to us that I believe I could have knocked them down with a walking-stick. "Ah," said I, "you've got it all your own way now; just wait till to-morrow, my beauties, I'll show you a trick." We wandered back in the gloaming, which in California is all too short, and made ourselves comfortable for the night; for, although a winter in S. California is not exactly cold, still it's quite chilly enough at night. A dead log was rolled up to the door of our tent, and a roaring fire was soon lighting up the red woods around us. Over our one solitary glass of grog, to which we strictly limited ourselves, we told yarns far into the evening. Poor Ryles! he had seen a few ups and downs in his time; had been a soldier, a steamboat runner, bootblack, fisherman, and an arrant poacher I'll be bound. He appeared to have been everywhere. Last year he had been down to Nicaragua to shoot parrots and other pretty birds for the sake of their skins; he had yellow fever twice, and "chucked the consarn up." As for Injuns, he seemed on intimate terms with every tribe from Arizona to the Red River; but for a real live liar, of clear grit, commend me to a Californian hunter. Generally speaking, however, liars (hunting ones) are more amusing than other common people to while away an evening. In the middle of some interminable yarn of his about a skulking Injun, with a

small assortment of scalping knives and tomahawks, I fell into the sleep of the careless. I was awoke next morning by the cold nose of the dog pressed against my cheek as he snuggled his head under my blanket, and remembering the ducks, I unrolled myself in a moment. I found Ryles up already, with the coffee simmering on the embers and a rasher of bacon frizzling away in an agreeable manner. "Just summut to put in our stomachs afore we go after them ducks," quoth Ryles. I seemed to think somehow that our bottle of waters had sunk an inch in the night, like a thermometer. I didn't think it worth while to mention it to my companion, but to make sure he hadn't "the dead wood" on me, I took another inch myself. After a slight meal we walked briskly forward through the chill morning air, it being yet so dark that we could scarcely see our way through the wood. A slight mist was rising, or rather, I should say, fading away, which made our "surprise party" all the more sure. We had only my double gun, which I carried, as I was *au fait* at this sport. We had to make a detour to get to leeward of the fowl, and forced our way through about fifty yards of reeds and Californian mud, till we came almost to the edge of the mere. A lot of them got up all round us, but it was still so misty that the great body of them couldn't see us, and I suppose they had never been shot at before. I made a sort of rest for my gun as silently as I could, and knocked down the reeds in front of the muzzle, and waited, covered with slime and water, for half an hour or more. At last, oh welcome sight! a faint ray of light comes struggling through the trees and mist and strikes the western sky. Slowly, like a huge white pall, the

fog melts, dissolves, and rolls sullenly away before the rosy-fingered morn, and there before me, as I take a quiet peep, lies the placid pool like a polished mirror. I hadn't much time to think of the beauties of nature, however, as I was uncommonly cold and wanted my breakfast. First out come a dozen from the reeds, charming away and flapping about in the waters, having their morning wash before going out to sea for their day's picnic; then another trip, and soon the whole pool is half covered with them. Ah! if they had known that an old Poole punter was within easy range of them! There are so many, that I hardly know where to fire, but at last about a dozen redheads got quarrelling over a piece of weed or something just opposite my stand, and in an instant I cut a lane through them with two ounces of No. 5. At the sound of the gun away went the mass of fowl helter-skelter out to sea with a noise like a hail-storm, but not without leaving one of their number in the reeds dead on the spot, besides a couple of winged ones. "Well, I guess you've been at this game afore, mister," says Ryles, as I empty the water out of my boots and scrape all the mud I can off my trowsers. My first discharge had killed four outright and crippled one, and altogether I had got eight duck with my two barrels No. 10-bore. I must, however, say that Ryles's dog was a wonder; he never barked, and never seemed to be around, but he always turned up at meal-times, and was "all thar" when out shooting. We got back as quick as possible, and while my comrade got breakfast ready, I dried my clothes and made myself comfortable. The rest of the day we devoted to shooting quail; I shot half the time and Ryles the rest. We got twenty brace between us, of which I accounted for fifteen single birds,—

all shot flying of course. My friend shot all the rest on the ground by simply waiting till a bevy pitched on any open piece of ground, and then calmly raking them. These quail are most bothering birds to *get*, and take away a deal of shot for their size; some of them twizzled round like an old blue rock, and flew off with half an ounce of shot in their skins. When only wounded they run like redlegs, and it's not worth while bothering after them then, as the dog takes half the day catching one. In the evening we flighted for an hour, and I knocked down three mallards out of seven shots. I should say we might easily have killed thirty duck a day, with two heavy guns and a good retriever; if I had had a punt and a barrel, I am sure I could have made four or five shots a day, and probably got sixty ducks single-handed or even more. I don't know whether punt and stanchion guns are known there now, but it would be worth while taking out one or two on spec. By-the-bye, to show how different people's ideas are about sport, I'll just mention that some years back a man set up a punt and barrel on the Delaware estuary, and made havoc among the fowl. But several sportsmen and professional duckers were so disgusted at this "unsportsmanlike proceeding," that they fired at the man frequently with *rifle balls* till he was obliged to give up. "Well, "sportsmen" in America think nothing of hunting foxes and hares with dogs—and *revolvers*! We made tracks next morning early, and Ryles parted from me to dispose of his game to a rancher or two a little off the track. He came back with some flour and bacon and a bottle of best Californian brandy, which, however, despite its gaudy label, I didn't think much of. We now struck in from the coast towards the coast range or foothills. The country was pretty well

settled up for a new country, and certainly I never saw a finer; if it isn't now, I should say that in a few years' time this foot-hill region about Santa Cruz and south of it will become the finest in California. We very soon found ourselves in the happy hunting fields; Ryles, however, insisted on keeping on a day more, so as to get free of all loafers, and finally we came to an anchor, much to my delight. We rigged up our tent and shanty in quite a comfortable manner for a two month's stay, and I never spent such a two months in my life. We shot deer, which Ryles skinned and sold, or traded the carcasses to farmers, &c. The skins he disposed of at San Francisco in a lump. The deer shooting was superb; I could go out any evening and get a couple, and Ryles must have killed an immense number, although he was not a good shot at all; but then his dog was a perfect caution at deer. He would follow a wounded deer till he either found it, or gave it up as a bad job. We knew directly the dog came back,—and he'd be gone for hours sometimes,—whether he had pulled it down or not; if he had, he would wag his tail and lie down as happy as possible and get his grub like a Christian, but if he had lost the quarry, he'd come creeping and crawling in as though he was ashamed of himself. Next morning, or any time, all we had to do was to follow the dog who would bring us straight to where the deer was lying dead. One day I had quite a fright; I had followed the dog for more than a mile over some frightful rough country, when all of a sudden he commenced growling and his bristles went up like a porcupine's back; he got behind me, still snarling away, and I felt like going back. However, I cocked my gun and clambered up sideways so as to make an ascent and look

down; I thought I saw something move in the bush, and as the dog still had his tail stiff out I let drive one barrel. There was no mistake, there *was* something, as after a tremendous clatter, an immense bear went away down the side of the hill *youghing* like a demon. Gracious! how still I did keep, with only a charge of No. 6 in my remaining barrel! "Old Ephraim" however, seemed glad to get out of the situation, though the shot could hardly have tickled his side. My friend stared when I told him, and said he didn't want anything to do with the job; in fact, he'd sell out his interest in that claim cheap. Next evening the carcass was gone entirely, so I knew I should get him as safe as possible if I could manage to get the chances about ninety to one in my favour. Bears are suspicious brutes, and they are uncommonly shy of baits, so I purposely potted a deer through the stomach and let her run; the dog found her in a sort of valley or watercourse with plenty of trees about, up one of which I took the precaution to climb about fifty yards off the deer. A much smaller bear made his appearance, and at seventy-five yards got a hardened bullet driven by four drachms of rifle powder through his left shoulder; he went down instantaneously, but got up again and sat for a moment on his haunches fronting me, when I let drive another bullet at his chest, which struck him with terrific force, and seemed to knock him backwards. He rolled over however, and scrambled along somehow, and evidently had a deal of go in him yet—at all events too much for me to come down from my vantage ground. After a deal of bother I loaded again and fired at his haunches, which crippled him entirely. He bled to death in about ten minutes. I didn't trouble the

bears any more ; they are no good when you do get them, and the odds are you come out second best, unless you tree securely ; and even then you have very little *sport* for your time and trouble. They take a deal of killing; as their heads are continually on the move and uncommonly thick, and they appear to have no heart—at least a vulnerable one. Of course every hunter in California has killed “lots of bars;” and equally of course they all give him a very wide berth, as he is not good eating, and consequently worth nothing.

I took leave of friend Ryles with regret, as he was a good sort of man altogether. I went back alone, stopping here and there on my way ; at one small place, the name of which I forget, I saw an announcement that in the evening Miss Bethida Ramsbottom would lecture on “Second-sight and Medium Spiritualists, considered in their Moral and Social Relations.” I felt an inclination to go, more especially after the boss of the hotel informed me that it would be a “gay old time, and that Elijah Shocum had made up his mind to fix her right away.” The meeting was held in a hall which was filled with some two hundred people. After a while Miss Ramsbottom appeared on the stage, and was introduced by a limp gentleman in black as the “Great American supernal Wizard of the Spirits of the Departed,” at which Miss R. put on a tragic air, tapped her forehead with her forefinger three times, shut her eyes, opened them again, and then requested the audience to go ahead straight away with any questions they liked. Hereupon some-dozen got up, but order was called by the limp man on the stage, and a fluffy-haired youth with weak eyes wanted to know the “exact value

of the supernatural essence of love." The lady shut her eyes for a moment, blew her nose, and then answered that "the youthful male who had asked her that bright and sunny question had not yet met his collateral affinity of a natural kind, and so it would be useless to tell him of that grand ethereal idea,—supernal love;" at which there was a laugh, and considerable "you bet," and tobacco-squirting. The fluffy-haired youth looked disgusted, and said Miss R. was "a darned beat," on which he was immediately turned out of the hall, and told that he was extremely lucky not to be shot there and then. All sorts of questions were asked, but the medium held her own, having been, as my neighbour informed me, "born in Illenoy, raised in Kansas, and finished her raising in Colorado terri-tory."

At last Elijah Shocum rose; it was evidently expected that he would. He was a very dirty man, with a three-day-old beard on his chin. He expectorated four several times, and then said, "Can the trifold mystery of the elements, as exhibited by fire, water, and air, ever collide with the forces of mathematical power as shown in the pheelosophy of the ancients." This was certainly something in questions, but Miss Ramsbottom was fully equal to the occasion. "The pheelosophy of the ancients is a played-out artifice; the invisible and immense force of the trifold mystery is such as can only be examined by a speeritual temperament, and, lookye here, Elijah Shocum, dern yer old skin, I'm not come all the way from Illenoy to be chowed up by you, old hoss, so jest you git." Amid boisterous applause Elijah sat down with the remark that she was a "hefty cuss." The same thing went on till about eleven o'clock, when a free fight took place, in which Elijah Shocum got into a difficulty with

the limp gentleman, and got knocked down and jumped on for about five minutes by that worthy.

I got back to 'Frisco all right, having enjoyed my trip immensely.

There are far better places than California for sport, and especially large game, but after all it is not exactly the amount of game you get, you soon get tired of that. A day or two of buffalo shooting is quite enough for most men; a herd of Chillingham bulls would be infinitely more dangerous characters, while as for deer-stalking, why I'd sooner have two days in a Scotch forest than a whole month of buffalo hunting. No, it's the camp out, the glorious climate, the sense of freedom and health. Where is there anything like an American forest in autumn? Just look at those tints and gradations of colour, from the brightest and liveliest gold to the deepest shades of scarlet. Yes, *scarlet!* I've seen some birches in Dorset that bestrew themselves round with a carpet of almost blood-red colour, but I never saw, save in America, those exquisitely lovely scarlet tints. Dear old California! I often wish I had never left you. Well, I hope to see you again this summer, and your hospitable population. A "stage" Californian is a gentleman in a red jumper shirt, and very large boots, with half-a-dozen revolvers stuck all over him; a *real* Californian is—well—just about as good as you find 'em anywhere.







